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QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S

MILITARY NURSING SERVICE FOR INDIA

A MEMOIR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL ROBERTS

V.C., K.G., O.M.

WITH TWO PORTRAITS

HENRY FROWDE

LONDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW

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DEDICATED

TO

THE MEMBERS

OF

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S

MILITARY NURSING SERVICE FOR INDIA

THIS MEMOIR OF

CATHARINE GRACE LOCH, R.R.C.

WHO LIVED, WORKED AND DIED IN DEVOTION

TO

THE SERVICE

INTRODUCTION

I HAVE been asked by my friend Surgeon-General Bradshaw to write an Introduction to this Memoir of the late Miss Catharine Grace Loch, and I do so because it gives me much pleasure to be afforded an opportunity not only of testifying to the good work done by Miss Loch for the British soldier in India, but of paying as a soldier a grateful tribute to her memory.

Nearly twenty years have gone by since, when I was Commander-in-Chief in India, Lady Roberts brought to my notice the great need of skilled nursing for the British soldier in that country, and the Government of India consented to the formation, at first on a small scale, of the Indian Nursing Service. It was in March, 1888, that a little band of Nursing Sisters arrived in Bombay. Miss Loch and Miss Oxley were the two Lady Superintendents. Miss Loch and five Sisters went to Rawal

Pindi and Miss Oxley and three Sisters to Bangalore.

Skilled and tender nursing is a boon which all are quick to recognize, but perhaps nowhere are its benefits more clearly to be appreciated than in India, where the climate is at once the cause of many a dangerous illness, and often the great aggravation of the usual discomforts of a time of sickness.

The Government of India speedily realized the benefit of the new Service and its members were from time to time increased. As Lady Superintendent Miss Loch's work was an arduous one, for the greater part of what was in reality the creation of a Service under entirely novel conditions fell on her; while the inspections of the various Nursing Centres, as the establishment of Nurses was enlarged, involved her taking long journeys: her area of superintendence including Quetta, the Punjab, and the North-West Provinces.

But Miss Loch brought to her task enthusiasm and indomitable energy and she was ably helped by a number of devoted Lady Nurses. The fruits of their work are to be seen in the military hospitals of India to-day.

It is very sad to reflect that Miss Loch's prolonged exertions in the trying climate of India (she had been reappointed to her post in 1898 at the end of her second term of service) resulted in the breakdown of her health and compulsory return to England in 1902. She did not allow, however, the fact of her being an invalid to interfere with her interest in the work in India, for she accepted the offer to become a member of the Committee at the India Office, which deals with the appointment of ladies to the Indian Nursing Service, and to the day of her death continued to perform the duties.

Miss Loch's friends, both at home and in India, well know the value of the work she did there, and I shall be very glad if the record of her Life in the following pages will make known to an even wider circle, what a devoted lady has done in the pursuance of a noble calling.

ROBERTS, F.-M.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

It was natural perhaps that it should have been proposed to me to compile a Memoir of the late Miss Catharine Grace Loch, R.R.C., formerly the Senior Lady Superintendent of Queen Alexandra's Military Nursing Service for India, as my association officially with her continued over a period of seven years, namely from the 28th March, 1888—the date of her arrival as chief pioneer of the Indian Nursing Service, at Rawal Pindi, her future head-quarters—to the 9th March, 1895. During the first four I happened to be the Principal Medical Officer of the Rawal Pindi Military District, and during the remainder of the time the P.M.O., Her Majesty's Forces in India.

I undertook with pleasure to prepare the Memoir, and the more readily because I had been a student at St. Bartholomew's, London, the same hospital in which Miss Loch was Sister of a ward about a quarter of a century

later, a fact which heightened the interest I felt in her Service career.

Much assistance, which is now again gratefully acknowledged, has been afforded to me by Surgeon-General A. F. Churchill, who was in command of the Station Hospital four of the many years Miss Loch worked in it; by Colonel B. M. Blennerhassett, C.M.G., the present P.M.O. of the Rawal Pindi Military Division; by Miss R. A. Betty, the present Senior Lady Superintendent; by Mrs. Alice Bolton, formerly of the Royal County Hospital, Winchester; by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, who has kindly allowed me to reprint certain papers contributed by Miss Loch to the *Nursing Record* (now the *British Journal of Nursing*); by Major W. S. Eardley-Howard, of the Indian Army, who has supplied me with a Reminiscence of Miss Loch's care of him while a patient in the Rawal Pindi Hospital; and lastly and chiefly by the Misses A. H. and E. E. Loch, who have permitted me to see all the letters written to them by their sister, with weekly regularity from India.

I think Miss Catharine must have been a most satisfactory correspondent as she went so fully

into interesting detail relating to her daily life, and her experiences—and especially impressions of travel. To scenic charm she was extremely sensitive, and her keenly observant attention was always aroused and retained by places and buildings of historic note.

The extracts which I have made from the Letters are so very many and so extremely copious that the Memoir has become practically an Autobiography, besides being incidentally a history of the early years of the Nursing Service. Beyond sentences necessary for purposes of connexion, occasional compression, and here and there some small paraphrasing suggested by sense of editorial responsibility, the words are her own. I found that no mere summary could at all convey to those interested in a record of her Life and Work, any adequate presentment of the constant excitements and anxieties, of her official position in India, or of her lively enjoyment of travel; or indeed, of the extent to which her duties, executive and administrative, combined with the local conditions of climate and long journeys, bore hardly on her powers of bodily endurance. Neither could any summary so well reveal as these

extracts do the characteristics of her mind and disposition.

Catharine Grace Loch possessed to a notable degree the faculty of inspiring affection towards herself in the Sisters associated with her, and also of securing confidence on their part in her freedom from bias when action had to be taken respecting them. By her administrative ability, strikingly sound and tactful common sense, and by her decisive and level-headed judgement in complex and trying circumstances, she had obtained the high esteem of the medical authorities with whom she was brought into communication. Undoubtedly under a less able and less judicious Pioneer the Indian Nursing Service could not have achieved the marked success which justified the Government of India in adding to the personnel and in extending the areas of usefulness.

This Memoir may be said to reflect the real self of Miss Loch by its unconscious revelations of thought and feeling in her letters home, and I believe that perusal of its pages cannot fail to inspire and deepen the impression that she was endowed by nature with truly noble qualities. She had in rare combination intellectual ability,

strength of resolution, sympathy always ready and warm with those suffering in body or distressed in mind, kindly manifested tolerance of the failings of others, and feelings well controlled by instinctive prudence.

Her death at the comparatively early age of forty-nine is very widely regretted. Many are they by whom she was truly beloved, and in their memory and in that of all who knew her, she surely will never wholly die!

A. F. BRADSHAW, M.A. Oxon., C.B.,
Surgeon Major-General,
Honorary Physician to His Majesty the King.

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FIRST PERIOD: LIFE IN ENGLAND

1854–1888

CHAPTER I

CATHARINE GRACE LOCH, the subject of this memoir, and whose death on the 1st of July, 1904, is so greatly lamented by so many friends, was the youngest of the four daughters of George Loch, Esq., Q.C., and of Catharine Brandreth, and was born on the 21st of September, 1854, at Worseley Old Hall, Manchester.

Miss Loch's early years were uneventful. When arrived at the age of eighteen, she showed a marked inclination to take up nursing as a life vocation; but as in those days professional nursing was considered in her social sphere to be quite an unusual employment, her father wished her to wait until she reached the age of twenty-five, in order that she might test the strength of her desire. During the intervening years she engaged in various pursuits, cultivated a talent for drawing and animal painting, and wrote and illustrated a book of continental travel, humorously treated, *The Adventures of the Misses Brown, Jones, and Robinson.* She was a good rider, much enjoyed outdoor sports and exercises, and did well whatever she undertook. With friends she was very popular. Her sisters

observed that in those years of her life, she displayed curiously little of the power of mind which characterized her afterwards. She was very young and childlike for her age, but tenacity of purpose became evident, for she never wavered in her wish to become a nurse. Many books on nursing were bought and studied, and when her twenty-fifth birthday came round she claimed the right to begin the training: she had lost her father two years previously. In December 1879, she entered the Royal County Hospital, Winchester, as a probationer, and remained there for a year working in the Women's Surgical Ward. Mrs. Alice Bolton, the Sister then in charge of the ward, writes (on Feb. 1, 1905) of Miss Loch:—

Any one who has had experience of what raw probationers are, will understand how great is the relief of receiving one so bright and capable as she was, and the enthusiasm with which she threw herself into her work. Her training was before the time of the three years' certificate, and probationers were taken for one year only. But that year was indeed one of probation, and with hard work, bad food and very little time off, was a pretty severe test of any one's powers of endurance and enthusiasm in the work. But she went through it all pluckily, and though she must have felt the strain, did not show it.... She was always bright and cheerful, much beloved by her patients and quite the life of the Probationers' Room. Everything that happened, whether pleasant or unpleasant, connected with her

work was always received with interest as an 'experience'. She confided to me that there were two experiences she was most anxious to have during her training: one was to be offered a tip by a patient's friend, and the other was to be 'warded', that is, laid up and nursed in the ward! One of these desires was very soon gratified, as she came to me glowing with amusement at having had twopence pressed into her hand with an entreaty from a mother to be kind to her son. When I met her some years afterwards she told me that when Night Superintendent at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, she had had the satisfaction of being warded there, July 1882—I forget for what illness—and had had an exceedingly happy fortnight in one of the women's wards. I always have a feeling of pride that she began her training under me, and think with satisfaction of the splendid work she eventually did.

In May 1882, Miss Loch obtained appointment as a Night Superintendent at St. Bartholomew's. There she met, among the members of the nursing staff, Miss R. A. Betty, with whom she formed a friendship which became warm and closely intimate. This friendship lasted twenty-two years and was broken only by her death. After a while Miss Loch was placed in charge of a men's surgical ward, a responsible post which she retained until the end of 1887. Of her work during the period 1882 to 1887 her friend Miss Betty writes (July, 1905):—

In 'Darker' amongst her patients she laboured for them and made it one of the happiest and brightest of

wards. Those years were of unspeakable joy to her, with all the interests and anxieties of the work there is for a Sister of a ward with many serious cases under her charge. She was always cheerful, even when things went wrong, but never depressed or cast down unless there was no hope. . . . Night duty, which is often the tedious and trying part of the work to so many, always appealed to her even more than the day duty. It seemed as though it was in the still and silent watches, when the patients are at their worst and one is thrown more on one's own resources, and the necessity arises for prompt and decisive action, that she felt the reality of what she could be to those who were helpless and dependent on her for the relief and comfort she could and would give them. . . . In these days a three or four years' training is made a *sine qua non*, and no doubt is most essential; but I cannot help noticing that she, with her one year's training at Winchester Hospital, was capable of so much more than so many I have met, after their long term of training and experience. Her great theoretical knowledge of nursing united with good common sense, made practice and theory go hand in hand, so that she was never in doubt when the time came, to do the right thing or at least the best which could be devised. I often sat with her in the evenings, and would find her thinking out plans for helping and benefiting her poor patients who must leave the hospital, or in using her influence or canvassing for votes for those who must find refuge in a home for the incurable.

During the latter part of 1887 the news came to us that the India Office had decided to send out Nursing Sisters to work in the British Military Hospitals in

India. . . . Once the scheme was to be tried she was filled with desire to join in it. . . . Much as she loved 'Bart's' and was beloved by those who worked with her, she was more than willing when the time came, to undertake another and what she considered then a more important work, which she felt competent to take charge of, and for which she was prepared to risk all she held dear to her at the time. . . . 'To go to India,' she said, 'had been the wish of her life, and to go as a pioneer of a great and good work stimulated all her vigour and courage to be part of it, whatever might happen.' She added, 'It must and it will succeed; nothing which is so much wanted could fail.'

Thus actuated, Miss Loch communicated with the India Office, offering her services, and was selected to be one of the two Lady Superintendents charged with the task of inaugurating in India a system of skilled nursing in the hospitals of the British troops. To work under the direction of the two, were appointed eight Nursing Sisters, one of them being her devoted friend Miss R. A. Betty, thenceforward a nearly lifelong associate.

The severance of Miss Loch's connexion with St. Bartholomew's Hospital was marked by the presentation to her of an illuminated address of farewell, signed by Mr. Morrant Baker's past and present House Surgeons, and of a set of books 'from the Staff, Students, and Nurses of Darker Ward', Feb. 9, 1888. She felt keenly the parting, and ever after retained lively and affectionate remembrance

of 'dear old Darker', the ward she had had charge of. At the close of the first year of her career in India she wrote to her family:—

I often regret having left it, in spite of the excitements we have had out here. I don't think I could ever spend again such a happy six years, take them altogether, as I spent at Bart's.

ADDRESS TO MISS CATHARINE GRACE LOCH.

We, Mr. Morrant Baker's Past and Present House Surgeons during your term of office as Sister of Darker Ward, on the occasion of your leaving St. Bartholomew's Hospital, beg you to accept this writing desk as a small token of our esteem and regard.

We feel that we can only in a very inadequate way convey to you our sense of the unvarying kindness and courtesy we have received at your hands during our respective periods of office.

By your departure the Hospital loses a Sister who has ever been identified with all that is best in a nurse—a high sense of duty, coolness and judgement in emergency, thorough appreciation of the necessities of every case, and a bright and cheerful spirit that is never damped under the most trying circumstances, with that tact in the management of patients which is so essential to the well-being of a ward.

We are sure that in India, as at St. Bartholomew's, you will gain great honour and the deep respect of all whose good fortune it may be to work with you, and we wish you God speed.

(Eleven signatures.)

SECOND PERIOD: LIFE IN INDIA

1888–1893

CHAPTER II

On the 21st of February, 1888, Miss Loch, together with Miss Oxley the other Lady Superintendent and eight Nursing Sisters, the whole forming the nucleus of an Indian Army Nursing Service, embarked from Portsmouth in the troopship *Malabar* for Bombay.

The party met with much kind attention from fellow voyagers, and received many thoughtful hints respecting climatic risks, mode of life and care of health in India. Miss Loch herself was not idle; she took part in nursing a patient ill with pneumonia. At Malta and also at Port Said she went ashore, it being characteristic of her to be always an enthusiast in travelling, never missing an opportunity of seeing new scenes and places. On the 21st of March the vessel reached Bombay, and Miss Loch had the good fortune of winning the Time of Arrival Sweepstakes, amounting to £20 on this occasion.

Orders as to destination being speedily received, directing Miss Loch and five Sisters to go to Rawal Pindi and Miss Oxley with three to proceed to Ban-

galore, the stay in Bombay was short. After dining at Government House with Lord and Lady Reay, and a drive through the town, Miss Loch and Sisters left for the Punjab. Ajmere being on the way she paid a brief visit to her cousin then the Principal of the Mayo College, and took the opportunity of seeing the city of Ajmere, which she found strikingly interesting. At Lahore Sir James Lyall the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Lyall hospitably received her; and she arrived at her final destination on the 28th of March—a date thenceforth memorable in the Medical History of the European Troops in India as that of the beginning of nursing work in the hospitals by trained English Sisters.

Miss Loch and party were duly welcomed by the Principal Medical Officer of the Rawal Pindi District and his officers, and presently inducted into the modest quarters assigned to them by the military authorities, and conveniently near the Station Hospital. As Lady Superintendent she was for some time busily occupied with setting up house and domestic cares, and with arrangements in consultation with the Medical Officer in Charge for carrying out duties by the lady nurses. In the following month the Army Medical Staff of the Station gave a garden party, and the opportunity was taken of introducing them to the society of the cantonment, by way of demonstrating their social position as ladies.

Incidents of the Punjab climate soon attracted Miss Loch's attention. She wrote:—

When a dust-storm comes on it comes as a tearing wind which bursts the doors open in spite of bolts, the dust rises in thick clouds till the sun is quite hidden, it is like a thick fog; one's eyes are all dried up and one breathes the dust, chews it and scrunches it, and it gets into the house, and makes everything deep in a thick layer of sand.

Some days later she adds:—

This certainly is an odd climate. Here am I sitting at six o'clock with one feeble candle—for luckily I had it in my room, if not I could certainly not have ventured out in the verandah to get one from the dining-room. Yesterday we had more or less sandstorm all day and thunder, and the thermometer went down 43°—only think, in the afternoon we had to sit in big shawls, it was so cold, and when we drove out we had to wrap our legs in thick plaids. Then this morning (May 2) was simply glorious, with the most beautiful clear sky and fresh air, and the sun was not at all unbearable at nine o'clock; and this evening, about five o'clock, we suddenly got the worst sandstorm I have seen yet. I wonder whether the plague of darkness in Egypt was a sandstorm! I expect it was. We had the most fearful wind which lasted till half-past nine, and then went down as suddenly as it began—and thunder and lightning. The dust-storm was so thick that we could not see anything, not a ghost of the cookhouse nor the soldiers' quarters opposite, only just the pillars of our own verandah. May 8.—I have just been looking at the

thermometer; it is 102° in the verandah, and 130° in the sun. May 18.—All the beginning of this week the thermometer was 105° and 106° in our verandah; we managed to keep our rooms down to 95°; but when the door is open for a minute the hot air rushes in like a furnace. It amuses me the way I always tell you of the heat as something exciting, and the following week there is always something to outdo it! I suppose it will be hotter still next month. It is such an odd feel, just like a scorching furnace to one's face; one can feel one's own body to touch cooler than the air, and anything made of metal makes one jump. One dries up very quickly, but still one does perspire tremendously; if you lean the face on the hand it soon trickles out. But I don't mind the heat except on thundery days, then one's legs feel rather sandbag-like.

The hospital work very much engrossed her time and thoughts. She noted towards the end of April:

There are not many cases in hospital left, but those that are there are very bad indeed, so there is a good deal of anxiety. The orderlies are already much improved, and they are awfully good to the sick ones. May 14.—We have more work again now. There is a little epidemic of typhoid going on, and there have been two or three deaths. The patients do seem to get frightfully bad and delirious. The orderlies have generally been capital fellows, most willing, good to their comrades, and anxious to learn; but all the same it is unsatisfactory working with them. They do not belong to any organized corps, and volunteer for the sake of change, and as they can throw up the duty

whenever they choose one has very little hold over them, and there are many changes; then they are only on duty four hours each at a time, and we have had one or two rows from their not being sober. Then the hospital coolies are frightful thieves; they steal the patients' food out of their dishes if they are too ill to look after it. Then the ward-servants or Native Orderly Corps are a wretched lot. They are very low caste men and dirty, lazy and untruthful; there are numbers of them, and each one does one thing, and if you can't find the right man when you want him it is distracting. When the doctors come round in the morning everything is straight and spick and span, clean sheets, clean top shirts, and how should they know that only the face and hands have been washed, and the under flannels not taken off for a week? That 's a crusade which must be kept up from day to day in any hospital, as no man in that patient's rank of life washes more than once a week at the outside, or can be made to think it necessary. Then with regard to bed sores, it takes a lot of practice to know how to stave off a threatening one, and these orderlies had not the faintest notion of the importance of even the simplest precautions, not things which can be done by order, but just watching, changing, propping up, &c., &c., little things to be done twenty or thirty times a day and constantly seen to.

Early in June Miss Loch paid a flying visit to Murree, a hill station about thirty-eight miles from Rawal Pindi, and about 7,500 feet above the sea. She thought it was the most ideal and beautiful place she had ever seen and wrote in ecstasies about the

scenery and delicious climate. On return to her station she found the heat most oppressively disagreeable, really too great for sleep. She perceived that it would be impossible to send soldier patients up to Murree at this time of year from the hospital when they are bad, as they would be so very likely to die on the way; they could not travel by any ordinary means of conveyance and could not be properly looked after during the journey, and besides the very great change of climate might prove fatal—such instances have occurred. As a matter of fact soldiers as a rule do not like Murree; they prefer remaining in the plains notwithstanding the excessive heat.

In the beginning of July she wrote:—

With regard to getting more of the hospital into our hands, we shall by degrees. Dr. Walsh has promised to make some different arrangements in the autumn when the troops return from the Murree hills; but I fear the plan of having one special ward for all the worst cases is likely to be adhered to. It is such a pity, for they frighten each other; they believe they must be extra bad or they would not be placed in the fever ward, and they come in with the firm conviction that they are going to die, and I am sure that one or two who did die, failed solely because they had made up their minds to.

The Sisters now made their first acquaintance with Asiatic cholera, two cases having occurred, but only one death.

It is all very well to nurse thoroughly a few dozen men in one hospital, but that only benefits the individuals, and one sees such mad things being done all round. I don't think it is a bad thing for officers to be treated in the ward, and to actually see and hear what goes on, for they have not the least idea how much work the nurses do (and they take care to tell everybody afterwards, in fact I think they get well pumped as to what goes on), and they are mutely astonished every time. Even at Bart's I have often heard a student say that he considered that a few weeks spent in a ward as a patient was one of the best parts of his training; it opened his eyes as to what was necessary, and as to what could be done for sick people.

July weather Miss Loch found intensely oppressive, not quite so hot as before, only 110° in the shade, but feeling hotter because of the damp, like a steam bath. She had been asked to write some letters to the *Nursing Record* about the nursing work in India. Early in August she went with some Sisters for a turn of duty in the Murree hills and encamped on the Topa spur, which she described as being a most lovely spot. Unfortunately cholera was prevalent around and the soldiers and English visitors to Murree were largely affected. In compliance with their earnest desire the Sisters were allowed to nurse cases of that disease.

The Government having decided to send an expedition to the Black Mountain, Miss Loch applied to be sent with it, and on September 12 she was

placed under orders to go with some Sisters to the Base Hospital. Before starting she was made 'awfully proud and glad' by hearing that the Sisters remaining at Rawal Pindi had nursed cholera patients so well that in the opinion of the Medical Officer in Charge the saving of several lives was entirely due to them.

(BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION. OCT.–NOV. 1888.)

On the 29th of September, Miss Loch (with Sister Latch) left Murree to join the Base Camp of the Expedition. She much enjoyed the marches along the road winding round and round the mountains, and being always keenly appreciative of fine scenery she was greatly impressed by the succession of noble views. She found it somewhat difficult to realize the 'general bigness' of things; forest trees towering to a height of about 150 feet, appalling precipices, valleys at vast depths below, and higher hills in the distance. At times when surrounded by bare hills she felt reminded of Scotland by little huts and patches of cornfield up their sides, 'not unlike a huge Strath Fleet.' The journey was not quite uneventful. Once when riding where the road happened to be very narrow and without a parapet, the two ladies were seriously frightened by imminent danger of being pushed over the precipice by a couple of stampeding laden mules; and on another occasion their ponies were startled beyond immediate

control by three huge quarrelling monkeys screeching and scrambling on the rocks ahead.

On the 2nd of October the travellers arrived at Abbottabad, a small station 4,160 feet above the sea and 3,400 below Murree, situated on a broad plain fully cultivated, well wooded and watered, and encircled with hills. Here they were most hospitably received by Mrs. McQueen, wife of the General Commanding the Punjab Frontier Force, this being the head-quarters of the Force. Here too they were joined by three Sisters from Rawal Pindi. Two days afterwards the party, escorted by a guard of Sikh soldiers and an armed and mounted policeman, marched along a fertile valley to Manserah; thence to Khaki, fording two rivers on the way; here they dined camp fashion with the officers of the 15th Bengal Cavalry, and here they heard distant firing, a smart engagement having taken place that day with the enemy tribesmen near Oghi. While at dinner news was brought that the camp at Darband had been rushed at night by a party of fanatics, who killed several men and did considerable damage, and the report said that every one of the assailants was cut down or shot.

October 6.—Miss Loch now wrote:—

We got up at five o'clock and sat in a row shivering, for it was bitterly cold before sunrise, while the tents and things were being packed on the mules and camels. I do think camels are horrid animals, so ugly, and they

snarl and roar all the time they are being loaded and make a terrible noise; there is no romance about them at all! We went on with our armed 'sowar' (cavalry-man) either following or leading, and climbed up and up the fearfully steep zigzagging narrow path of the Sussel pass, all covered with great water-worn boulders in confusion, and Scotch firs and brown fir needles. It was very beautiful and wild, especially as we got higher. For a long time, at every turn in the road, we looked back at Khaki and the river and cornfields beyond. Then all at once one gets over the top and suddenly finds oneself in the entrance of the Oghi valley, bounded by the Black Mountain all down one side of it, and one could plainly see all the spurs where they fought yesterday and the Base Camp, like little specks, about seven miles off. By the time we got here (Oghi) it was intensely hot. Dr. Welch, the Brigade-Surgeon in Charge, a most soldierly-looking man, received us most kindly. I have been round the tents this afternoon. There are three or four men from yesterday's fight wounded severely but not dangerously, and two more were brought in later; there are also several wounded native soldiers I hear. Our troops having gone over the crest of the mountain we could not see any of them, but we heard shots and saw the smoke of burning villages. Oghi is not at all a pretty place; it is in the Agror valley, very wild and bleak, and too much down in a hollow. There is one little peep of a Kashmir snow peak straight in front of our tents, and this is a great joy to me. We and servants are all under martial law of course, and our tents are pitched in the straight camp lines with all the others.

Every one has to be up, and every tent has to be opened wide and *tidy* before eight in the morning, so they can be seen through the camp from end to end. On our left is the Fort; and about forty prisoners were marched down the hill this afternoon firmly bound, and taken into it. The gate is about fifty yards from our tents, and if they try to rush this camp as was done at Darband, I don't think my dear little revolver would protect me very long! Some of the Seaforth Highlanders are here, and we have bagpipes going on all day. At night a double guard of Seaforths marches up and down and constantly challenges. Close on one side of the camp is a steep conical hill with a native town on the sides, and a native fort on the top belonging to the Khan of this district. The Khan himself and his brother were made prisoners; but the latter escaped and is now siding with the Black Mountain people. The hospital tents being active service ones, are small holding four beds, and these beds consist each of loose straw shaken on the ground, and covered with a waterproof sheet and coarse brown blanket.

The newspapers talk a great deal about more nurses coming, but nothing is being done about it. I fear they will be anxious to employ Indian women—I mean Anglo-Indians of course—and get them trained out here, which would be anything but satisfactory: they would learn *nothing*.

Oct. 6.—We can still hear firing at intervals in the distance, but have heard no news. The sun is very hot and the night very cold. The range of temperature in the tents is from 95° to 45°! There is not an atom of shade.

Oct. 10.—We are beginning to feel quite settled and at home here now, and strange to say, now we actually *are* here it leaves off being exciting and seems quite ordinary and natural. It is almost disappointing the way things do that! I think the excitement is always in the anticipation. The Commissariat officer has given us an extra tent for a mess-tent, and we five keep our edible stores, table things and also our saddles in it; so that is a great comfort, besides giving us a great deal more room. The camp bāzār, which always springs up like a mushroom in the neighbourhood of a camp, is not far off. All cooking is done in the open without any shelter or appliances at all, with nothing but fires of sticks in a hole in the ground—and yet these Indian servants produce a dinner with courses! and even roast meat! which is a kind of magic.

There have been from four to ten doolies in with wounded every day this week, but more than half are Sikhs. Yesterday evening Sister W. and I went for a ride along the Khaki road, and it got rather dark before we got back; and we met one or two men who scowled at us so fearfully that we came back as hard as we possibly could, for fear they might shoot us from behind a stone. The other side of the camp is not safe at all. Some days ago a mule-driver strayed too far and got caught and killed, and a Sikh also shared the same fate. Three of the local natives were found prowling round the tents the night before last, and were arrested: they declared they had come to sell milk, but were run in as that was not considered a satisfactory explanation in the middle of the night! We like Dr. Welch very much, and he seems very capable and depend-

able; and now that he has made up his mind that we shall not make unnecessary fusses, he has been very nice. The first day he made the Sisters each do a dressing, obviously to see how they would set about it; and since then he has made them do all the dressings of the wounded as a matter of course.

Oct. 13.—*Abbottabad.*—I never expected to finish here a letter begun at Oghi! A telegram having come ordering two Sisters to Darband, eventually Sister Welchman and I started off. Before leaving I made a sketch of the Black Mountain, as seen from our tents. Somehow there was a mistake, and our mounted escort never turned up; so we went on accompanied by only one native soldier and by a syce (groom) said by Dr. W. to be worth any two soldiers. We had our revolvers belted on and felt very warlike. However, we did not see the ghost of an enemy and got safely here, where kind Mrs. McQueen is housing us again. Darband is only fourteen or fifteen miles from Oghi, but there being no road over the mountains we have to go this round-about way.

Oct. 17.—*Darband Camp, Hazara Field Force.*—We got here safely the night before last, after the nearest approach to real adventures that we have had yet. I suppose that after all the muddles as to which and who and how we were to come here, it ended by being nobody's business to see to our journey, for certainly after the regal manner in which we were equipped for Oghi, our means of getting here were most casual. We drove from Abbottabad to Haripur, and in the dāk bungalow saw a notice to the effect, that any officer riding alone thence to Darband might take with him two of the six

sowars kept in readiness. I fancy the notice had lapsed as we inquired without effect for an escort. Our own ponies of course had not arrived at Haripur; so we engaged bazaar animals and rode off, hoping to reach Darband by pressing hard. After several miles of hot journeying on slow ponies through fertile lands, we got into wild country and much ahead of our baggage coolies, and then among hills. First we had to cross a river bed at least half a mile wide with several streams in it, only one being more than knee-deep. The sun went down about this time, and the two men who had come with their ponies began to talk nervously about robbers; so we took out our revolvers, which evidently comforted them a good deal. It got quite dark except for an early and bright moon, and we began climbing up little shingly hills. At last we came to a camp fire by the roadside, with some natives squatting around and oxen and carts. Here our men vowed they would go no further; so although there were no huts or any shelter, we agreed to stop. We sat by the wayside one of the natives lending us a charpoy; and after a weary wait our baggage coolies came up and pitched our tiny tent. Fortunately we had a tin of soup and a few biscuits and some cocoa; then we went to bed and slept like tops! This place was Barukot. Next morning we had a very hot ride of eleven miles to Nawagiran, the first part of the road being simply hideous, nothing but hills which were merely big mounds of shingle dotted over with ugly little bright green bushes, which made the hills look as if they had broken out in a rash! Gradually they got higher and finer, and all at once we came through a sort of pass and found the Indus imme-

diately below us; after that we skirted the river the whole of the rest of the way. In one place we met a convoy of wounded proceeding down country, and naturally we were much stared at. Arrived at Nawagiran we were ravenous and managed to get some food, tea and eggs nearly raw, and eventually some chupatties spread with most stinking butter and a curried fowl. We stuck there for some hours, and most grillingly hot it was, and the bore was that we had on thick woollen clothes! At last three tiny donkeys were obtained from a village near—such wee donkeys, not a bit larger than the goats to be seen drawing carriages at an English seaside place. However they carried our things in the most wonderful way. It was nearly 4.30 when we set off, and were told that Darband was only seven miles further. The road is very good, and after a bit the mountains close in altogether, and the Indus runs through a narrow gorge; and the road rising higher we seemed hemmed in by precipices all round. The sun set about 6.30 and our pony-drivers got more and more frightened, and expected to find robbers behind every rock; one stayed behind altogether and the other bemoaned himself the whole time. The road then became frightful, and if it had not been for the moon we must have sat down under a rock and waited for day—it seemed for ever to wind round and round ravines and precipices, and often was nothing but a watercourse. Once we mistook a real watercourse for the road and wandered up it, and had some little difficulty in getting back again when it turned out to be impassable. I never saw such huge boulders, some of them as big as a large house—it was most weird altogether. The native with us was

perfectly terrified, and I can't tell you how glad Sister Welchman and I were that we both carried revolvers. As it was I don't think we were either of us frightened—only excited. The worst of it was the ponies, little wretched beasts! got dead beat and we had to get off and walk. At last we reached the village of Darband, which seemed quite a big place; and taking a guide went on to the camp, which was between two and three miles further on! There was no real road to it, only a sort of track over a shingly plain covered with boulders and deep sand. We felt as though we should struggle on for ever, when we heard a bugle and came suddenly on an outpost over the top of a sandhill. A kind soldier piloted us to the hospital camp, a little further off still! and then we found nearly every one gone to bed. Dr. Fawcett tumbled out and was much astonished to see us. However he took us to a tent prepared for us, and gave us doolies to sleep on and brown hospital blankets, provided us with a tin of his own cocoa, and raked up a piece of bread and a cold mutton-bone from somebody's rations; so we had supper and went to bed, and very glad we were!

Oct. 18.—After all there is not much to do here. There are several Tommies, most of them with bayonet-wounds given to each other during a night scare, but none serious; one or two fevers bad and several not bad, and the only two remaining officers, Col. Crookshank shot through the leg, and Mr. Cleeve shot in the neck, were sent away this morning. We are in a big tent and so have plenty of space; but the place swarms with white ants, and anything left lying on the ground is eaten up in a few hours. The ground being fine loose sand as penetrating as flour would be, we cannot keep

very tidy our clothes get full of it. I am so amused to hear from Oghi that Dr. Welch for about two hours, was under the impression that our escort had followed us immediately, and that when he discovered that it had not, he became very anxious till he heard of our safe arrival at Abbottabad. For my own part, it being broad daylight and the road crowded with convoys, I felt all right and never expected it; but I do think our journey from Haripur here was really dangerous. Just think what a fuss there would have been if we had been cut to pieces by the Hassanzais on the way! Last evening we went right down to the river and sat on a rock watching the water, and some natives going across with loads of grass on their backs: they blow out a masak (leather water-bag) with air and float themselves over, swimming with their legs in a very clever way. It is such a queer place; the black craggy rocks, grey granite shingle and deep white sand are far more like a seashore than anything else, and nothing grows but little scrubby bushes. We may not leave the camp except in one direction, and I fear we shall not be able to ride at all. The only thing we are very desirous of doing is to get over the top of a certain ridge not far off, from where one can look down on the place of the big fight. There will be no risk, for the tribes are all sending in their submission, and not a shot has been fired since the fort belonging to the Ghazis (fanatics) was blown up. Last evening we went out with Dr. Fawcett and had some revolver practice, and rather distinguished ourselves at fifteen yards; when steadying one hand with the other I shoot really very well.

Oct. 24.—The sun is intensely hot here, but the

nights are pleasant, not a bit cold but quite fresh and sharp about sunrise. We have been for a long ride over the frontier and back with a young Bengal cavalry officer here. It is the strangest, most forsaken kind of country I have ever seen. We rode straight up the river bed for about six miles; the hills come perpendicularly down, and then there is on each side a rocky shelf of varying width with the river rushing down a deep bed with sheer rock-sides, in the centre. We followed the river as far as the frontier, and then began to return another way. The trooper with us was clearly unwilling to go this way, but eventually we elected to take it and then started up the hill. It was indeed a bad road! I never calculated for what it was going to be like. It was more like the Devil's Pathway in the Isle of Man than any place I have ever seen—besides doing it on horseback, and a hill about four times as high! I do not think the path was anywhere more than a foot wide, and often only six inches. Sometimes ledges of rock which gave hardly any foothold, more often only a ridge of sand and stones, which gave way under the ponies' feet and went bounding down to the bottom; then it kept twisting in horrid little zigzags so that the ponies had to turn on a pivot, and sometimes there were big rocks in the way which had to be jumped up. Aline is always a little excited at steep places and went bounding up at a great pace. I kept her head straight, but no more dared check her than one could check a rearing horse, for fear of bringing her backwards over the precipice. There was not a scrap of shelter or foothold anywhere; and some natives who were staring at us from the bottom rapidly dwindled into mere flies immediately

below me. We were not sorry when we arrived puffed and panting at the top, and the unlucky horses covered with white foam all over. After this all was easy. The Commander-in-Chief and Lady Roberts arrived last night, and this morning went round the hospital tents: this was our first meeting with her. Sir Frederick was very pleasant as usual, and referred very nicely to the progress the Sisters had made, and the good reports of us that had come in from everywhere. He said that of course he knew it would be so, but it was none the less satisfactory. Lady Roberts paid us a call in our tent, and was very pleasant.

I do wish I could get on the top of the Black Mountain once. They say the views are quite splendid, tiers upon tiers of snow-mountains in every direction. Here we are surrounded so closely by the precipitous rocks close to us that we cannot see anything distant at all.

Oct. 30.—I think Lady Roberts was quite prepared to be pleased with us Sisters all round. I went to her tent to call upon her and sat and talked for more than an hour, and she was very friendly. There is a scheme on foot for enlarging the Service which Dr. Bradshaw is to unfold to me when I get back to Pindi. The same evening she came over again to our part of the camp, and walked up and down with us for some time and Sir Frederick joined us; we got up before daylight next morning to see them off.

Oct. 31.—Dr. Fawcett received this morning a telegram to say that the fighting being over, he is to wind up the hospital affairs; so I expect we shall be on the move very soon.

Nov. 1.—It seems as though our ride here was to

become historical, for we hear of it from all directions, and everybody is retrospectively agitated on the subject. They say here that if we had wired to them that we were coming *alone* they would have sent an escort to meet us; but we never thought of that, and only wired that we were coming, and every one thought that arrangements had been made at the other end; and then, of course, we expected to arrive by daylight. However, all 's well that ends well!

Nov. 4.—This Indus valley seems decidedly more unhealthy than the Oghi side. There has been a good deal of fever and dysentery among the men in spite of the gravelly soil, and the climate is curiously different from that of Oghi, though only about twelve miles distant in a straight line (Oghi, 4,987 ft.; Darband, 1,200 ft.).

Nov. 7.—I don't wonder you could not find anything in any map, for this country is hardly known at all. Oghi is only a frontier fort, and Darband only a native village belonging to the Nawab of Amb (pronounced Umb), and beyond this the country has never been surveyed or even explored before; and the course of the Indus as laid down (by guess) is found to be quite incorrect—it makes a huge bend where it was supposed to be quite straight.

We have been getting some swords and shields that were taken after the battle of Kotkai, to keep them as trophies. Firearms are more difficult to obtain, and they are the queerest things, with the exception of a few stolen English rifles; some are seven feet long and are fired from a rest; others are quite short and stumpy —probably made in the year 1! and some real old-

fashioned blunderbusses with trumpet mouths. Nearly all the natives carry arms of some kind; but most have only swords and shields.

I forget if I said anything about the servants we brought to camp. Of course each pony has a syce, and I alone brought a grasscutter but made use of him as a coolie; we have between us a khidmatgar who cooks, waits and does housemaid—the floor however being deep fine dust, is best left alone. Camp beds do not require making. Then we pay a small fee to a camp water-carrier and sweeper for bath tent work. We could not possibly have brought an ayah with us into camp.

Nov. 10.—It seems that the natives who have been firing into our camps at Palosi and Kunhar the last two nights, are not Hassanzais or fanatical Ghazis at all, but men of another tribe who live just beyond and have been called upon and refused to send in their jirgah (tribal representatives). What is amusing is, that the tribes with whom we have been fighting are now all friendliness to us since they made up their minds to accept our terms. They have not only sent back their cattle and their inhabitants to rebuild the burnt villages, and to plough and sow the winter crops, under the very noses of our troops, but they are actually furnishing advanced guards against the next tribes and escorting convoys through their own country. Is not that a proof of truly British adaptability to make use of them so? Of course the confidence and affection are only skin-deep; but still there they are, or at all events the first is.

We have had a rather bad case in with internal

haemorrhage, and have been taking it in turns to sit up with the poor fellow; but he is much better luckily, and we can leave him for twenty-four hours under the apothecary's care when we go to the front to see the Field Hospital. It is quaint being on night duty, because a sentry being posted at each end of the hospital camp, every time one passes in or out of the tent one is challenged; and when the guard is changed, the new sentry is always equally agitated and hard to reassure. There are no hospital orderlies employed on field service, as they cannot be spared from the ranks.

Nov. 14.—*Haripur.*—It is all over, and we are now on our way back. The orders to retire came quite suddenly at the last like a little bombshell, and we personally only got about four hours' warning to pack up and be off.

I must now tell you of our expedition to Kunhar, which already seems ages ago! On Sunday morning Dr. Fawcett our two selves and two of the Nawab's bodyguard, rode about five miles beyond the Chum hill (the dangerous one we rode up) to Kotkai where the battle took place, and Dr. Fawcett showed us the nullah where the enemy had lain concealed and the small walled-in graveyard which had been specially defended four weeks ago. Kotkai was built on the top of a pyramid shaped rock standing just in the bend of the river, and looked very striking; it is now burnt and utterly destroyed. Kunhar is a most picturesque village a few miles further on and is built in terraces up the almost perpendicular hill-side, and round one side of a rocky ravine running back into the mountains with a small tributary of the Indus rushing down it; like Dartmouth there are only

steps in the village. The troops have improved the approach sufficiently to enable horses to be brought in; natives have only cattle and goats, but heretofore there was no road at all, and the only way of getting to it was by a sort of track leading up a kind of natural staircase of boulders and rock. (Roads have now been made all over the Black Mountain, so that in the event of another expedition troops could march over the whole country in two or three days.)

The hospital is in the house of one of the chief men of the village. The building is fairly large and most quaint in shape, being piled up the rocks, round corners and on different levels. The main part is a large court-yard roofed all round, but open to the sky in the middle; in one corner there is a steep staircase cut in the rock and leading to the roof higher up again, and round a corner is a narrow terrace with rooms off it, and then another steep rocky staircase to a ledge which goes round into the narrow ravine mentioned before. On the outer edge of this is a thick row of banana trees, castor oil plants, and oleanders growing all about the rocks, and on the inner is an artificial watercourse, so altogether the village has a much less arid appearance than anything we have seen for some time. This ledge led us to a mosque built just at the corner with a view up the ravine behind, and a glorious view all over the Indus valley in front; there is a stone terrace for prayers with a precipice dropping away on two sides of it, and on this two small tents had been pitched for us. After resting and lunching with General Galbraith and Staff, and seeing the Hassanzai jirgah which happened to be assembled, settling the terms of submission, it was

arranged for us to ride over to Palosi and take tea with the 2nd Sikhs there. The jirgah men interested me very much; they were a fine-looking set of men much like the villagers one sees about, in flopsy garments of dark indigo and big white turbans and bare legs. The General had had two Gatling guns placed on the roof of the mosque he was occupying, and all the jirgah were ranged round to see a little artillery practice, intended to impress them—it reminded me much of a school treat! They all pressed and pushed and grinned with delight, but they shook and wagged their heads greatly when they saw about an acre of sand ploughed up in clouds of dust about half a mile away on the further side of the river. I believe that directly afterwards they all rushed off to cross the river and dig up as many of the bullets as they could find!

We went on to Palosi and were ferried ponies and all across the river, the boat being spun round in the middle of the stream as a sort of salaam I believe. We had tea with the officers, and then three or four of them with a strong escort of the Sikhs, rode with us for about two miles to Maidan a most interesting place, as having been the last stronghold of the Hindustani fanatics. It is now completely in ruins, the town burnt and the fortified towers blown up. We rode all round it and through the streets and saw their arrangements. These fanatics were not a tribe at all, but a collection of fanatics from all parts of India, sworn to die in fighting the Christians. They paid rent to the Hassanzais for this little bit of stony plain in a bend of the river and completely surrounded by bare rocks and precipices. Now however a large proportion of them have been

killed, and the Hassanzais have pledged themselves not to allow any remnant there may be lurking in the mountains, to return or settle again. I believe the Chagarzais the neighbouring tribe will not receive them either. The names of these tribes with terminations all alike remind me of the Hittites, the Amorites and the Jebusites in the Bible. They all talk a language called Pashtu. We got back to Kunhar just at dark, and by invitation dined with General Galbraith and the Staff, and had a very pleasant evening. The moonlight was bright, songs were sung—one of them the 'Wacht am Rhein'. The dining-table had to be set on the top of Musalman tombstones, with others sticking up all round. The following evening not a white man was left in the country, and probably no white man will even see it again for years. We climbed back to our tents, where we felt delightfully perched up and out of the world, with the sound all night of the rushing stream below, quite different from the deep roar of the Indus. We started next morning at daybreak to try to get ahead of the returning regiments, which made the narrow road by the river a living stream of men and baggage mules the whole day. For the first time since I have been in India I heard singing birds, bulbuls, which sing beautifully. We got blocked half-way and nearly smothered in dust. However, just in the thick of it we got an invitation to breakfast, and very jolly it was. Dr. Deakin, of one of the native regiments, had halted in that spot on top of a rock, and was our host. At last we got back to Darband very tired about noon; and I was so glad to hear that a British soldier who had gone mad at Kunhar, and escaped in shirt and trousers, and with-

out helmet and boots, and was seen wandering about on the other side of the Indus, but not afterwards heard of, had at last been brought back to camp but nearly starved. [Note: Natives do not harm the insane.] In the evening we went to see a Khatak war-dance. The Khataks are a tribe in the Kohat part of the Punjab frontier, and they apparently have a tribal sword-dance which they are very devoted to. They are employed as navvies in big military road-making operations, and the five or six hundred with this expedition are such a set of ruffian and cutthroat-looking men. A huge bonfire was surrounded by some thirty men armed with swords or broad knives. At first they pranced round, then suddenly turned and made violent flourishes round their heads, spinning on one leg and then on the other; next all together they lunged vigorously towards the fire, all the time to the sounds of a screeching pipe and a tom-tom. It was most weird and exciting to see these wild creatures dashing round and round in the firelight, their weapons flashing and their loose garments flying. Occasionally they shouted, which was lustily echoed by the Highlanders looking on; but for the most part they danced in silence, the chief noise being a sort of *prrrrr!* started by the tom-tom man when he wanted to especially arouse them, and they all joined and rushed it up in a crescendo. The tom-tom man was much distressed because his turban had been stolen while up in the mountains, and the engineer officer in charge had not allowed him to hunt down the robber; so he came to General Galbraith with a special request for permission to return alone to the Hassanzai country to kill him. I do not think he knew in the least who the

thief was, but suppose that to kill anybody and bring back his pagri (turban) would have sufficed to wipe out the dishonour. Needless to say he was not allowed to go. Dr. Deakin and another officer rode several miles with us, and then we went on alone to Nawagiran, where we found the Khatak Coolie Corps had arrived, and they kept up a fearful hullabaloo all night. Next day we got in here, Haripur.

Nov. 19.—Since we arrived here, Rawal Pindi, on the 15th I have not had a moment to sit down quietly, nothing but interruptions, accounts, servants worrying, plans and arrangements. The three Oghi Sisters came back on the 17th, having enjoyed themselves enormously. General McQueen invited them up to the front as his guests and sent them expeditions over some of the most splendid passes of the Black Mountain, and it must certainly have been wonderful. One thing has worried me very much; I felt the time was come to issue a set of written rules. This is the first time we have settled down together since the first seven or eight weeks we were here, and of course it was rather a pull up to be told they must ask leave to go out after certain hours and some other little things. However, they have taken it on the whole very well, and I feel it is quite necessary with the prospect of unlimited gaiety in the winter, and after all the unbounded liberty they have had. I have also announced that I do not mean to give leave for dances, as those would keep us latest and interfere with routine; and as we certainly could not accept all invitations it is better to cut them off altogether.

On the 25th of November orders came to send three Sisters to Sialkot for permanent duty.

The hospital is very full now and there are many bad cases. Dr. Bradshaw the P.M.O. tells me that ultimately I am to have charge of a very large part of the North of India including thirty-one large stations. There are not yet, however, Sisters enough to work them. The regiments in the station being changed, all the orderlies are to be replaced by new ones; some of those going away are very good men and they will be much missed in hospital.

On the 17th of December her report is :—

The Sisters have been busy lately; in the Women's Hospital there are several bad cases of enteric and two bad cases of haemorrhage, and the nurse in charge being ill with cholera we have been obliged to help. When the three Sisters are transferred to Sialkot there will be only three left here, and then we shall not be able to help the women whatever the emergencies may be. If we are to have less than four Sisters in Rawal Pindi we shall have to give up half our hospital work.

It having been proposed from Simla to send two Sisters to Peshawar Miss Loch was much disquieted. She justly considered that three Sisters are not enough and two could not possibly work a station hospital satisfactorily.

They would either kill themselves or they could not be responsible for the patients, perhaps both! I do not see why Tommies here should be neglected for those in

another station, especially as they are accustomed to us here and would feel the difference more.

Dec. 23.—We are having the most glorious weather you ever knew, weather when it is a pleasure to live. How I do wish it was always like this! A soldier's funeral is passing just now; they always come past our quarters. Gounod's Dead March is always played, and I think it is perfectly lovely, but it affects me so that I could howl when I hear it, and it is sometimes difficult to refrain. The principal case in the Women's Hospital proved fatal; the patient was a little girl and I had sat up with her the night before.

Dec. 31.—Only to think this is the last day of the year and such a lot of things have happened during the twelve months. The poor old nurse in the Women's Hospital is as bad as possible, and I go over every day to look after her as there is no Sister to spare now, three having been taken away. We got up Christmas festivities in the hospital for the convalescent patients and they went off very well indeed, and caused much excitement as nothing of the kind had ever been attempted before; the General came and several other officers.

The year 1888 having come to its close, with it ended the most eventful of the first thirty-four of Miss Loch's life. New sphere of work, experiences of tropical climate, severe epidemics, campaigning and the disciplining of the subordinate Sisters, all contributed to make notable the first of her career in India.

CHAPTER III

1889

On the 6th of January Miss Loch wrote :—

I am so glad we have been refusing balls systematically. There have been six or eight invitations the last two or three weeks and it is a great comfort to think that they are all satisfactorily out of the question.

On the 12th she visited Peshawar in order to settle about quarters for the Nursing Sisters proposed to be located in that station; and of course went to see the native city, it being the chief 'sight'!

Jan. 28.—I have just been writing a long letter to Miss Nightingale in answer to one of hers. She does write such charming letters full of encouragement and also lots of questions about our work. When she wrote last it was immediately after receiving all the doctors' reports, &c., also several private and official letters to the India Office, which had all been sent to her to see, so you see she is very well up in all that goes on. I believe we shall have medals for the Black Mountain, which will be very jolly.

Feb. 4.—I have seen a copy of General McQueen's official despatches and have read the passage[1] referring to the Nursing Sisters.

[1] 'The arrival of the Nursing Sisters proved a great boon to the patients in hospital.'

A disagreement among the Nursing Sisters at Bangalore having attracted the notice of the local military authorities, Miss Loch commented as follows:—

I am dreadfully sorry, it is such a bad thing all round and it must of course affect us also; and it makes me feel all the more that we must absolutely keep the peace among ourselves somehow, because if any rumpus took place amongst us also, however it might have been judged singly, it is sure to be more or less coloured by any troubles the authorities may have had with Miss O. However we are going on all right at present. In the beginning of January I had to write and send in Confidential Reports on all the Sisters. It seems that is a yearly thing in the Army; every head has to send in these reports on their subordinates, and of course the one upon me was written by Dr. A. F. Churchill, the Senior Medical Officer of the Station Hospital. I got him to read my reports and to tell me as friend, if he approved of them before they went any farther, which he did and made me modify two of them a little. I did not like writing them at all. I wanted to know how forcibly the things would have read to the authorities, because I could not put an equal amount of praise all round, especially as I was tied down to certain heads to be answered. As it was, when I saw Dr. Bradshaw, the P.M.O., he said: 'I did not know you were so judicial.'

Sisters having on several occasions been ordered by higher authority to out stations to nurse individual patients, Miss Loch and the P.M.O. thought such transfers inexpedient, because reduction of

the local nursing staff made the work in the hospital difficult to be done satisfactorily. The patients got neglected, and impediment was met with in systematic training of orderlies.

The only good thing of it is that it shows that doctors in general are beginning to think of and to wish for us.

On the 16th there comes a stray remark of much suggestiveness :—

If ever I have the choosing of nurses again I shall look out for amiability of temper before anything else.

Recurring to the subject of orderlies she writes on March 3 :—

As long as we are such a drop in the ocean I fear that we shall not personally gain much by the new orderly system, for we shall still be dependent on the uncertain and shifting supply from regiments which happen to be quartered here; but it is held out to them as an inducement, that it will open to them a new source of employment on leaving the Army, as male nurses and attendants, if they have taken to it kindly.

May 24.—We are very busy here just now. There seems to be such an endless amount of enteric fever everywhere. The down country stations get their share in the winter, now it seems to be more here. Here we have about thirty typhoids in hospital, and from the Hills we hear that the Sisters have been suddenly transferred to another camp in which seventeen cases have appeared almost at once. I do not know how it is, whether people lose their vitality out here or what it

is, but so many of them die off, it just seems as if nothing would keep them alive.

About July 5 she had to go up to Murree for a few days for change after a short attack of fever. On the 17th she arrived at Simla as guest of General Chesney, the Military Member of Council, and Mrs. Chesney, and during part of her stay spent some days with Sir Frederick and Lady Roberts, with whom and with General Chesney she had much discussion respecting the present and future of the Nursing Service.

A curious circumstance came to her notice in July. Some people said to her: 'We have just seen your brother; he must be your brother, he is so exactly like you!'

I found that he is a Mr. Brandreth (her mother's name) and it is true he is exactly like me; he is young and very little, we might almost dress in each other's clothes.

Aug. 17th found her back in Rawal Pindi and on the 29th she went up to Murree for a turn of duty in the camp at Kuldana, and by the 23rd of October had returned to her head-quarters in the plains. Several orders came detaching Sisters singly here and there to nurse individual patients, including one with puerperal fever at Murree.

This last summons caused us some indignation as we

are not supposed to nurse ladies. However the available Sister had got a feverish attack and was not fit to go, and when able to work was called to Jhilam to a Dr. Deakin, dangerously ill there with enteric. She was not fit for much and the work here being heavy we cannot well spare her. Of course as we are only three I must now take an equal share of duty.

Nov. 25.—Sister Betty has gone up to Murree to help in bringing down an officer's wife whose thigh-bone was broken by her tānga (curricle) being overturned with her down the hillside. It is aggravating that Betty is being delayed at Murree by being made to help in the night nursing of the puerperal fever case and I do not think it is fair. She has the fracture case by day and the other case by night. I think that just because we are professional we should not be called on to do promiscuous work in addition to our own proper duties. When one of the Sisters was on sick leave at Kasauli, she was got to help with a poor girl who was ill with enteric—and died. She did not like to refuse as it was near the end of her leave and she was feeling better, but it was not right. It is quite true that people are fearfully in want of help out in this country. The doctor at Jhilam is dead; I am so sorry; we had met him in the Black Mountain country. He went out into the jungle to see if change would do him any good. He must have been in the third week of typhoid then and from all accounts I imagine already semi-delirious, and he walked about all day with a temperature of 106° to try and cool himself!

Dec. 1.—It is a blessing that typhoid in England is rarely so virulent and fatal as it is out here.

Dec. 9.—We are again bereft of a Sister. A most peremptory telegram came last week from the C.-in-C., I am sure because things have been refused two or three times lately, adding that one must be spared as it was 'important that we should be made generally useful'. That looks as if they thought we were doing nothing at all now! And I do think that the Tommies are thought quite unimportant by comparison to flying all about India in answer to telegrams. I think it is imagined that two women are quite sufficient to nurse one hospital; so long as we are more than two anywhere I am sure we shall have no peace. It is too bad; in the meantime the bad cases are increasing now every day and there is more than enough to do.

Dec. 22.—We are frightfully busy just now. I do not think we have ever had so many cases or so many bad ones before, chiefly enterics and pneumonias and one or two liver cases, and it makes it very difficult to manage extra things, being only three of us. There is so much to do now that we have to go on two together in the morning, so one gets only a few hours off by turns in the afternoon.

Dec. 28.—The work in the wards seems to be easier now; I do not know why, for we have just as many patients, indeed more. But it is very odd, how at times when one is nursing a large number of cases there seems to be a perfect rush for a few days and then somehow things get in a groove and there seems less to do although the patients may be really just the same. For one thing we have been going through much tribulation with orderlies. We have some very good men in our original ward, but in the new ward and for the extra

cases in the verandah we had a wretched lot belonging to a regiment which was only passing through Pindi. They did not care a fig, and were quite stupid and not civil and frequently drunk. Several times I had to put the night orderly to bed to get rid of him and do his work myself. They drank the patients' brandy too, so we had to give every drop ourselves. Our own especial orderlies took their Christmas festivities in much more methodical fashion. They each went on the booze of course—no soldier would think he had spent Christmas properly without—but they did it in turns, each taking a night for the other. It is a great pity Tommy drinks so.

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Jan. 5.—*Rawal Pindi.*—We are busier than ever; only this morning the doors of the third ward in our wing were opened to us where it joins on to our previous one. So now we have a full half of the hospital and it is really too much. I do not think there have ever been so many bad cases at any one time before. It is not that one minds the work, but with so many it is impossible to give as much attention to any of them as they ought to have. It is my turn to go on duty to-night. Yet after all the palaver and parade we cannot get even what we want for our patients, and we are considered unreasonable and exacting when we ask for things, and get told that if we make ourselves expensive we must not expect Government to increase our numbers! The official quarters provided for the Sisters at Sialkot were so small and unhealthy that the M.O. in charge made great efforts to have them given up

and a bungalow close by taken instead. Well, everybody at Sialkot felt so strongly on the subject that a station subscription was got up, and over 300 rupees obtained to pay for six or eight months' rent of the bungalow. It was very jolly of the station.

Jan. 12.—Pretty busy; two big wards and the officers are quite enough. We have an officer now with a badly fractured thigh-bone.

Jan. 20.—We have still been as busy as ever; the last two days I have been in the hospital all day. Something must be done about Sisters having been sometimes called on to work during a holiday; but at the same time it is much more difficult here than at home where nursing help can always be found with a short delay. Here there is often no help to be had for love or money, and when it is a case of life or death, that is awfully hard, and then the Simla authorities have a strong wish that we should be generally useful!

Jan. 27.—We are suddenly much less busy. People have been saying for months that as soon as the (winter) rain came the place would be more healthy, and oddly enough, whether it is the rain or a coincidence I do not know, but the moment the rain came down we have had no fresh cases in, and the others are all more or less convalescent, so much so that we have done no night duty for two or three nights, and I have left the day to the other two.

Feb. 5.—Miss Loch mentions having had a long conversation with Lady Roberts on the subject of the Military Nursing Sisters working in conjunction with the Religious Sisters of St. Denys

community. She also referred with some irritation to the characteristics of official correspondence.

I feel sure that in this horrid country Nursing Sisters never will get a proper recognized position in spite of all the palaver of the military authorities. Of course we are everything that is delightful and revered and much thought of in conversation, but when it comes to the point we must be ministering angels only without a definite responsibility or position of any sort or kind, or any recognized status with regard to soldiers, orderlies or apothecaries (members of the Subordinate Medical Department), and naturally they take advantage of it, seeing that everyone else's rank is fixed to a hair's breadth. Partly this, and partly the respective division of responsibility between the Sisters and apothecaries, are the chief questions under consideration. Then they only look upon us with sweet surprise and argue: 'Really I do not know what you want; you must naturally take a much higher place by courtesy than could be assigned to you by fixed official order, that you could only lose by having it defined'; and the idiots cannot imagine that exactly the people in our relations with whom we require a definite position, are just the people who do not allow us anything by courtesy at all. Again it is argued that no other woman has a definite position nor was there ever any precedent for a woman being saluted by soldiers, not even a colonel's wife! Did you ever hear anything so silly and unbusinesslike! As if they required it. They manage things better in the Navy. Why must it be always thought that in connexion with women things may be left vague and unbusinesslike?

Feb. 22.—It is quite settled that we shall not have to reside in the St. Denys Home at Murree while on duty in the hills. Is not that a thankful blessing! Dr. Bradshaw has been really very nice about it, and everybody agrees that it would not do, which is satisfactory. Probably we shall be put into a small bungalow adjoining the hospital, and this will do very well of course.

March 1.—I believe Government originally stipulated as a condition of their officially sending out nurses that certain 'Homes in the Hills' should be built and maintained by private subscription, as holiday homes for us when sick or on leave. Well, that sounds practicable enough, but it was an unfortunate mistake, because it led to one or two expensive houses at Murree and elsewhere being bought and furnished. But we do not need them, because during the summer we have always been sent up to the hills, not on leave but to work there, and the Home at Murree being in the centre of the station is quite out of reach of any work whatever; also we have made friends and when we go on leave we want to go and stay with them. With regard to sick leave: only twice during the two years has a Sister gone there for a week's sick leave, but if the Home had not existed I have no doubt some other arrangement could have been made.

March 18.—Yesterday Betty and I nearly ended our days, and smashed up my dog-cart: we were driving a shying pony, which shied violently on meeting some camels while we were on a narrow bridge. Fortunately an accident did not actually occur, but we were for the moment in real danger.

March 23.—I have been on night duty all the week. It is only for the sake of Col. C., who poor man is very bad, and the orderlies are such duffers.

March 30.—Col. C. died yesterday; we made a wreath of white flowers for his funeral. We are very busy again now, being overrun with pneumonias, lots of them, and I think several will prove fatal. It is very odd what a number we have had the whole of this year, with only one or two short intervals, and now there is a good deal of real influenza about too.

April 6.—It is getting piping hot here and it is depressing to think of all that is yet to come. However, I remember last year that the beginning of it was somehow more trying than later on when it was really much hotter, so I dare say it will be so again. We are having a bad time here just now. The influenza epidemic has set in hot and strong. It seems to be all over India now, but it is very bad here, and like most things out here seems to be more severe than in Europe. It seems to develop into the worst forms of pleurisy and pneumonia, generally both together, and there have been more deaths in a short time than ever before since the cholera. We had six deaths in four days this week, and there are several more men who I do not believe will pull through. The weather is odious just now, very heavy and thundery. Last night it was perfectly horrid, absolutely heavy and still, and then all at once suddenly a whirlwind arose with the roaring of a mighty wind and clouds of suffocating dust which seemed to rise like steam out of the ground; then general rushings to shut the doors and bangings and rattlings and lights blowing out, and then in about five minutes, when

we had succeeded by force in bolting the doors, the whole thing would subside as suddenly as it rose and leave us with mouths and eyes full of grit and with the same utterly still air again; the same thing happened three or four times.

Her letters home make frequent mention of the garden she had laid out and of various means of brightening up the Nursing Sisters' quarters inside and out, also of riding exercise and driving.

April 13.—We are still pretty busy, though there is not quite so much to do in the ward, because we have two officers in, both really bad, and in addition to that, owing to the troops beginning to move up to the hills, we have tribes and tribes of orderlies who are all more foolish one than another. Fortunately the Seaforths are not going up this year, so when we are finally settled down for the hot weather I trust we shall have chiefly Seaforth men—they are far the best; they seem a better class of men than any of the other infantry, and they are all so devoted to one another too, not only the officers among themselves, and we have had some of them as patients too. But when the men are bad (and a good many have died from this influenza) they all seem to take such a keen personal interest; two of the young subalterns came down to the hospital with eyes quite swollen with weeping because a favourite sergeant and a corporal of pipers were dying.

April 27.—We have the most extraordinary change of weather, so cold that I have to put on thick things and sit in my fur cape! Yesterday the rain began to

come at last and is coming still in bucketfuls; everything is swamped, which is delightful for the garden. This is what is called the Little Monsoon. There is wonderfully little to do now in the hospital; the patients are all convalescent—most have gone already to Murree, and nearly all the rest go to-morrow.

May 18.—It is getting sickeningly hot here now; the last few days have been unbearable, burning sun and glare with thick murky atmosphere which seemed to make the dazzle all the worse and prevent one breathing. Sometimes absolute oppressive stillness, and then in between a tearing hot wind which mocks one with the idea of coolness, singing and whistling in the badly fitting doors and flapping the curtains. One suffocates if one shuts it out, and yet when one faces it one's eyes are scorched up as if one faced an oven, and it makes one sick. Yesterday though, we had a storm which was intense relief. All the morning there had been an ominous murkiness on one side of the sky. I cannot call it black because everything was concealed by the clouds of dust fog. This came nearer and nearer and was more like a London fog than anything else, for the dust fog contrasted with the black clouds grew perfectly yellow. We had been gasping all day. It got so dark at last that in the rooms one could only feel one's way about and it was breathlessly hot. All at once the storm burst with a terrific roar, blowing tons of sand before it. You never saw such a scene of confusion; everything was whirled about, flower-pots bounded and crashed, two huge bits of matting, each of the size of a room, flew away through the air and the rooms were inches deep in gravel; then

came the rain, with thunder and huge hailstones; the thermometer went bang down about 40° and in about an hour everything was under water. We went for a long ride and it was very cool and delicious.

May 26.—The punkahs are ready, so we can shut up and keep as cool as may be. Some of the verandahs now show 110°, but I manage to keep my room down to 94° or 95°. There is next to nothing going on in the hospital. I am much disgusted because every single attempt I have made to get our position more assured and more satisfactorily settled, has been definitely refused after months of weary and ridiculous correspondence. It is very disheartening and makes one feel as if one did not care what happened. Apparently the last question had to go before the Duke of Cambridge because it could not be decided in this country, viz. whether any nominal rank could be accorded to Nursing Sisters in this country; which was chiefly to be desired because of the intermediate apothecary class which exists out here, and also as to whether the orderlies and others in the hospital should be required to give any kind of salute to them. All this is refused merely because H.R.H. 'has difficulty in believing' that any soldier could fail in respect towards ladies who are devoting themselves, &c., &c., so I suppose the civil ones will be civil and the rude ones rude as heretofore. It is quite true that by far the majority are wonderfully good and nice to us, but not quite all; and I do not think that it is for us to have to assert our dignity, nor that the manners of soldiers should depend solely on whether the extra 'tuppence' was expended on them in their youth. The Duke proves he does not know

enough about it, for he quotes the Netley Sisters as saying that they have always been treated with the utmost respect. Now first of all I demur to that, for I have often heard complaints, and I have always felt most strongly the difference in the position of the military and the naval Sisters, whose rank as commissioned officers is recognized and works perfectly. Besides the fact which was strongly represented in the letters of appeal, that the Netley Sisters are not nearly so much exposed to difficulty as we are, for they only work in three or four central hospitals where they have been a recognized institution for years, and they work with the trained men of the Army Hospital Corps, while we are popped hither and thither, and even when stationary have incessantly new orderlies, men drawn at random from the ranks and generally chosen because they are little or no credit to the regiment and therefore are easier spared.

May 30.—It is getting atrociously hot here and I think the hot weather is more hateful every year; it takes every atom of sense and energy out of one, being shut up in a prison for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and there is not a moment of comfort day or night. The quarters up at Murree seem to be very good indeed, very close to the hospital, very comfortable and with a perfectly glorious view, so that is very nice. It is very satisfactory that they have succeeded in arranging it for us, and I think it is quite the place where the Government Sisters ought to be in Murree.

June 8.—We have been having thumping hot weather, but somehow I have not minded it so much latterly

as at the beginning. One gets used to the irksomeness of being always imprisoned, and as soon as one has got out of the limits of comfort a few degrees more or less do not make so much difference! This afternoon we are getting gradually enveloped in darkness, and thunder is rolling all round just like heavy waves on a seashore without any pauses.

June 16.—It is a nasty day with a high hot wind blowing, the poor wizened-up trees are bent nearly double, and everything is white, earth, sky and all, not even a visible sun but only glare, and one's tables and everything are white and gritty with dust, and the wind whistles through the cracks in the doors, and everything one touches is burning hot; when I put my face on the pillow last night it was like laying it on a hot-water tin!

July 6.—I am glad that it has been tried and proved that religious Sisterhoods could not do nursing work properly in military hospitals, and that the question does not rest now on opinion only. The worst of this weather is that it produces BEASTS! Every night about nine o'clock or so they come in shoals and myriads; it is almost impossible to eat one's dinner, for they tumble into the food so fast that it gets full of them, and the lizards running up and down the walls have a fine time. There are winged ants, beetles, and great flopping things with cold wriggly hard bodies that bang in your face and splash the soup about, and lots of nameless creatures. But the worst are a sort of grub-shaped things with bodies about half an inch long; they come in myriads and flop into everything in the most idiotic way, they nearly put the lamps

out and they seem to stick fast upon everything; they have long gauze-like wings and the worst of them is that if you touch them, or if you do not for the matter of that, the wings come off and the creature is turned into a veritable grub that wriggles and runs.

July 14.—On the whole we are having a wonderfully cool July, but still it is very hot and stewy and disagreeable. The plague of Beasts has subsided which is a blessing, but still there are some. We killed a centipede about eight inches long and as thick as my finger, in my bathroom a day or two ago. One afternoon I was sitting in my room and I thought one of the dogs was rushing in, and lo and behold two huge black rats came scampering in and out of the bedroom and they rushed round and round me and danced and fought and rolled over each other. I wish there were no mosquitoes in the world, they are fiends!

Aug. 4.—We suddenly began being very busy again in the hospital last week. They are taking away all our good orderlies who had got thoroughly trustworthy, and replacing them with a set of duffers who know nothing at all. That is one of the unsatisfactory parts of this work.

Having obtained two months' privilege leave, Miss Loch decided to spend it in visiting Kashmir in company with her friend Miss Betty.

Aug. 10.—The day we came up to Murree (*en route* to Srinagar) was awful; imagine a drenching Scotch mist, and through it the biggest thunder shower you ever saw coming down steadily, hour after hour, and oh so cold! Umbrellas and macintoshes were of no

more use than if they had been made of muslin, we were drenched to the skin. Of the road we were going by, the guide-book says: 'The energetic traveller should accomplish this distance (about 160 miles) in three days, barring earthquakes, falling rocks and landslips'!

Aug. 24.—I must scream a little at the beauty of everything! It is perfectly glorious. The sunset yesterday was lovely, and the night sharp and cold; the clouds lifted all round like curtains and entirely vanished, and then there appeared like magic a perfect circle of blue mountains all round us, and which were overtopped by beautiful white snowy peaks, ranges and ranges of them. This morning at sunrise it was like fairy land and a few mists made everything mysterious. We were out on the Woolar Lake; you could not tell where water began and land ended, for the land is very flat and sometimes it is covered with water-lilies and endless lovely water plants and the mountains were all reflected, and here and there in the distance were beautiful groups of trees and picturesque looking villages.

They went into the Sind Valley thinking every place more lovely than the last and the country a real garden of Eden. Sonamarg 'inspired rhapsodies'.

Sept. 14.—On return to Srinagar she wrote:—

I do think there can be no such place as Kashmir in all the world; it seems to me most wonderful, combining everything that is lovely. There are these wonderful snowy mountains in every direction for hundreds of miles, with the most lovely valleys leading

up to them, very wild and beautiful but filled with beautiful trees and flowers, huge walnut trees and all sorts I do not know; and then one comes out into the Kashmir Valley proper, which is one sea of fruitfulness, cornfields chiefly rice ripening for miles as far as can be seen, and trees and orchards and all the network of rivers and lakes with endless boating and fishing. Manasbal is an exceedingly pretty little lake.

Sept. 23.—*Srinagar.*—I am rather low to-night, everything seems odious. You ask me if I am thinking of returning out here after my five years are over. No, I think I will be glad to cut the whole concern as soon as I can! However, one never knows how one may feel when the time comes, but I do not think that anything would induce me to come out again. When we were at Manasbal we had a big earthquake (her third experience since arrival in India). I was awoke in the middle of the night by my charpoy (bedstead) jumping about like mad; it felt so queer, but I was not frightened because one is so safe in a tent. The shocks were felt at Murree very severely and even at Pindi.

Sept. 30.—Her letter told of long marches along the Pir Panjal route out of Kashmir.

As I have always used superlatives, I do not know now how to express what the scenery is like. Certainly, for grandeur and magnificence and in many parts for beauty too, I think it surpasses anything we have seen before. There is a sort of feel of awfulness and loneliness in these mountains which is far more impressive than even at Sonamarg. But as for the road, it is frightful; we have had to walk nearly all the way so

far, or rather it is not walking but real climbing over endless rock or broken rocks or little narrow paths with not an inch to spare, and the most ghastly precipices below and often slippery with waterfalls. When on the top of the Pir Panjal Pass, about 11,500 feet, we were above the tree level and the wind was unbearably cold. At the extreme end and highest point of the pass it is like standing on the edge of the world, and the mountain there drops sheer down about 3,000 feet. Before we had descended twenty yards we were below the misty cap of the mountain and the view down a great valley was too wonderful for words; the depth seemed endless with rolls of mountains crossing and recrossing each other, and far below us the endless pine forest and the birches and the growths of the rocks all getting autumn colours, and down and down the road looking like a frightful zigzag ladder of rock. How ponies can get down without going head over heels I cannot imagine. After crossing a river, we immediately began a climb of over 2,000 feet up a succession of big rocky steps with deep mud between them. At top we reached a second pass the Rutton Pir, which is I believe about 8 or 9,000 feet. From the summit of this, looking back we got a glorious view of the Pir Panjal range, and looking forwards was again a new world.

Oct. 10.—*Rawal Pindi.*—We have been here two days now and it seems years.

Oct. 18.—I hear from Dr. Bradshaw, the P.M.O., that I shall have to visit during the cold weather the stations where the Nursing Sisters are. It will be very delightful for me, for any visits even fleeting ones

to them will be nice, and they will take me through and to some of the most interesting places in India. I do not know how much time I shall be allowed to dispose of, but I do not expect they will allow me to play about much, as I am to have five rupees a day extra and all travelling expenses paid.

Oct. 27.—Poor Mr. S. died last night. We are all so dreadfully grieved about him; it is awfully sad and he did cling on to life so and on to all of us. I sat up last night with him, because he could not be left for a minute, and the ward work was very heavy too.

It was during this month that Miss Loch took in, as a guest, a young married lady who had become mentally disordered owing to ill health and domestic troubles. Under kindly soothing care she recovered sufficiently to be sent in charge of a nurse to England. This was one only of many instances of Miss Loch's ready and active sympathy with those in suffering or in distress; her quarters seemed always open to any sick friend or married ex-colleague.

Nov. 9.—We are having the most perfect weather here now. The nights are exceedingly cold but the days are perfect; it is not even too hot to go out at midday, of course wearing a topee (sun-hat). We are having sundry bothers with the hospital dhobies (washermen) and coolies who steal the sheets and the oil out of the lamps and such-like. But one gets used to being surrounded by people who lay their hands on everything at every opportunity; nobody is to be trusted, no not one, and it is most aggravating.

Nov. 16.—I expect to have to take a week of night duty as we are still very heavy at the hospital. Sister H. though better is not to go on duty for a week, and I could not put her on night duty the first day she begins again, as it has already knocked her up twice running; and I would not, for the world, put Sister W. on and risk the possibility of knocking her up just before she starts her new work at Meerut, after with considerable trouble having got her into really very good health by dint of a whole summer at Murree, so there is nothing for it but for me to take a turn.

Miss Loch records development of the organization of the Nursing Service:—

There are to be four centres or CIRCLES as they are called, each to be quite distinct from and separate from the others and each answerable only to the Surgeon-General. Rawal Pindi, Meerut, Bangalore, and Poona will be the centres and each will have three or four branch stations with Acting-Superintendents in charge but under the control of and annually inspected by the CIRCLE Superintendent. In the meantime I am to have both the Pindi and the Meerut Circles.

An annoying thing has lately happened: it is that there is a Circular out which says that two Sisters will be sanctioned for stations with hospitals of over sixty beds. But the principle is wrong. I had been fighting ever since I have been here to establish the principle (and at length got it agreed to) that three Sisters at least should always be together; twenty-four hours' work is twenty-four hours' work whether you have one bad case or fifty, and if the patients are so

ill as to require day and night attendance it means just as much fatigue for the Sister, and two cannot do it. In addition to this it is promulgated that twelve months' training is sufficient to qualify for appointment; and it happens that one of these new Sisters arrived has had only nine months! Both these points I mean to fight against. But sometimes it seems as if one wrote on sand when writing officially.

Nov. 23.—We are still very busy at the hospital. I expect Sister H. back to-morrow, but I shall remain on night duty for a short time so as to give her a little breathing space. I wish you could see our garden. Everybody admires it so much and it really is creditable I think, considering the difficulties of water and the short time it has existed. It gives me the greatest pleasure to walk round and look at each plant; it is very gay just now with chrysanthemums. The most satisfactory thing in the whole garden is the railway creeper, which grows over an espalier about twelve or fourteen feet high the whole length of the compound, and now like a solid wall shuts us in from the public gaze.

Dec. 7.—Dr. Bradshaw sent me a note last night to say our medals had come. The Commander-in-Chief being in Pindi, he presented them to us. They have a remarkably pretty Queen's Head and a clasp with Hazara and the date, and our names engraved round the outer edge. I send you a scrap of the ribbon.

Dec. 14.—I had a conversation with the Chief about the promotions to Lady Superintendents of the Circles. He was very confident and hopeful and evidently quite considers that things have only to be mentioned to be made right. I do not though feel equally confident!

I have a strong conviction that though everybody one can get at cordially supports what I want, still there always is the mysterious 'they' who sit up aloft and contrive to do the nasty thing! Sialkot not being included in the new scheme the Medical Officer in Charge there is wild with despair!

Dec. 22.—I have been to Peshawar, but did nothing there but rush about after houses or quarters for Nursing Sisters, had interviews with the P.M.O., the Executive Engineer, and all sorts of things. I am so excited: it is just possible that I may have to go and give chloroform to one of Ayub Khan's wives! She is to have a little tumour removed, which the doctors may remove; but they may not give chloroform, as they could not give it without seeing her face.

Dec. 29.—It is intensely bitterly cold here now; snow is on the hills all round and the wind is so piercing one hardly dares face it. After all I was not called upon to give the chloroform, a lady doctor having been summoned to operate.

CHAPTER IV

1891

JAN. 1.—Yesterday evening Dr. Bradshaw came down to see me to speak about the Black Mountain Expedition. He told me he is to be the P.M.O. of it and he wishes me to go with probably two Sisters, but he forbade me to speak about it to anybody as he still had to write officially for orders about it. I shall be very glad to be sent and shall like going exceedingly; I am delighted at the idea of flying about and camp life again.

(INSPECTION TOUR TO UMBALLA, MEERUT, AND LUCKNOW, AND VISITS TO AGRA, MHOW, AND INDORE. JAN. 1891.)

Jan. 18.—*Umballa.*—I have started on my tour of inspection travels and got here after twenty-three hours of train. Betty was waiting at the station and very pleased to see me and I to see her. This is an immensely long scattered station, and like a great flat green table with wide open spaces perfectly smooth and level, lines of trees, and barracks everywhere set down like a child's toys on the table, and during yesterday's awful storm the open grass places were like great lakes, no land to be seen. In some ways hospital affairs here are very unsatisfactory and arrangements seem doubtful and undecided. Poor Betty has been fighting hard ever since she came to get things in some sort of order.

Jan. 20.—*Meerut.*—I arrived yesterday morning. It is a very pretty station with a beautiful Mall and splendid trees and very good public gardens, which do not look at all winter-like as the trees are all green, and there are many flowers and quantities of poinsettias which make a superb show. But the country all round is perfectly flat and dull, and it is much less cold here than at Pindi. Sister Welchman and I went to the Club to see some private theatricals; they have what they call 'Monday Pops', something every week. When travelling on duty one is allowed to halt one day for every 100 miles, so I am going to visit Agra on my way to Lucknow which is the end of my official journey. The distance of that place from Pindi being 800 miles I shall have time enough for a visit to Mhow and a stay there of three days.

Jan. 28.—Sister Welchman and I started last Wednesday morning at nine o'clock and reached Agra at five in the evening. It was getting dusk when we drove from our hotel to the Taj, so we wandered about awhile and then sat on a terrace watching for the moon. When it did rise the view was most inexpressibly beautiful. I do wish I could give some faint idea of what the place is like. There is an immense garden enclosed by high walls, with a large mosque of beautiful red sandstone at each corner and an entrance through other also beautiful buildings of red sandstone in the middle of three of the walls. The chief entrance to which one drives up has an immense arch of sculptured white marble through the centre of it, and when one stands in the middle of the gateway the Taj comes into view as if in a frame. Everyone's first impression is that

it is not as big as one expected and that it is quite close. There are water tanks which lead straight up the centre towards the Taj with a broad walk of stone pavement on each side and the most lovely groups of trees and palms in the gardens on both sides. Then one begins to walk towards it and the farther one goes the further off it seems, till the great gateway behind dwindles into perfect insignificance. When one gets there it is immense. Imagine St. Paul's Cathedral built of purest white marble standing on a great raised terrace all paved with polished white marble, and with a lofty white tower at each corner and the archways and entrances most beautifully carved and inlaid. It stands on the very edge of the river Jumna, and the further side of the terrace drops sheer down to the level of the river. Inside the Taj there is a centre place under the dome where the tombs are; they are surrounded with a screen of the most wonderfully pierced open work of white marble, and all inlaid with coloured marbles and even precious stones, but all the really valuable ones have long since been stolen. I am sure the origin of most school of art patterns is from these inlaid marbles; the groups of flowers and plants are exceedingly well drawn and natural and yet sufficiently conventional to be purely decorative, and they are shaded like paintings, every curl of the leaf given, but all by the arrangement of inlaid stones. There are also very fine panels of white marble all round, carved in relief with semi-conventional plants and flowers. Besides this centre part of the building there are eight outer chambers connected by passages which one can walk round, and a sort of crypt below where the actual

bodies are supposed to be buried. The mausoleums at Windsor have of course been copied from the idea of the Taj. It is the white marble outside of the Taj and its beautiful position which make it wonderful.

Our hotel was the first to which either of us had been since coming to India, or to any globe-trotting place, and of course all the company at dinner were chiefly American travellers.

Next day we went to see the fort and took a professional guide with us, as without one we should certainly have lost ourselves, and not known one thing from another. It is a vast place, about two miles round I believe, and all built of hard red sandstone; the mere walls are splendid from their colouring and size, with great towers at intervals mounted with heavy guns, and hundreds of green parrots flying about. It is a comfort nowadays when fortifications are generally so hideous to see a place like that! We saw the old palaces and harems, all of polished white marble, and inner courts of elaborately carved red sandstone. Some of the Hindu queens' palaces perched on the very edge of the walls overlooking the river, are perfectly fairy like with their delicate marble pillars and marble screens like lace-work, and inlaid coloured stones and baths and fountains; it is something in the Arabian Nights. There is an immense mosque called the Pearl from the extreme whiteness of the marble. All these places are doubly interesting because during the Mutiny a very large number of people took refuge in them and were besieged for months, and there are many spots where the cannon balls came right in during the cannonading and made holes in the marble work. From the fort we went

again to the Taj, and wandered and sat about in the shady gardens, and then crossed the river to visit another tomb, a very small one by comparison, but every single inch of it elaborately inlaid, and it is very beautiful. We left Agra in the evening and separated at a junction, she returning to Meerut and I going on to Lucknow where I arrived soon after noon. During my short stay 'officially inspecting' I found time to see the Residency which interested me enormously. It remains still a ruin, but all the rooms can be entered. Now that I have seen the places I mean to read over again that part of the history of the Mutiny. Meerut was the station where the Mutiny first broke out, and Lucknow and Cawnpore were the places in which the most terrible tragedies occurred.

I was exactly two days in Lucknow and then left for Mhow. At Jhansi I had to change and wait an hour, and as the moonlight was gloriously bright, I walked up and down looking at the fort and palace which belonged to the Ranee and stands on a hill in the middle of a flat plain.

After thirty-six hours of train Mhow was reached, and Sister Lickfold welcomed me. The station is small, and very different in some ways to those in the north, and it has quite a different climate to that of the Punjab. It is never cold, and they say never very hot. Just now the nights are sharp and the days warm, and it is lovely and pleasant.

L. and I spent an amusing day at Indore the capital of a native state. At that station we took a 'shigram', a funny little cart like a barrel on two wheels, with a capital pony and not uncomfortable inside, and drove

to the river gardens, which consist chiefly of thickets of bamboos and palm trees. There we got a boat, a small light English one, which we had permission to use, and rowed ourselves down the river till we found a lovely place, where we spent several hours quite cool in the shade and were very jolly. It is a tiny river but exceedingly pretty. Returning to Indore we had tea with friends, who took us for a drive through the city to a palace and gardens belonging to the Maharajah Holkar, the Mahratta Chief. The gardens are very charming and well kept, like and yet so unlike a show English garden. I hear that Holkar seldom or never goes there, but every day in the year a handsome sofa, like a throne, is brought out and placed by the tennis ground (a very good one) with other chairs set round it, as if he were that minute expected. The tennis courts are marked out and a table with bats and balls on it put ready, and badminton courts ditto, ditto, and I understand that nobody has ever played there! My visit over, I had to begin the very long journey back to Pindi, where I arrived on the night of February the 6th.

Feb. 9.—I have to go to the Bradshaws' to luncheon to meet the Surgeon-General, who is here for a few days. On return from tour I had to write the annual confidential reports on all the Sisters in my Circle, and also the reports of my inspection visits. It is hateful work and I loathe it. You ask me: how cold? I dare say when I tell you there is not enough frost to freeze a pond you will think nothing of it. But whether it is because of the hot weather between, or because the houses are so draughty and uncomfortable, one feels the cold very

much. There is a keen frost every night, snow on all the hills round and always a keen biting wind; one is not warm enough in furs, and my poshteen (sheepskin) rug is a comfort.

I have just looked into the book sent me and I don't feel as if I should understand it. Somehow I never can seem to understand religious books which go at all deep into things; they only muddle me. I am quite sure I could never read myself into any way of thinking—or rather, clear up my ideas by reading. But I am quite certain, so far as anyone can be certain at any time of one's life, that I shall not change to any very great degree. I have always felt that even the most Protestant faiths would bind one over to accept too many things I don't understand, and, as it seems to me, which do not matter. I am much more content and happy to let them alone. It is truly wonderful how different people are—we all are—about things that must after all in reality be the same for all. But I do not think I could be happy or content otherwise than as I am in belief. I have had many letters from Miss B. at Poona; she consults me about everything, and just now she is in great despair because she cannot induce her doctors to concentrate the work sufficiently. She has found out already by experience, that three Sisters cannot get through much satisfactory work if they have to run all over the place; besides it is too exhausting.

Feb. 16.—I have read about half of the book of Lacordaire and I am much interested in it. I do not follow all his deductions, but it is very plain and clear. The one point he does not touch on, or at any rate so far as I have read, is: Is all the gospel history in its

facts and the conversations reported absolutely true, or were the men who wrote it influenced by their own belief in things superadded to the reality? Not only do men imagine many things that they think they recollect, but also there is no original existing.

I have received the official orders to nominate Sisters for the Black Mountain Expedition.

Feb. 20.—I am not to go with the Expedition, except for a week to start whichever Sisters go there. Of course I am disappointed in a way, but I am not altogether sorry as I think it is the right arrangement; I am sure there would be muddles here if I were out of the way for an indefinite time.

We have been having a most extraordinary amount of rain, day after day in torrents. All the wretched regiments which have started must have got nearly drowned first thing. We have been nearly drowned too, for all the roofs leak and we have been living under umbrellas; the hospital leaked so badly that nearly all the beds were wet through, though they were shifted to find dry places, and the floors were pools of water; the Sisters actually went about their work in macintoshes!

March 8.—I have been very busy the last few days because I helped to nurse a poor woman who is dying (and did die) at her own quarters of puerperal fever. I offered to help as it seemed impossible to get anybody to do anything for her, so now I am forbidden to go to the hospital for a time. It seems to me that a wonderful lot of women die of puerperal fever out here. I wonder if it means that they are badly managed or whether there is something unhealthy in the houses; perhaps

the latter, as enteric is the chief scourge of all stations and kills ten times as many people as anything else.

March 13.—I got a letter from Dr. Bradshaw this morning from the Black Mountain. He is far too cautious to commit himself in any way, so I am not much wiser than before, but he refers to the fact that he is anxious for some one to come up there, and he shall send at once if there is anything for us to do. There are so many contingencies to be weighed that I dare not commit myself to anything and have to be as impenetrable as Dr. B. himself. There are positively no sick in hospital here. That is partly because nearly all the European troops have been withdrawn for the Expedition and a regiment of Sikhs is doing garrison duty in their absence.

April 11.—I got a letter from Dr. B. a few days ago from the Black Mountain. It seems pretty certain that things up there are being settled and I think it is quite certain now that we shall not be sent there.

April 21.—My principal agitation at present is what arrangements will be made for going to the hills this year. It is much more difficult to arrange than before as there are more Sisters and they are so scattered about, and few in one place. I have worked out a scheme which I think would work, to try and combine some hill duty without taking all the Sisters from the plains at once and without making it impossible for anybody ever to get leave, and I have sent it in.

May 5.—I am full of woes and agonies of one sort or another. The Sisters from Umballa and Meerut have been scattered all over the place without any warning; and not only that, but the order to nominate Sisters for

transfer was so sudden and so unexplained, that they had to do so without in the least knowing what for and so could not choose properly. They have been taken from their proper stations and scattered all over the place. The result is that I do not think any of my Sisters will be able to get any leave at all and some of them have got two years' leave owing to them already. The only thing which buoys me up is that I mean to make a strong representation about it. I have already written emphatically to the two P.M.Os. at Umballa and Meerut and I am only waiting to see what they say in answer to write to Simla about it. It is ridiculous doing things like that, and if I am not to be consulted at all, or even warned about arrangements, what is the good of my existence? I must stand on my own legs, and the first thing is to establish them and to try to show that I have a voice in the matter.

May 7.—Under certain new arrangements ordered from Simla my poor nurses will have to work all the summer in the plains, and I fear the majority of them will not even get any leave. Unless things turn out better than it appears, I have really serious thoughts of chucking it all up and coming home. I am quite tired out with being angry. I spent nearly the whole of yesterday writing a long letter to Dr. Bradshaw detailing to him all my woes and asking his advice, and as he is sitting on a (Black) mountain top he may as well employ himself in thinking about us.

May 19.—One day Sister H. was sick and I had to go on duty for her, and other days I have been helping a little with the nursing of poor Miss E. who has enteric. There is a plague of locusts going on; they

have been too awful and have totally destroyed my garden; all my beautiful hollyhocks and sunflowers which were magnificent are only maypoles, all the rose trees and next year's chrysanthemums, in fact everything is clean gone! I do wish we could find a Moses to drive them away and a Red Sea to drown them in!

June 1.—The hospital work happens to be particularly heavy just now and I happen not to be well.

June 7.—I am nearly all right again. The bore is that I cannot do hospital work and my help is really needed. One of the new regulations is that if a nurse gets 'sick leave' in India she will have a third of her pay cut; I think it is very mean.

June 14.—I go to-morrow morning to Murree for a week. I did not want to go, but the doctor was very anxious I should go and Mrs. Elles (wife of the General) very kindly offered me her house there. I have been much grieved that I have not been able to help in the nursing, as I do not think we have ever had such a bad time and so much enteric since we have been here, and as Sister L. was knocking up there are only two left. There have been and still are from thirty to fifty cases of enteric at once for a long time past, all very bad and a great many deaths. They say they do not think matters will improve much till the monsoon breaks. There have been several cases of cholera both here and at Murree, but they seem isolated ones.

June 21.—*Murree.*—I am ever so much the better for the change, but I feel to be idling while there are only two poor things struggling down in the heat. However, I do hope the worst of the epidemic is over now. All the Black Mountain and Miranzai troops are back

by now and looking wonderfully fit and different from the miserable remnant left in Pindi. The Sisters who are down in Pindi seem to be getting on pretty well, but they still have cases of enteric, about fifty, and the deaths go on. It is frightfully unfortunate that we should be short-handed just now; the two do their best, but they cannot do everything. There has just been another disagreeable letter written about us. There is some enemy who writes letters to the *Indian Medical Record*, abusing us in every possible way, ridiculing the whole scheme and latterly making direct accusations against us of mismanagement, disobedience of orders, treating the patients on our own responsibility, and finally saying there are more deaths in every station where the Sisters are than where they are not. These letters then get copied into the daily papers. However, a very satisfactory answer has been written to it.

June 28.—Here I am back again in Pindi and it is piping hot; however, I am feeling very well and do not think I shall mind the heat at all. Coming down from the hills is like dropping into an oven. The enteric epidemic does not seem by any means over yet, and the hospital is fuller than ever; we have thirty-six cases to ourselves and we lost another man yesterday, and we have got in another officer, which is rather despairing, as they make more trouble and worry than a dozen men. We have arranged the work between us so that we get every third day entirely off. Poor Sister M. is deeply distressed because they keep on writing nasty things in the newspapers. But it is not a bit of good really minding, though it is disheartening, when one knows

one works fifteen times harder than anybody else, to be abused in addition.

July 3.—We sent Sister M. up to Murree this morning for ten days, as she was a perfect rag, and would certainly have been ill if she had not been sent off. So little H. and I are by ourselves for the present.

July 13.—Our weather just now is awful; we have been having it 114° in the shade, but I do not mind that when it is bright and clear. But I am sure the awfulness of to-day could not be imagined by anyone who had not felt the like. There is a high hot wind blowing which howls and sings and penetrates everywhere and scorches like a furnace blast, so no one has a bit of comfort anywhere. My room is 99° and the air indoors and outdoors is as heavy as lead, and everything is obscured by a white fog of dust, hot dust blowing about. H. and I are by ourselves here, but we are keeping very well, which is a good thing. The enteric fever does not seem much better yet; there are still about fifty bad cases and constantly new ones. Everyone prays devoutly for the rains. As we cannot do night duty, being only two of us, we make a working day of eighteen hours and divide it into two parts of twelve and six hours, so we get a long day and a short day by turns. One goes on duty at 6 a.m. and remains till about 5.30 in the evening, and the other goes on then and is on duty till midnight and then takes the following morning part; this is the best plan as it gives one a good twenty-four hours' rest between. We have done nothing all the week except the hospital work, and alternately sitting stuffed up in darkened room without

a breath of air, and on our evening off getting out for a little drive after sunset.

July 17.—A storm did come at last and we had a little rain, and in consequence yesterday was a comparatively cool and delicious day. We have lost six more men in hospital (that makes twenty-eight in less than two months) this week, and there are plenty more cases. Sister M. is back again, so there are more of us to share the work for a time. I am feeling quite well in spite of the heat.

July 23.—The heat here is terrific; I have never known it so hot since I have been in India; it has been 116° in the shade nearly all the week, and yesterday must have been more, as it was by far the hottest day we have had. Only think, it was 102° in my room till midnight. You can't think what a funny sensation it is when everything you touch is burning hot; the arms of the chairs, door handles, knives and forks, and even one's own clothes burn one to touch just as though they had been baked by a hot fire. But I did not mind that a bit, only what I call the appalling stage came on suddenly in the middle of the night. We were sleeping out, and though very hot it was bearable so long as the air was still, but all at once the wind began to blow and then it was awful. We all woke up feeling suffocated and quite sick with the hot wind. The other two are speechless with bad colds. There is a lot of influenza about and there have been a lot of cases of heat apoplexy, but I am not afraid of that because we are all thin! But last night I could quite imagine having it.

July 27.—We had a lot of rain last night. Of course

it is steam-bathy but marvellously cooler and quite bearable, which is a great comfort.

Aug. 1.—I am now tremendously excited about something else. I may be quite wrong and it may turn out to be something quite dull, but yesterday I received from Dr. Bradshaw a telegram forwarded from Simla, desiring him to learn from me which two of the four Nursing Sisters who were sent on field service in 1888 I considered deserving of special consideration. Now what does that mean? I cannot help thinking that it means the Red Cross or something like that; wouldn't it be jolly? I had a note from Dr. B.; he tells me that the telegram has set him speculating too, and he evidently agrees with my guess, but he warns me to be most careful not to speak of it to anyone, which of course I have not done.

Aug. 7.—Last night we had a lovely storm; it was quite exciting. We had our beds out of doors, and in the middle of the night we were awaked chiefly by the wind which was getting very high, and the lightning was incessant, so much so that it made a strong unbroken though flickering light, and all objects—especially the white barracks all round us—seemed themselves like flames flashing in a most bewildering manner, for they were alternately glaring white and quite black against a fiery background as the lightning played about, and the thunder too had no distinguishable claps but sounded like a furious roaring sea, at first distant but rapidly coming nearer and nearer. It is still a good deal cooler than it was, quite bearable in fact; it is only 87° in my room and I am able to keep the doors open (10th).

Aug. 24.—I was quite right in the guess I made last week and three of us are to get the Royal Red Cross, myself and the two that I recommend. I have had a confidential letter from the Chief to tell me so.

Aug. 28.—I do not know why I did not mention receiving the 'Dissertation'. I don't feel I know what to say. I fear I am not of the right shape inside to take these things in properly. I find I look at all these things from the outside as it were, and marvel at all the beliefs that have been founded upon them. This is no answer of course to the historical facts referred to, but though they be historical facts, they do not seem to make any difference to whatever religious life I possess, which seems to me quite independent.

Sept. 3.—A plague of bugs in the hospital and apparently nothing can rid the place of them. There were so few men available that we could not get nearly enough orderlies, because the Artillery are never called upon to supply any, there being too much work in their Batteries, and for the same reason very few are forthcoming from the Cavalry, so it made matters very difficult.

Sept. 7.—I have been doing night duty this week and am rather tired. I do hope the luck in hospital is now going to turn; it has been dreadful all this year, and we have had on the whole such miserably bad orderlies and such atrocious coolies who simply will not work: it is distracting.

Sept. 21.—*Umballa.*—(*On a short visit to her special friend Sister Betty.*) It is hatefully hot again and still.

It seems as though it never meant to get cool this year! The present heat is so stuffy and damp. Natives feel the heat, but of course not so much as Europeans do; they certainly suffer very much from fever—they are constantly getting it, but never enteric. Also I know that natives often die from heat apoplexy on long railway journeys. The trains are periodically searched for dead bodies during the hot season and coffins are kept ready at stations! Orders have been issued from Simla as to distribution of the Sisters who are coming out. I have not been consulted, so I will criticize, and I won't be slow to point the moral if I get the chance! Dr. Bradshaw when it rested with him always wished me to divide the Sisters as I chose, and I think a good deal of our success has been due to my having been able to separate the difficult ones. The authorities at Simla forget that women are not like men, who are quite independent of one another outside their work. We have to live together like a family, and it is an awfully difficult and trying thing for two or three promiscuous women to live together, unless they are friends, especially when one is expected to exercise control over the others, not only in their work but socially and morally! Lately it has come round that some of the Sisters have written to their home people various groans about things and arrangements in these hospitals which are unsatisfactory and disappointing, and these home people have not been discreet but have talked, and things have worked round and it has produced some soreness and ill-feeling among the doctors.

Oct. 2.—It is actually so cold to-night that I went out in my thickest cloak and was scarcely warm enough;

it is a wonderful change, but no doubt it will soon warm up again, especially in the daytime.

Oct. 18.—I hear that poor Sister H. has got enteric fever. Unluckily there is a good deal of work in the hospital in her station just now, so the two Sisters who are there are hard put to it and want help. In the meantime one of the Meerut Sisters has been spared and sent there to help, but she cannot stay long as she is the one who is going to be married and who is leaving immediately; and unluckily we are all so scattered that it is not possible to spare anyone from anywhere.

We lost a lot of cases of remittent here this summer, but then all the fever here has been of a bad type lately. The fevers in this country are altogether a mystery; sometimes there are typical cases of one or the other about which there can be no doubt, but in a very large number of cases it is impossible during life to tell which is which, and I believe it is very often both mixed together. We are going to an entertainment to-night for the first time for months, so feel excited! On Thursday I am going to a paper chase which is to be followed by a picnic.

Oct. 26.—I am boiling with rage! At one of the stations an officer fell sick and Sister J. explained that she could not undertake to nurse him; it was impossible, the Officers' Hospital being about two miles away. Whereupon the General sent the patient down to the Sisters' quarters to be nursed there, and he arrived at less than half an hour's warning, not even time to get the room ready, much less to remonstrate. I do call it monstrous. Our quarters are given us as a private

house and not to be made into a hospital for everyone in the station, with orderlies and people coming and going at all hours, and of course it will mean extra work for the Sisters' servants and the Sisters supplying whatever crockery and things he needs. Also it will mean practically that they will never be off duty, because of course the one in hospital cannot look after him and it must be the unfortunate Sister who is supposed to be off: so altogether I am furious. Fortunately the Chief is to pass through Pindi very soon and I have written to-day to ask if I may see him.

Oct. 31.—We are expecting the Chief to-morrow, and I feel sick with anxiety because I have so much to say to him and do not know how I shall get it all in.

In the meantime I have been to see the place where Alexander the Great's war horse, Bucephalus, is said to have been buried, at Pindi only a few miles from here.

I have just heard that it is settled and sanctioned that Dr. Bradshaw is to be the P.M.O. of all India in succession to the present Surgeon-General. This is great news and I am very glad. Dr. B. certainly knows more about us than anybody else, and he does I know agree with me in many things I want, especially with regard to not dividing the Sisters up too much and scattering them; and besides I am sure he will always be nice and cordial to me! Altogether it is the most satisfactory thing that could befall us I think, and I am truly rejoiced and feel as if half my battles were won! The present Surgeon-General has been a good friend too in some ways, and he is a dear and kind old man.

Nov. 23.—I am furiously boiling, having just heard that General P. is sending one of the unfortunate Sisters in his station away to a private case, leaving the other to cope alone with the local duty; I have scattered indignant telegrams broadcast. Sir Frederick Roberts was very nice as he always is, and promised to take my part in the two things I wanted most. At present I am pinning all my hopes on to Dr. Bradshaw's future reign for all the rest.

Nov. 13.—I am in great spirits about the future. I think General P. has done us quite a good turn in that his action gave me the opportunity and a tangible cause for pushing my views very strongly with the Chief. This morning I have got a long letter from the Chief himself. The Sister is already sent back to her station and Sir F. is 'very sorry' she was ever sent away. He is going to see to arrangements being carried out for an Officers' Ward, and he also says that when Dr. Bradshaw goes up to Simla (as P.M.O., India) he will arrange with him as to some rules for restricting Nursing Sisters being sent about, and he promises to let me see them before they are officially sanctioned. This is a point on which I am sure that Dr. B. will support me in essentials; besides I hope in the course of the winter to be able to talk it out with him too. I think I have said before, that with regard to appointments in the future I have no doubt that I shall be consulted, because the Chief said so and I know Dr. B. will think it the right thing to do.

There are to be some Sports this afternoon, and as there is nothing really in hospital to keep us I think it is our duty to go to them. There is no use in

burying ourselves so entirely that people forget our existence altogether, which they nearly have. However we got an invitation to this. Unluckily Sister W. requires dragging to that sort of thing quite as much as I do, so I have no encouragement, but I shall make her go. We went to the Sports, which were most distinguished by the presence of the Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne and party on their way from Kashmir. Yesterday there were Sports given by the Bedford Regiment, to which we went, partly for the sake of our orderlies, who were most anxious that we should go, it being their regiment, and partly in order to meet the Pindi people newly returned from the hills. The station has pretty well filled by now; everybody buzzed about and talked, and we were able to show that we are still in existence also; in fact it was quite a pleasant gathering.

I had my breath taken away quite this morning! Last year when the first of the new nursing stations were started I made out some general rules and sent them round to the new Acting-Superintendents and Sisters; they have been fairly well obeyed, but not altogether. I showed them at the time to Dr. B. and he asked if he might send a copy to the Surgeon-General to see, as he thought they would be considered interesting. I suppose he did send them, but I thought no more about the matter. But to-day I got a big letter from Simla enclosing all my old rules printed as an official Circular 'as approved by the P.M.O., India, and applicable to all three Presidencies', and they are to be published in that form. I am rather taken aback, but I am glad too. The Circular is in proof only

and is sent to me for any necessary correction, so I am going to add one or two more rules, the need of which has arisen during the past year, and submit them also for 'approval'. It proves more conclusively than anything else yet that they put me first, and naturally I am quite pleased.

Miss Loch appears to have read much and her comments on books of note show much calmness of judgement and tolerant regard for the views of others.

Nov. 19.—I have got a very friendly and hearty telegram of congratulation from Lady Roberts about the Royal Red Cross. I have just accepted an invitation to Jodhpore from cousin Kate's son Major Willie Loch. If you (her sister) are writing to the Queen or through the Princess (Christian), you could say something for me as to how pleased and proud I am at the honour being given to the three of us. The doctors here, several of whom we have known and liked for a long time, are very congratulatory and I think quite pleased.

Nov. 27.—As usual I am in the midst of skirmishes about various things, and at this moment am in the annoying position, that instead of being able to write off and settle matters at once, everything must stand over for a couple of days because Dr. B. (bother him!) has gone to Campbellpore to inspect, and I cannot get an answer to some important questions I asked him. It is always the way. It is a question of wait and one must live for days on a tenter-hook of fear or indignation, and by the time one can act it is generally too late to do any good! There! After a while my scrimmages

pretty well subsided, and so I am writing to Dr. B. to see if I can arrange for going away at Christmas. I do hope it will be all right, but as yet I have not dared to mention the word LEAVE! I have heard that there is a portrait of me and of Sister Lickfold in the *Queen*, but I have not seen them.

Dec. 8.—I am gradually composing a 'Minute' (I think that is the proper word) in which I am setting out all our difficulties and wants, big and little, and I mean to present it to Dr. Bradshaw before he goes up to Simla. What good it will do, if any, I do not know; but at any rate it will continue to exist among official archives as to the way I think things ought to be organized.

Dec. 11.—Is it not aggravating? Last year we never had the ghost of an invitation from anybody at Christmas time, and this year just because I am going away they come pouring in. I have received a present of a copy of the *Queen* with us in it, so I am quite pleased. I think I am excellent, though they have smoothed down my hair too much.

The camera has come and it is a beautiful little thing, intended for use in travelling.

Before leaving Pindi for Jodhpore Miss Loch and Sister M. went to the soldiers' theatre and thought one of the pieces very well done and amusing. They also went to a ball and quite enjoyed it, Sister M. being particularly delighted.

(VISIT TO JODHPORE AND JEYPORE. DEC. 1891.)

Dec. 23.—*Jodhpore.* Here I am safe and sound. I started at 2 a.m. on Sunday and travelling straight through got here on Tuesday about 2.30 in the afternoon, having been joined at Ajmere station by Sister Lickfold from Mhow. It is so jolly seeing her again. Willie Loch is our host and he is the Political Officer here. I like him very much indeed; it seems so strange to meet a new person one has never seen before and yet to feel so intimate! He is so very kind and nice and does everything to make us enjoy ourselves.

This is such a queer interesting place and so unlike anything I have ever seen. L. says she really feels as if she were in India at last! It is the capital town of one of the big native states, and there are only about six houses and fourteen European residents and they are so hearty and friendly. At last I have my wish to be among civilians and learn something about the people, and I am hugely interested. The country is so quaint, all absolute desert, nothing but sand and little grey-coloured thorn bushes dotted about and as flat as a table for hundreds of miles, with only every here and there little hills rising abruptly like pyramids out of the plain, some of them being several hundreds of feet high. Just now there is a terrible famine in all this part of India, but here the people are so accustomed to dry seasons that they are more or less nomadic, and have moved themselves and flocks and herds all away to other parts, so there is comparatively very little distress, but it makes the country all the more desert-like. Here

however at the capital itself the railway enables food supplies to be got in so easily that the people are all right.

The native city is most picturesque and very large, and it fascinates me intensely and reminds me of pictures I have seen of Moorish Spain, with its endless complications of narrow streets, queer gateways, intricate corners and courtyards and beautiful carving. We have seen the fort, which is a most magnificent pile built on a perpendicular rock above the city. It is the most splendid thing I have ever seen except the Agra fort. It is built of the same hard red sandstone, and the inner courts are most exquisitely carved in the most elaborate filigree designs. Agra is only an historical relic, and here one feels that the whole thing still exists and is going on at this very moment.

I do not know how to describe what we have seen and have only a confused recollection of curious steep passages as steep as stairs but without steps, full of picturesque people and laden camels toiling up and down, beautifully carved archways that the camels and ourselves squeezed through, glimpses now and then of glorious view over the flat roofs of the city far below, and the distant plains looking exactly like the sea beyond, queer little zenana gardens shut up in out of the way corners, an immense tank full of water with solid rock all round it, and a magnificently large banyan-tree apparently growing out of the stone and shading it, quaint steep and ghostly staircases and all sorts of beautiful things in the way of massive doorways, latticed windows and so on. We went out on the battlements, which are at a giddy height and have no parapet at all, to see the view and the guns, most of which are queer

old things. There are two beautiful brass cannon made at Mechlin in the year 1578, with a carving of the Duke of Alva trampling on the Dutch. There are some beautiful carpets at least 600 years old, brought here in the time of the Moguls, and the rooms which are carpeted with these treasures are hung all round with oleographs and cheap hunting prints! We also saw the crown jewels, which fill a large room and are all in glass cases. There were hundreds of stones, pearls, emeralds and rubies as big as eggs, and the diamonds were immense too. But what fascinated me most were the horse and elephant trappings for state occasions of gold and silver; there must have been tons weight of silver. After this we went to the Mint, which was the most primitive little place. The coins are all made by hand, and simply stamped with a heavy hammer. They have only one stamp; the big coins cover it all up, the little ones of course can't, so they receive only as much of the impression as they are big enough to cover! We were taken about by Willie and by such a nice man named Chattabuj, the Maharajah's private secretary, who wore a small purple turban, an orange coat which reached below his knees, a large green shawl embroidered with red, and a white handkerchief round his shoulders, but the colours looked very well together. Altogether we seem to have done a great deal in this short time.

Some years ago when Lord Northbrook was Viceroy he made an official visit to this place, and the Maharajah to do him honour whitewashed the outside of the fort! As well might Windsor Castle be whitewashed! Indeed it was worse here, for the red sandstone has a splendid colour. However they got tired of the work

before it was half finished, so now the fort is parti-coloured and all smeared. We also saw the groups of famine people who come in from the district round and are fed by the Maharajah at certain places.

There is a gateway here called the Gate of the Red Hand. Formerly, when a Maharajah died and his wives had to perform suttee, as they passed through this gate on the way to the funeral pile they had the palm of the right hand painted red, and each ranee had to strike the wall with that hand so as to leave a complete impression on it. Afterwards the stone was chiselled away so as to leave the impression of the hand in relief. There are dozens and dozens of them and they are kept painted red to this day. When the late Maharajah died, some time ago now, the then Resident was so afraid that the wives would perform suttee that he set a guard over the zenana till everything was over.

Dec. 27.—There are great numbers of wild pig here and this place is famous for the sport of pig-sticking. We have been to see the wild pigs fed! That was rather amusing. There is a place some miles out in the jungle where the Maharajah has grain put out for them every day in order to keep them to a considerable extent within reach. A man utters loud piercing calls and then the pigs come scampering in. There were quite 300 or 400 of them! little fat scampering babies and great old boars and sows; two boars had a battle royal which was great fun to see.

The next day was Christmas Day, but there was no church service because the only Padre here is a Presbyterian missionary. Our friend Chattabuj sent over one of the Maharajah's elephants and we all went through

the city and all the people came out to look; we felt so distinguished, and we got a fine view of everything from so high up. Presently we found a riding-camel waiting, and I rode on that and I wanted to drive the animal myself, but the saddle being a double one I had to sit behind. Everyone in the station dined here this evening and the Maharajah's brother Pertab Singh also came. He seems a nice man; he was in England at the time of the Jubilee and is very civilized and even understands a little English. He looked so well in his claret-coloured clothes all embroidered with gold and a purple satin sleeveless jacket over, also embroidered, and a gauze turban with gold spots on it. He played billiards very well. The gentlemen being very desirous of some pig-sticking he arranged a grand expedition for the next morning. We drove out to the appointed place and there found horses ready. Another lady and I rode and had great fun, and I can really say now I have been out pig-sticking; of course we did not carry spears. We followed Pertab Singh because he is the finest sportsman in the country, and it was very exciting. We had to gallop as hard as the horses could go, and when one got into the middle of the thick thorny cover, one had to look out very sharp, because the pursued boar often doubles back and then will charge anything he sees, and then there is nothing for it but flight as a boar can easily knock a horse over. We saw Pertab Singh kill two boars and they did not squeal a bit, which was a great relief to me. One gentleman of the party was thrown from his horse and picked up insensible, and I fear has fractured the base of his skull. I am thankful to say he recovered con-

sciousness next morning, and is going on as well as possible. Of course the danger in pig-sticking lies in the fact that the man rides at full tilt with his eyes on the pig and cannot take any heed to the ground he is going over.

Willie has taken me to see the tombs of the kings of Jodhpore and the place where they were cremated. There are some gardens there, and it was most refreshing to see something green! Chattabuj has given us photographs of the Maharajah and himself; and I hope to get one of Pertab Singh, which I shall like best of all. When he was out pig-sticking he was dressed like an Englishman, in very well made Norfolk jacket and breeches, but he had a lovely pale green turban on.

Dec. 28.—This morning we went to the city to poke about and shop. It was most amusing; the streets are very very narrow and crooked, but wonderfully clean and unsmelly for a native town, perhaps partly thanks to the deep dry sand of which all the roads consist. Like all native streets they are astonishingly crowded. Both the streets and housetops seemed alive with people; and the streets are further blocked by numbers of loaded camels passing to and fro, queer little bullock-carts, and numberless cows, calves and donkeys, which seem to pass their lives there. All the little shop-fronts are of course open to the street, and the owners squat inside; in fact, in most of them a man could hardly stand upright I think. Directly one stopped, one was instantly hemmed in by a tight tight crowd of onlookers, and there was such a hubbub and shouting and jabbering that one had to shout and yell too to make oneself heard. The din made bargaining impossible; so we

seized on everything we fancied till the carriage was laden, and then drove off, the merchants coming up in the afternoon to be settled with.

In this small station everybody buzzes in and out all day, and nearly every one in the place dines every night in somebody else's house; it is rather nice. Everybody borrows everybody else's horses and servants, and even food, on every possible occasion; so it is just like a sort of community of goods all round!

Dec. 29.—We start to-night, and hope to spend one day at Jeypore, which I am very desirous of seeing. This evening we (Sister L., another lady and myself) went to call on Mrs. Chattabuj. Our carriage got jammed in a narrow street, so we had to walk the last part of the way, and of course we were hemmed in by a dense crowd, all volunteering information. 'Here is Chattabuj's little girl,' and 'This is Chattabuj's little boy', and 'There is the house', and 'Chattabuj is not at home', and so on. The little boy and girl in question were great-eyed children, with big pearl rings in their ears, and not very clean clothes. It seems that Brahmins (Chattabuj is a high-caste Brahmin) allow their girls to go out as long as they are quite children, and this little girl has the reputation of being a regular monkey, and she certainly looks it. We were escorted by at least a dozen people of the crowd into the house and upstairs, and then planted in a small room, very tidy and nice, with a thick wadded quilt all over the floor, some English chairs and tables, and a sort of square couch covered all over with pillows. This was Chattabuj's sanctum. There were many pictures, English prints, and some interesting native pictures of gods.

Chattabuj having been sent for by the Maharajah, we had to wait a long time; however, the two children entertained us greatly. The little girl put on clean clothes, consisting of a very full petticoat tied round the hips, a little satin jacket, and a muslin chudder which she draped over her head with great care before a looking-glass. She had no underclothes at all (they do not wear any), and, of course, bare legs with silver bangles on them. Presently Chattabuj came in, and said his wife and daughters were in a great state of excitement, and were dressing themselves. They had never seen any Europeans before! Mrs. Chattabuj is a second wife and is only fifteen. Brahmins have only one. But there are several daughters, most of them married, and who seem to live as much at home as with their husbands, also brothers' wives. It is a regular colony; there are three brothers who all live in their own rooms in one house and eat together, and all the wives live in a house adjoining, and never come out unless their husbands send for them, and the old mother-in-law rules over them all. Chattabuj buzzed about to hurry them and bring them in; and at last they came, all dressed like the little girl, and all in very gay colours and with lots of gold bangles, which we duly inspected and admired to make conversation. Luckily the lady who came with us could talk Hindustani and Marwari to the ladies, who were packed like sardines in the little room, and much too shy to speak; in fact, they are not supposed to speak in the presence of the husband, and a wife has to veil her face as a token of respect whenever her husband addresses her. He did his best to encourage them all, and I do not

believe they were a bit frightened of him really, for they all smiled and giggled, and seemed as pleased as possible. But I believe they are all horribly afraid of the old mother-in-law; so I was glad she did not come, because, only think, they are all obliged to remain absolutely veiled in her presence, and are not allowed to speak at all. But Chattabuj says with great pride that his new wife is not afraid of her, and when she is scolded she laughs, and the old lady has to make it up again. Then we were presented with very sweet-smelling roses, tied at each end of a long stick which one held in the middle, and finally garlands of flowers were placed round our necks: they were so pretty, strings of a large-flowered jessamine. Just before we left the younger brother's wife (he was there also) summoned up courage to pluck one of us by the sleeve and whisper, 'Phirao' (come again), which I thought was very touching; and they nodded and waved to us from the window as we went away. Altogether it was a most successful visit, I think; and I am very glad we went.

Dec. 30.—*Marwar Junction, Rajputana Railway.*—We are planted here for a whole day: fifteen hours to spend at this miserable place, and it is too bad when our time is so precious. Imagine a little roadside station in the midst of a vast sandy desert, not a road, nor a tree, nor a blade of grass to be seen, and the waiting-room only about ten feet square. The trains do not seem to connect here. Fortunately we are provided with a luncheon basket; and, moreover, we have received an invitation to dine as Willie's guests with the Agent to the Governor-General, Rajputana, who is to pass through this evening.

The dinner-party was pleasant, and our train started off soon afterwards, and we reached Jeypore early next morning. Jeypore is one of the show cities of India, but I do not think it is half so interesting as Jodhpore; it is so much more civilized, and it is full of globe-trotters. The city is considered very wonderful, because it is the only native one which has broad streets, pavements and gas-lamps! However, the streets are swarming with native life, which makes them interesting, and the funny little shops and booths spread out in them are very fascinating, and there are quantities of very pretty and characteristic things to buy, but I nobly resisted! Pertab Singh having written from Jodhpore to a friend here, we were met at the station by two barouches, one belonging to the Maharajah and the other to the friend Futteh Singh, and by several natives, who were most polite. After breakfasting at our hotel we drove off to see Amber, the deserted city.

I am told that it is a tradition here that the Maharajah must build a new capital city every 500 years, so the last one is the great thing to go and see. It is a most lovely drive there, first through a queer sandy district, covered with a forest of pampas-grass, and then two really good gardens, full of quaint buildings, palaces, tombs, all mixed up in the trees, and there were several very pretty tanks. Presently the valley closes in between steep hills, and then we had to mount an elephant. The whole bit of valley, in which is the old town, was walled in, and fortified great huge walls run right along the top of the hill, and then across a narrow neck of valley at the bottom; and the space thus enclosed widens out to an extent of several miles. A

great deal of it is very beautiful. The deserted city itself consists chiefly of the palace—all these palaces are much alike, and none equal to that in Agra. The view over this old city is charming; a good many people live in Amber still, and we enjoyed seeing the ancient place.

In Jeypore we were made to see the gardens, which certainly are beautiful, and also the museums; but I hate museums. Things which would delight me anywhere else are to me absolutely dull in a museum, so we played about in the streets. Everywhere we were escorted by a strange gaunt individual, in flopsy clothes, with a shield hung over one arm, but no sword or spear. I bought a 'Jeypore table' of brass; it is a tray beautifully worked and burnished, and thirty-one inches in diameter, and it stands on six black wooden legs which fold together. We left by the afternoon train, and Futteh Singh presented us with heaps of fruit to carry away.

CHAPTER V

1892

JAN. 2.—Arrived at Rawal Pindi last night after four consecutive nights in the train, and very glad I was to have a bath and get to bed. I found that nearly everybody in the station has got influenza.

Jan. 5.—I had unexpectedly to go on night duty as a man was taken worse, and I have been up two nights, but as he is better I don't think I shall need to sit up again with him.

Jan. 12.—Everything is rather bustled, and I am getting ready to start on my tour of inspection, but I have to do a lot first, including the Annual Confidential Reports which Dr. B. has called for. Then last night I dined out, and coming back rather late found Sisters W. and M. still up, and it seemed there were two men in the ward both bad and could not be left. So, as I generally do 'odd man' when not in regular work, I agreed to take the night's duty. Both the men were dying all night and it was very sad and painful. One of them is married, and his wife is coming out in the troopship now on its voyage; he died half an hour before I left the hospital this morning.

Jan. 20.—*Umballa.*—The news of the death of the Duke of Clarence has come, and he is much lamented. On my way here I halted at Meerut for Sister Welchman's wedding, and I found that poor Sister H. had

met with an injury which will I fear lay her up for some time. To-morrow I start (from Pindi) for Quetta.

Jan. 23.—As this is the third day I have sat in the train and done nothing I am rather tired of it, but I hope to reach Quetta this evening.

Miss L. travelled from Sibi by the Harnai railway and gave a detailed description of the scenery.

Sir George White, the General, was away, but I dined with Lady White, meeting a party.

Feb. 2.—I returned to Pindi, and *en route* visited Umritsur to see the Golden Temple and a carpet factory.

Feb. 5.—I have been to Dr. Bradshaw's office to talk over with him a good deal of business and to arrange some matters which the Chief wants to alter. I then had to write a long official letter to Dr. B. which was to be forwarded to the Chief, stating my views on the subjects we had discussed; this was very difficult and took me a long time. I am desirous of trying to arrange some plan for selection of Sisters for appointment to the Nursing Service. I am not quite satisfied with some of the new ones nor was I last year, and I think they should not have been sent out. Dr. B. was much concerned when I told him this, and remarked that if nurses of the right stamp are not chosen the nursing scheme will not prove a success, and that is just what I feel too. Of course the gentlemen at the India Office know nothing about selecting or rejecting candidates; how should they? There ought to be some competent person or persons available to do that. I am awfully anxious that Mrs. Bedford Fenwick should be consulted

in the matter, as she is the best possible person. I do wish it would occur to Lord Cross as an excellent plan that I should come home for three months every year to choose nurses!

Feb. 12.—I omitted in my last letter to refer to the question of training. The first official papers I saw stated twelve months' training as a necessary qualification for appointment. But in fact a Sister came out last year who had worked for barely six months, and for that time solely as a paying 'pro.' in an obstetric ward! I remonstrated and wrote a letter to Government stating the importance, indeed the necessity, for a good three years' training. Whether in consequence of my letter I do not know, but soon afterwards the 'necessary qualification' was officially notified to be three years, instead of one. Nevertheless all the new Sisters appear not to have been thoroughly trained in general hospitals.

Feb. 21.—Sister W. being away for ten days I am doing her duty, and, as usual in Pindi, there is a lot of sickness and also of work, three officers and a number of bad cases. We have been tremendously busy here the last week or so, but now that more help is coming I think we are going to subside, which is generally the way.

Feb. 29.—I think and I hope I am going to have more time to myself now. Sister W. has come back and a new little Sister is also at work, so I feel quite like a lady at large now.

Mar. 6.—Dr. Bradshaw came yesterday evening to say good-bye to us; he goes up to Simla to-morrow.

Mar. 13.—Had to go to another station about a delinquent Sister, the case being one of complexity, and

not without disgrace, through serious indiscretion. The worst of it is that the culprit is a lady and a clever woman.

As to selections of future nurses, it would be a great comfort if something could be done. Though after all one can never be sure of anything, for people do behave out here so differently from what they do at home; they seem to be transformed into quite different persons, so even with the greatest care some of them may be found tiresome. Still I should trust Mrs. Bedford Fenwick's recommendation a great deal. But in any case it would be impossible to tell in a mere interview whether the candidate is suitable or otherwise. Appearances are absolutely deceiving, and manner alone is not a safe guide. Therefore it becomes all the more important that the nurses should come from hospitals where their general character has been well known. Doctors' testimonials are absolutely misleading, and often the most unsatisfactory women possess sheaves of the most flaring praise and admiration! I do not think there ought to be any difficulty in obtaining ladies in sufficient numbers. I am sure there would be none if things could be done quietly and gradually, but of course to find nineteen all at once is rather a large order; and when the appointments are made at such long intervals, naturally many who might have come out have settled down to something else before the next opportunity. I do think it will be a grave mistake not to send out ladies. First of all, it is hard on those who are not, because naturally they are sniffed at and make no friends; next, it is hard on those who are, because people always charitably judge the many by the few, and they will find them-

selves thrown out of their proper position in life on account of their colleagues. It should be borne in mind that the population of an Indian military station is always a shifting one; you cannot make a few friends and keep them as one would at home, it is an endless round of new acquaintances. Finally, if the Nursing Service were placed on a different footing, and a lower class of nurses avowedly introduced, I do not think it would answer at all. The orderlies would have no respect whatever for women whom they would consider of their own class, and the Sisters would perforce make friends with the apothecaries and sergeants and their wives and a whole new set of difficulties would arise which would put an end to the whole thing.

Apr. 3.—Sir Frederick and Lady Roberts are both of them uniformly kind and thoughtful, and I am quite sure that we should never have gained the general consideration and standing that we have if it were not for their constant support and readiness to listen to us, and to take our point of view into consideration; it makes all the minor people feel we must be considered also. The Chief goes round like a fairy godpapa and gives us what we want. I hear that on his way through Mian Mir he made inquiries about the Sisters there and gave positive orders that they should go to the hills for the summer. I had been struggling for this for some time, and though nobody had any grounds for refusing, they would do nothing. I wanted it for them (there being no good public reason against it) chiefly because Sister L. was very ill in the winter and is not well now and certainly could not stand the heat; and as circumstances have left only herself and one Sister

there together, they could neither of them have got any leave at all, but they will not need it in a hill station.

Apr. 11.—It is very hot here, and all native prophets foretell the hottest year on record and no rain; of course we cannot expect any worth speaking of between now and August. I am beginning seriously to talk about coming home by Japan and America with Betty.

Apr. 19.—It gets hotter and hotter here every day, and the regulation time for punkahs is not for another month yet. Everybody prophesies cholera as it is such an unusual year, and indeed there are little outbreaks here and there in all directions.

May 2.—I am just now in the midst of one of my periodical indignations about Service matters, chiefly in connexion with another station. It is a long story of interference and mismanagement, and will probably upset arrangements about leave. Neither Betty nor I have had privilege leave or been out of the plains for two years, and I think we ought to have it. Dr. Bradshaw is very satisfactory in some ways, but now he is away from me! We have had a lot of abominable dust-storms and the last few days have been much cooler, in fact to-day is quite pleasant. One night last week I slept all night with my head on a big scorpion; he was in my pillow-case!

A doctor in a hill station appears to have made up his mind to get a Sister by hook or crook, quite regardless of other people or of what is right or convenient. It is perhaps complimentary to the Service, but I do not like being liable to have Sisters whipped

away from urgent work in one place and sent alone to another (which I do not approve of in itself) simply because somebody scrabbles.

May 16.—All the fever cases nowadays seem to be of a desperately malignant type; we lost six men last week. One evening I was suddenly and mysteriously summoned to a widow and her daughter, the latter said to be ill with violent hysteria, but it turned out to be a case of acute mania. We did what we could to help them both then and on other days; they had a nurse and a very good ayah. The poor girl grew worse and died in about a fortnight. She had had charge of the children of a recently deceased sister and they had been taken to England, and then the poor girl broke down. The widowed mother was useless, but now she is all alone. It is very sad altogether.

May 23.—They have been starting a new idea lately, which is to send all the Sisters up to the hills for the hot weather instead of giving them leave! This may be done occasionally and in some of the smaller stations, but Betty and I have been opposing it strenuously. First of all, I do not think the Sisters can be spared from the plains, and I think the public would judge us very severely and with reason, if we were rushed away to the hills because we were too delicate to look after the sick people down here! Next, I say that if there is so little work in the hills that it could be considered equivalent to leave, it would be simply giving us holidays at Government expense, and strengthens my first argument; and if on the other hand there was sufficient work up there to make it worth while, it would be very hard on the Sisters not to allow them leave in

addition! They must have rest sometimes. Besides, I do not think it is a good plan to poke us neck and crop first into one hospital and then into another temporarily; much better to work steadily where we are already settled. Luckily the doctors here agree with me, so I do not think we shall be moved from here at any rate.

June 3.—Cholera in Kashmir seems to be frightfully bad and I greatly fear the epidemic will ultimately come here; it is sure to come down the Jhelum (river)—it always does. In the meantime we are very healthy; for the last few weeks there have been less work and less sickness than at any time for more than a year and a half.

June 18.—I have been asked by the Sub-committee for Women's Work to write a paper on the Indian Nursing Service, to be read before the Congress at the Chicago Exhibition, and I have agreed because if anybody writes on that subject it ought to be me. But I rather tremble because the whole subject is so complicated and so mixed up with other issues; there is much fear also of treading on other people's corns. It is suggested that the subject should be treated as Past, Present and Future.

July 4.—My Royal Red Cross having arrived was presented to me at a parade of all the troops in the brigade.

July 8.—It is fiendishly hot here and the mosquitoes bite badly, it is really suffocating. I have applied for leave and shall be ever so glad to get away.

July 18.—I have just come off a week of night duty and may have to go on sharing the hospital work as

Sister M. has been put on the sick list instead of returning from her leave.

July 28.—We are having the most delicious rain at present; the monsoon has really arrived at last. It is delightful, and as for the green things one can really see them grow!

Aug. 1.—I heard a day or two from the Chief, who said various very nice things about my coming back for another term of service. There have been two cases of cholera in the infantry barracks the last two or three days and I have heard of a death in the telegraph office.

(KASHMIR AND THE CAVE OF AMARNATH. AUG.–SEPT., 1892.)

Aug. 15.—*Srinagar.*—Here we are, arrived as you see, all right. I must tell you a little about our journey in. It was fated of course that we should have a wet start; it rained all the way up from Pindi to Murree, but not so heavily as last time, and we arrived pretty dry. We had tiffin at the dāk bungalow there, and then came the grand scrimmage of getting the ekkas packed and ready, and of putting ourselves into them. Of course there were scrimmages; one ekka driver was reported sick and one of the ekkas was said to be broken. The result of everything was that it was 4.30 before we managed to make our second start; however we did get off at last and then it poured with rain, a perfect deluge. The roads were atrocious, axle deep in mud ruts and stones, so we got on very slowly; also the distance was greater

than I thought. I had believed it to be only twenty miles, and it turned out to be twenty-eight to the end of the first stage, which is a double one. Altogether we did not arrive there till 1.30 in the morning! and very wet and stiff and pounded up we felt. The ekkas have no springs at all, so of course they shake! However, we did arrive and we tumbled into bed as quick as we could. The next morning it turned out that our fourth ekka, the broken one, had never arrived at all, so we were rather anxious and had to wait, and luckily it was fine and hot and we were able to dry all our things in the sun. About 5 in the afternoon the luggage turned up, having been brought by coolies, so we immediately seized on another ekka in the village. We had to seize on it forcibly as it wanted to go the other way, and we gave chase all down the road and caught it and turned the pony round, and eventually the man gave in and was quite amiable afterwards, so that was all right. We went on immediately as the next stage was only a short one. After that we did two stages a day, which was just a comfortable distance; the stages are from ten to sixteen miles mostly. We started pretty early and had tiffin half-way; our weather was very fine and very hot, and the country was looking perfectly charming. It certainly is a most beautiful road, with little fields of corn, rice and maize, and grand hills, the colouring all most lovely, and in parts perfectly splendid forests, and the huge river, always one roaring rapid for ninety-eight miles. In some places there is a mere ravine with the most terrific precipices, but these look much less formidable since the road has been properly made, than they did two years ago. There are no bad

landslips now as there were then, but plenty of little ones, and three large bridges were washed away only a few days before we passed, which caused us some difficulty and delay, but the water had had time to run down, and we managed to bump down or round somehow; ekkas can climb almost anything. We got to Baramula on Saturday, having had only one heavy shower on the way, so we were lucky and enjoyed ourselves very much. We stayed in the dāk bungalow every night, and as they were nearly all quite empty we were very comfortable; we only met a few people on the road altogether, so different from last time when it was so swarming with people. At Baramula we went on board a boat previously engaged for us. It is a capital boat, and the men are very quiet nice people, so I think we are well off. We started before daybreak on Sunday morning and unfortunately both Sunday and Monday were pouring, soaking wet days, which was a pity as it made it rather cold and dismal, and of course there was no view whatever. However, we were better off in the boat than we could have been anywhere else, as the matting roof overhead kept us splendidly dry; the rain only came in at the sides a little when we opened them to let in light and air. When we got to Srinagar there was such a flood on that it was with the greatest difficulty we pushed up through the town; the rush of water under the bridges is so strong that again and again we fell back when we were nearly through, and they had to get extra help and ropes and all sorts of things, and some of the men got pulled into the water and there were many excitements. The men certainly are very clever the way they work these big boats

up stream. Last night we managed to get up to the upper part of the town and stuck ourselves on to a bank, and there we are still. If we can, we mean to push on this evening into the Munshi Bagh and pitch our tents, as we shall be there about three days. I used my mosquito net yesterday coming up through the Wular Lake, where the mosquitoes are awful as there are miles and miles of marshes; they swarmed in myriads and we hardly dared to come out from under it for dinner; here on the river there are very few, which is a blessing. My little yakdan contains a couple of petticoats and half a dozen shirts! but it is the rest of our luggage and etceteras that give trouble and anxiety.

Aug. 17.—We are intending to get out of Srinagar to-morrow and make a push up the river. We have had the most heavenly weather since we have been here, and we have been in our tents the last two days as we have more room in them than in the boats.

Aug. 20.—We started yesterday afternoon and got a few miles up before dark. At daybreak this morning we went on, and espying some splendid chenar (plane) trees on the bank we had the boats tied up and tables and chairs put under them. We ate our breakfast there, and as the place was so nice we stayed nearly all day. I took some photographs and developed them, and others which I had taken yesterday, in my little dark tent which is the greatest joy to me. We also had some talk with some pilgrims who were on their way back from Amarnath, a very sacred cave high up in the mountains, which we want to get up to if possible, so we were interested to hear what they had to say. Now we are being towed and punted slowly up stream; it is all lovely and

delightful, and it is all new to us being up here on the river as we did not come last time.

Aug. 22.—At this moment we are again sitting up on the bank and have brought our tables and chairs up to write. We have a beautiful shady tree to sit under overlooking the river, and it is all very nice and pleasant. Yesterday evening there were storms in the hills, but at sunset it was beautiful, storms here and there with a most beautiful rainbow, and the mountain peaks stood up out of the clouds in the clear sky with sunset light on them. This country is certainly very beautiful, and to me the most fascinating and romantic part of the whole thing is, that one comes up out of those odious hot plains into a lovely climate, and after struggling through about 100 miles of mountains by whatever road one comes, one suddenly comes out into this broad flat fertile valley full of the most splendid rivers and lakes, and it is all so different from any other place one has ever seen or heard of and so curious. This evening we expect to get to Bijbehara, and there we intend to leave our boats to wait for us, and then to go up the Lidar Valley, where we can camp about and stay as long as we like. I believe it is very beautiful. We do very well in the way of food, though sometimes it is difficult to get good milk, but when there is any it is very cheap. We also have to carry flour and make chupatties instead of bread. Yesterday we passed the tent of a solitary sportsman on the bank; he sent down to us a brace of chikore as we passed, which was very nice of him, and they were very good. The fruit is excellent of course.

Aug. 31.—We have just done our biggest and chiefest expedition, and are now on our way back, so we feel

rather proud of ourselves. We found Bijbehara a delightful place, with lovely green turf and big trees; it was so nice that we spent two nights and a whole day there. Three or four hours farther up the river we came to Kanabal, from which place we wished to leave the river. A delightful sort of old headman seized upon us forcibly, and presented us with fruit and flowers and produced a large carpet-bag full of chits (letters of recommendation); he has many sack-loads of them, but he keeps the best of them in the carpet-bag. However he really is a dear old man, was an old soldier in the Mutiny, and is more like an old Highlander than any other native I have seen. He supplied us with coolies, and made all our arrangements for us and then ran after us, shook us by the hand and patted us on the back! We had met our ponies here, so we started off riding and went about six miles, then camped under trees near a village. There are beautiful and (of course) sacred springs here, and two curious tanks built always full of beautifully clear water and myriads of tame and sacred fish, which come up to be fed. The high-priest showed us a curious old book with visitors' names in it, beginning with that of Vigne, the great traveller in 1827, and further on is Sir William Lawrence's signature and many other names I seem to know intimately from having read the history of the Mutiny. We had the honour of writing our names in too. After tea we walked up a very beautiful but steep road to look at the ruins of Martund, the finest old temple in Kashmir. The ruins are certainly very splendid but terribly tumbling to pieces; the finest arches will not last much longer,

I should think. The chief priest escorted us there. The situation is quite beautiful, with a view all down the Kashmir valley spread out flat below us, and rings of mountains all round. It was very hot, and we were quite tired when we got back. The next day we had a lovely ride, of ten miles or so, through rice-fields. It was very pleasant and the colouring was lovely; the different kinds of crops are most curious—some yellow, some green, some dark red, with very bright red patches of a peculiar kind of crop, and one kind of rice is coal-black when ripe. We got into our tents just in time, before a heavy thunderstorm came on. The following day's march was a long one, about sixteen miles, but we rode all the way. At Pailgam, our next halting-place, we had to make the final arrangements for our trip into the mountains, and to get food for our coolies, as there is nothing to be had further up. There was a good deal of fuss over the settling and arranging of this, especially as the servants we have this time, though very good in themselves, are not so well up to this sort of thing as the ones we had before. However heaps of rice were purchased, and three extra coolies obtained to carry them, and we got away at last. Unluckily Aline (her pony) fell sick here, so after riding a mile or so I got off and have walked ever since; for one thing, after the first three or four miles out of Pailgam the road has been too rough to ride except for short intervals, and except that Betty (who is not a good walker) was glad of a rest whenever she could get it, I have greatly regretted that we risked their life and limbs by dragging the ponies on as far as we did. It was a most gloriously

beautiful march through thick forests, and leading up the bottom of a narrow valley with a rushing torrent down it. The valley grew narrower, and then became almost blocked by big rocks among the trees, something like the accumulation of rocks below Rock Carrol, only everything on a big scale. There were one or two very bad bits to get the ponies through here, and in one place it was so narrow between the rocks that we had to take the pommels off the saddles before they could get through. At the end of this march we camped on a little marg (meadow) near the river, and had a wet night. The next day it left off raining, but there was fresh snow on the hill-tops, and everything was rather wet and gloomy. All the servants were unwilling to go, and the coolies came in a deputation to say they would certainly die. We had been feeling rather depressed before, but the people made me angry; besides we had only a week's provisions with us (for the coolies) and I was afraid of running short, and also if I gave in they might grow more troublesome; so I refused to listen to anything, and when they stood still in a bunch, with their hands together as if they were saying prayers, I rushed at them, flourishing my arms and shouting 'Jao! jao!' (go! go!). So they all fled away like a flock of chickens, and peace was restored. After much flustering round and hustling everybody up, we got all the camp struck and packed, and started at twelve o'clock. We began almost immediately to mount up about 1,000 feet straight on end; we walked or rather scrambled up, and the ponies got up all right, only Aline (who was quite well again) cut her hind fetlocks rather badly. At the top we came out on a fairly level

world of grass—we had left the trees behind us; after some miles we skirted along the side of a steep hill, along a sheep track a few inches wide. It was not bad going for the ponies, only at frequent intervals there were little watercourses down the hillside, which made small ravines to cross more or less deep; in one of these, rather deeper than usual, Aline and Boota (the syce) were both very nearly killed. She got down all right on to a little ledge which was like the top of a little waterfall (only there was no water in it), but on the further side the sheep track branched into many and was nowhere clearly defined, and in going up the steep side Aline got frightened and began to struggle. The result was she fell backwards off the face of the cliff, and she and Boota both went headlong over the waterfall together. Somehow the pony stuck in a rocky hole about fifteen feet lower. Boota shot over the edge, but saved himself by catching hold of the pony's legs as he fell, and he hung on by them till he recovered himself and scrambled up again; but it was a very narrow escape. They were both a good deal cut and bruised, but wonderful to say not seriously hurt. It was a great fuss and trouble getting Aline up out of the hole again, but Boota behaved awfully pluckily, and with a good deal of difficulty and danger it was managed. After this we got on very well till we came to another bad ravine; so then I would not take them any farther, but sent back both ponies and syces with one tent, provisions and three coolies, to camp on a level place near the river till we came back to them. Just at this time it began to rain again, and as we had now got very high up it was most bitterly cold; so our arrival at

our camping-place was most dismal, and the damp tents had to be pitched on soaking grass. For fear the coolies might really die and to relieve our consciences we both squeezed into one tent and allowed the coolies to crowd into the other. Subrati was very good, and contrived to give us some dinner and hot tinned soup in spite of the general miserableness, and we tumbled into bed as quick as possible, but not before I registered a vow that I would neither undress nor wash till I got back again to warmer regions! And I kept it! I must stop here to tell you, which I forgot, that on the first day's march through the forest in the valley we met the most delightful old shepherd I ever saw. It will always be a grief to me that my special coolie, who carries my photographing things, had gone on too far, so I could not do him; he had the most lovely dear old face, and he was carrying a lame sheep, tied on his back in a blanket with its head peeping out, and he had a little violin—the funniest little violin you ever saw—not a bit shaped like a real violin, because instead of a sounding-board it was only the width of the row of strings, and it was rather deep the other way. We asked him about it, so he pulled it out and tuned it up, and played us a lot of queer little native tunes rather like dirges. He was so pleased and we were so pleased; we were all quite in love with one another. Well, to go back to our wet cold camp. The next morning turned out to be lovely, which was a great relief. We were on a queer wild bare place with a little round lake called the Shisha Nag (the Leaden Lake), from the colour of the water, and snow peaks beyond it. The sun soon dried up everything, and we started

about ten very cheerfully. To our annoyance all the way was more or less grassy, and we could have ridden quite well if only we could have had the ponies with us. We toiled up a long long weary way to the top of a pass and then went down again the other side, which is always so annoying as one feels it is wasting one's energy to go down again. The sun was hot, and though the march was shorter than usual, only ten miles, we both got very tired and were thankful to reach our next camp. We were now so high that though the sun was warm the nights were most bitterly cold and it rained again during the night. However the next day was perfect, which was a great joy, because it was to be the day of our greatest effort. We got up early and left the camp before seven, taking with us one of the servants, a funny old thing called Manka, also Ramzana one of the boatmen who comes with us as guide, and six coolies who carried provisions and ropes and my photographic things. We were going to Amarnath the sacred cave, which is more than 16,000 feet above the sea, that is a whole 1,000 feet higher than the top of Mont Blanc. We walked easily enough for nearly two hours, but had to cross about a dozen little streams and were carried over by the coolies. I threatened to take a photo of Betty as she appeared on a coolie's back in the middle of a river, but she said she would never forgive me if I did. Then we came to the steeper part; we climbed for some time and then had to submit to be hauled up by ropes—we should never have got up without. There was a good deal of up and down, and finally we got into the Amarnath nullah or valley, which is a deep narrow gloomy ravine between

stupendous masses of rocky mountain, solid rock from top to bottom and shut in at the end by great snowy peaks. Where we were did not carry out my idea of being above the snow line at all. The rocks were much too steep to carry any snow even in winter, but below them, where there were stones and some earth, there was still a little scanty grass in places and the flowers were simply lovely. There must be at least 100 different kinds; I counted till I got tired, and the more stunted and dwindled the plants became the more flowers they seemed to produce. There were all sorts and sizes and colours, but the greatest mass of colour was always bright blue. There were three quite different kinds of blue flowers, which grew in such quantities that the ground was often a sheet of blue. There were also quantities of edelweiss; we could have gathered sackfuls of it. The bottom of the valley we were climbing up is all blocked with solid snow. We walked over a mile or two of snow bridge with the stream running underneath. The snow was very dirty and not white at all. I suppose this snow never gives way; in fact I don't think one could get up the ravine at all if it did. I was rather disappointed not to see any pilgrims. July is the chief month and there were none left. They have to go up the last march quite naked! The cave itself has nothing remarkable about it except its size, which one does not realize at all till one gets inside. Right at the back of it is a small spring, but one does not see any water running, as it is frozen into a large block of ice which never melts, and which is supposed to be the visible incarnation of SIVA, to whom the cave is dedicated. There was nothing else in the cave at all except

a little stone image of a bull which some pilgrim must have dragged up and left there. We were very glad to come out of the cave again and sit in the sun to have our luncheon, consisting of hot cocoa, tinned tongue, biscuits, and honey, and then we set off back again and arrived very tired and stiff, but, thanks to wearing chapplies (sandals) instead of boots, not at all footsore. We had been going for eleven hours and had walked nearly twenty miles.

The next morning we were to start on our way back, and as we were going to return another way we sent some coolies to tell the syces to return also, and sent a pickaxe to dig out a road where Aline came to grief before. We were so stiff we could hardly move at first, but it wore off, though it was fatal if ever we sat down to rest for a few minutes! We toiled up to the top of a high pass for about six miles, not very steep but a hard pull, everything bare and wild, stony and grassy but less grass towards the top, but always flowers, and great crags and snow about. When we got to the top of the pass we were met by a thick mist driving up, which covered everything (and so we were doubly lucky in our day yesterday for the cave). As we were looking down over the edge the mist lifted a little in the middle and we saw a most wonderful sight. It was like looking through a curtain at a vision, something quite unreal. Straight below our feet but far away was a lovely green valley with trees and a river and tiny dots which turned out to be flocks of sheep and ponies: it was most curious and wonderful. But between it and us was a huge precipice. The coolies skipped down it as gaily as possible, though it seemed quite perpendicular. With the

help of a strong spiked stick and infinite care and caution I managed to get down without actual help, but it was very beastly, because where it was not actual rock it was all loose stones, which slipped and rolled and gave one no foothold. Poor Betty was terrified, and clung tight on to two men all the way down. It took us fully two hours and a half to get to the bottom, and our poor legs shook and trembled like anything. When we got down we were in quite a different climate, ever so much warmer and there were birch woods and flocks and herds, altogether a land of peace and plenty. When we arrived our tents were all ready and tea prepared! Yesterday we had a most gloriously beautiful march down a lovely valley with running water, forests, a perpetual garden of flowers and splendid mountains all round. We arrived in the afternoon at Tannin, the place where we began to have the rain on our way up, and it is so delightful that we mean to stop a couple of days before returning to a land of villages and dirt (the herdsmen who come up to the hills for the summer camp in the open, or at most in sort of rough tents). So we have sent off for more rice for the coolies and here we are. The dhobi is washing our clothes in a lovely clear stony stream by the camp; we have just bought another sheep, and have lots of fresh buffalo milk: so we have food and all our wants provided for in the wilderness. I don't know how to describe to you these lovely grassy margs, except that they all remind me more or less of the Lone Meadows at Uppat—if you can imagine finding the Lone Meadows here and there in unexpected places, say at the top of Dunrobin Glen!

Sept. 3.—*Pailgam.*—We are another march on our way

down, and last night after we had finished dinner a coolie suddenly turned up with letters and papers which were finally all we required to make us happy in this wilderness.

Sept. 13.—*Dal Lake.*—My photographing seems to take up so much of my time that I don't get nearly so much time for writing! I have taken dozens, and it is a great amusement to me. I am longing to show them to you. I take ourselves in every possible circumstance, and our camps and our coolies, and our boatmen and all sorts of things. It is very jolly. I think they will give quite a good idea of our life out here. When we got back to Bāwan, the place where the sacred fishes are, we spent such a curious evening there. Always after sunset there is a service held in a little temple just above the tank, and there was a great deal of bell-ringing and chanting. Then there was a wild fakir with a shock head of hair, and like the young man in the Bible he had nothing on but a linen sheet, and he played a funny little instrument which sounded like a squeaky harmonium, and sang wild weird songs with endless verses. It was the most creepy down the back sort of thing. He had such an excited rapt sort of face when he sang, he sort of played and played with eyes fixed on vacancy till he got a sort of inspiration, and then out it came. He was a very striking looking man, and then the place was all dark with only some little oil lamps burning, and the running water made a noise all the time; every now and then the bell-ringing in the little temple broke out afresh. The people—there was quite a crowd—were all very friendly, and wanted to squeeze us in front, and make us sit in the best places,

but we preferred to stand just on the outside. The next morning we went in again as I wanted to make some photographs, and this time there was a great fat man, with a stamped pocket-handkerchief tied round his middle (nothing else). He was squatting by the tank, feeding the sacred fishes with prayers, while an assistant sat behind and kept the sun off him with an umbrella. I photographed him. He had a lot of little squares of paper with prayers written on them, and a plate of dough, and he kept picking up little dabs of the dough, rolled them each in a prayer and solemnly threw them to the fishes. When he had finished his dough he smoked a large hookah while another servant made more dough. Nothing appears to disagree with those fishes; they swallow everything instantaneously and flourish. After I came away a man ran after me to say that the chief priest hoped I would give him a picture! I wrote down his proper title and address and promised to send him one. We have now camped on one of the loveliest parts of the Dal Lake, with a large sheet of open water in front of us, big trees over our heads, and a very lovely range of hills facing us on the other side. I do think the Dal Lake is one of the most lovely and fascinating parts of all Kashmir; the water is so clear one can see all the plants and fishes like an aquarium, and we enjoy immensely going out in our small canoe in the evenings. The rest of the lake, through which the way to Srinagar lies, is a network of small winding canals, intersecting acres of lotus lilies (now over, alas!), thickets of bulrushes, floating gardens, and altogether a confusion between land and water, orchards and willow trees all growing more or less in the water, and little sort

of farms and villages even, all more or less in the water and built out of it, and the place is all alive with canoes, generally paddled by a woman and a baby carrying their fruits to market. Unfortunately our peace, when in Kashmir, is always more or less disturbed by bombshells, and the letters we have had since our return have brought us terrible news of a sudden outbreak of cholera in Murree. Six or seven people whom I knew very well indeed have died, among them three doctors and the P.M.O. who succeeded Dr. Bradshaw; they all died the same day. Also that actually there is to be another expedition to the Black Mountain.

Sept. 15.—We continue to toodle about. One other curious thing about this Dal Lake is that there are causeways crossing it in one or two directions, so that people can walk all across, though it is several miles. The causeways are low green banks, so they hardly show at all, but there are bridges at intervals which appear to stand out of the water, so that boats can go under; the water is very deep in parts. A lot of my photographs are not good, and nearly all the best ones seem to have had some accident to them. I am so disappointed.

Sept. 23.—*Nagmarg.*—You would laugh if you could see me at this moment. I am sitting in a fog and it is rather cold, but we have a huge fire blazing on the grass in front of our tents—four or five trees about as thick as myself and ten or twelve feet long piled up and stuffed with smaller branches and cones; it makes a beautiful blaze, in fact I am rather roasted. This is a lovely place and we are staying here three or four days. The only pity is that every morning there are thick mists blowing over, but so far the afternoons have been quite

too lovely. I do not know why we took it into our heads to come here, but we got the name into our heads and come we would, and it has been quite successful in spite of the morning fogs. We crossed the Wular Lake very early and called at a place named Alsoo, where we met our ponies and made our arrangements about coolies, &c. The next morning we started, and the march was a very stiff one of ten miles steep uphill all the time, but we were able to ride all the way. This Nagmarg is most lovely and quiet, quite different from anything we have seen before. Hitherto when we have been in the mountains, it has always been more or less travelling up a valley and shut in, and when we got beyond the valleys up Amarnath way it was all bleak and bare and grand but hardly beautiful. But here we are at the top of a hill 9,000 feet high, and in front of our tents the smooth grassy marg slopes steeply down, and we have a view right over the Kashmir Valley. The Wular Lake (the largest of the lakes) is immediately below us, and the other lakes and the winding river are all spread out like a map for an enormous distance, but the far distance is shut in by a ring of mountains: the old Pir Punjal with their old snowy peaks are right in front of us. But this is only one of our views: to right and left are a lot of beautiful hills quite near us, covered with splendid forest and bits of grassy marg here and there, and immediately behind our tents the hill dips very steeply down into what we call the Promised Land, namely the Lolab Valley. That side of the hill is such thick forest that we can only get glimpses through the trees—thick spruce firs which grow exactly up to the top of the hill and no farther; so our tents,

which are exactly on the ridge, are backed up against them and feel nice and cosy and sheltered, though we can see every way. It is so lovely I wish you could see it. The Lolab Valley is supposed to be flowing with milk and honey. We have not time enough to go right down through the valley, but we mean to go one march down to one of the villages when we leave here, and then back to the boats and thence to Srinagar to pick up letters and things, and then it will have to be home again. I think we have done a great deal with our time.

Sept. 24.—We have been here four days and to-morrow we go down the valley to Rampore. One afternoon we made a pleasant expedition to the top of a high hill near; it was truly lovely, partly thick pine forest, partly open grassy margs and the views beautiful, but even that day we could not see the highest mountains, which was a pity, as we ought to have had a good view of Nanga Parbat, which is one of the highest of the Himalayas. Yesterday we went another way, through thick pine forest all the time; it was rather nice too. One feels quite lost, as though it were backwoods of America or something like that, and I do love to hear the wind in the fir trees—it reminds me sometimes of Uppat; there are Scotch firs in some places, though the forests are chiefly spruce.

Sept. 28.—At this moment I am sitting in the front of our boat. It is the most glorious heavenly morning; for the first time for weeks the sky is quite clear of clouds. Not only in the valley where it is generally fine, but I cannot see even a speck of mist on any of the mountains, and they are all covered all round

with fresh snow and everything is wonderfully lovely. The last afternoon at Nagmarg our walk was through the most thick and gloomy forest I ever saw; it was positively gruesome in parts. The afternoon came on wet and we were glad to get back to our tents and go to bed early. There was no actual snow where we were, but hail lay in thick white streaks on each side of our tents. The next morning we got up before 6 as the sky is generally clear about sunrise, and we flew up the hill to photograph a view of our marg from above. Everything was quite beautiful. The camp was struck and we started off and had the most lovely march. It was very rough and steep, so we walked all the way, but though it is called ten miles it did not seem far. It was nearly all the way through forest, but smiling forest this time, not gloomy, and along the ridge of a long line of hills, so we could see down views on both sides, sometimes both at once, but more frequently by turns. We chiefly went downhill and had a steep drop at the end which brought us into the funniest little shut-in valley, where they were just gathering in their harvest. I cannot make out quite what the crops were, but anyhow the stubble fields looked very like little stubble fields in the Highlands; also there were several fields of pumpkins which look ever so funny because they are so huge—it looks like a field strewn with green, yellow or red carpet-bags and portmanteaus; and lastly but chiefly, the little valley was absolutely wooded with apple and pear trees, simply laden with fruit. I never saw anything like it. The fallen fruit lay all over the ground in carpets and heaps and seemed absolutely disregarded; you simply had to touch a tree and the fruit came down in ava-

lanches on one's head. Of course the fruit was small, but a great deal of it was very good. As for the coolies, they simply ate apples without stopping all the time we were there; I wonder they could walk afterwards! We spent two half-days and one night there and it was very nice and warm. The next day we got back to the boats, and as the beginning of the end had to send off our ponies to Pindi, but before starting them off I took a group of all the servants, who were much pleased, and I am glad to say it has turned out well. Some of them had got taken in views of camps and so on, but that did not content them because they came out so small, 'like little birds'; now they are happy because they are all big.

Sept. 28.—On arrival at Srinagar we found a telegram from the P.M.O. at Murree, recalling me at once with orders to go to Darband.

Oct. 6.—*With the Isazai Field Force, Darband.*—There is hardly any sickness here except some ague, and also cholera, of which latter there is a good deal I am sorry to say. But at this moment there are only three of the European sick left alive; one is an apothecary, for whom we do a few things, and the other two are in a cholera camp about a mile away, to which Dr. Allin won't allow us to go, as at any moment cases may come back from the front, and if we went to the camp we could not be ready for them.

Oct. 8.—The apothecary died yesterday. We had known and liked him much at Pindi; he had only just been married, and I have been writing to his widow. We have been rather busy, as they had begun sending

men back from the front, and patients came dropping in as fast as transport could be provided for them.

Oct. 11.—The camp is rapidly breaking up, and the last of our sick were sent off this morning. The sun is so burning hot, and I think this is rather a pestilential hole! I have been really busy the last few days; there have been heaps and heaps of sick, chiefly sun fever and dysentery, but as Sister M. has just had feverishness, of course she is doing little or nothing and I had plenty of running about.

Oct 12.—We were to have started from camp this morning, but an Engineer officer was attacked with cholera, and we clamoured so loudly to be allowed to stay and look after him—and luckily the doctor who has charge of the case was very keen also that we should do so—that we managed to get permission from the P.M.O. and the General. General Lockhart has fever and has gone off in a doolie, and luckily Sister M. is all right again. I am doing the night duty, and we have great hopes of pulling the patient through, which would be a great joy.

Oct. 14.—The patient is much better, which is a thankful blessing. His wife turned up here yesterday, having flown up in a fearful hurry and without anything, no camp kit, no servant, no anything, so we have to take her in, and as I am doing night duty I am able to let her have my charpoy, 'Box and Cox,' and we have supplied her with everything else. As we had only one chair (mine) between us to begin with it makes us rather short of furniture, and of course of everything else, basins, cups, &c.; we have to use them by turns, so it is rather like a pig in a poke, whatever that may be.

It has been intensely hot all day, and as a storm is coming I dare say it will be bitterly cold to-night. We are being smothered at intervals by puffs of wind and sand; also the 30th Punjab Infantry men have spread out their cooking fires nearly all round us now, and so we get smoke whichever way the wind blows and whiffs of ghee, which is a true Indian smell, and the men do make a noise.

Oct. 15.—There is a wind blowing and everything flops about and the sand covers everything, and the tent-pegs will not hold in the loose soil, and the tents are always coming loose or blowing down. I shall be glad to get away now; one is thoroughly dirty in this place, and it is no good trying to be clean. Yesterday, when I was in bed in the middle of the afternoon, a gust suddenly loosened all one side of my tent and turned the tent inside out, which rather agitated me, as we are in the most public spot imaginable!

Barukot.—We left Darband yesterday, and our cholera patient is now wonderfully better, and thank goodness no anxiety. I did not sit up with him last night, and his wife and I fought who was not to have the charpoy, and it ended in its staying out all night! The morning and evenings are delightful, and the greatest blessing is to be free from flies. At Darband they simply covered everything in black swarms, and if one only moved a hand they flourished up with a general and angry buzz. I am afraid you won't think me fat when you see me, but I am excessively fit, and (*unberufen*) nothing seems to do me any harm. Unless one gets fever, and so far I do not, I think this camp life is very healthy.

Oct. 19.—*Haripur.*—It is a funny sort of life being in camp, but I like it. After all one has everything absolutely necessary to be fairly comfortable, and I do so like the constant open air and the planting of one's home first in one place, then in another, and yet being always equally at home, and it is a luxury here to have trees. I want to photograph a group of 'The Queen's Own (Cholera) Dodgers,' as Dr. Marshall calls us, before we break up.

Oct. 20.—Last night we got orders not to return to Pindi without ten days' quarantine clear. I am sorry not to go as we are a good deal wanted there; but I am not sorry for ourselves, as this is a very pleasant place and I enjoy being here.

Oct. 28.—I do not for a moment believe in direct infection from cholera. If it were infectious in anything like proportion to its virulence as an epidemic, doctors and nurses would have no chance at all, whereas as a matter of fact they very rarely take it—I should say less often, certainly not more, than any other individuals who happen to be in the district. In the recent epidemic at Murree the three doctors who died got it as ordinary individuals, because they were living in the houses that were chiefly attacked; they did not get it in the course of their work.

Oct. 29.—*Rawal Pindi.*—We are very busy now because the regiments have come in at last, and have brought an enormous number of sick with them; I do not know why this expedition has turned out such an unhealthy one. I hear that poor Dr. Marshall got four cases of cholera in his camp the very day we left, so he

still has to remain at Haripur. The weather is glorious just now.

Nov. 5.—We have even started a fire in our drawing-room in the evenings. I have been made a member of the Royal British Nurses' Association Council, rather a useless one at present! The regiments having changed we have new orderlies. The ward coolies are most unmanageable since Dr. Evatt left, and the Sisters get oppressed by their work and frantic at small and incessant bothers over it. Phoo!

Nov. 16.—I have to go to one of the other stations to-morrow as there is a row going on there now, which is tiresome.

Nov. 28.—I have been and returned and got through the business better than I expected. It turned out to be exactly as I had anticipated. Sister W. at the first declaration of hostilities had run off to some of the ladies in the station, poured out her woes and enlisted their sympathies, which, I think is an unpardonable crime! If we do quarrel we might at least keep it to ourselves.

Dec. 4.—The new P.M.O. is ill, and his wife greatly fears he will die of cholera like his predecessor. A Sister is nursing him, and I must give the other two some help in hospital. After all I am going to Dr. Godwin, as it seems he is worse—he was supposed to be dying yesterday; the difficulty is that he has an old-standing complaint which owing to his recent illness has taken a bad turn. He was buried this evening (26th), and I am awfully sorry for his wife and daughter.

Nothing official has been made known yet respecting my leave home, but Dr. Bradshaw wrote to me that

I should certainly be allowed to go. I have been on night duty, which just suited me, as I can live without sleep for about a week.

1893

Jan. 8.—*Quetta.*—I arrived last night after a forty-eight hours' journey from Mian Mir. It is most glorious weather here and not at all cold except at night. There was a good deal of snow on the line where the railway comes over the pass, but there is none in the station. Everything is as wonderfully colourless as it always is here in winter; not a speck of green anywhere—the ground, trees, houses, all precisely the same buff colour; still it is most delightfully bright and pleasant.

Jan. 16.—*Rawal Pindi.*—I gave a banjo to Betty, the best I could procure. The journey from Quetta took three days and two nights. I met the Chief at a dinner party here, and as he took me in I had of course opportunity for a great deal of conversation with him; part of it was very satisfactory. Lady Roberts talked to me after dinner about selection of candidates for the Indian Nursing Service, and quite saw what a responsible and difficult thing it would be. I agreed most fully, and we discussed various ways and means of judging persons and of getting the most reliable information.

Jan. 22.—The Chief remained nearly all the week in Pindi. He and Lady Roberts really are very dear and nice and kind, both of them.

Jan. 23.—*Peshawar.*—It really is too terribly bitterly cold and rain is still pouring steadily. When it does

take it into its head to rain in this country it sometimes goes on for a week. I much wanted to go into the Khaibar Pass, but the state of the road prevented the excursion, and besides Sister H. had a touch of fever; we should I fear have perished with cold, the snow on the hills having come down so low.

Jan. 29.—*Pindi.*—We had a heavy snow-storm here yesterday, lasting several hours; it did not lie, but there is ice everywhere this morning.

Feb. 13.—Kashmir is snowed up and has been so for weeks, the mountains are impassable. Murree lies under fifteen or twenty feet of snow. Here it rains and goes on raining, and it is beastly cold and the place more or or less under water. Also I feel perfectly turned upside down as to the arrangements to be made during my absence. I believed that the Chief and the P.M.O., India, were to meet in Calcutta the first week in February and settle everything finally, and more or less in accordance with our confidential reports which we were required to send in by January 31. I thought they had met. On the 7th orders were received all over India dated February 2, and containing just everything that we objected to and advised against! Well, I was awfully mortified and had serious thoughts of chucking up everything, and though I decided not to do anything rash, I had still more serious thoughts of never coming out again. Well then, I got a letter from Dr. Bradshaw saying he expected to meet the Chief about the 16th, when they would consult and decide everything! Obviously he was in ignorance that orders had already been issued.

Feb. 16.—I feel totally capsized and disabled, and as

I do not know what to do with myself I will pour out a few woes! A telegram from Head-quarters just received to say 'Miss Loch is not to leave for England pending further orders', and a wire from Betty to say she had received the same. Is not everything abominable and disgusting! Only this morning I got all the papers about the voyage in the *Crocodile* troopship from the Quartermaster-General, telling me exactly where to go and what and when to do everything, and even the form of medical certificate which has to be filled up certifying that I have no infectious disease. I was just on my way back from the railway station where I had been making inquiries about trains, and then I met with this bomb-shell! It really is of no use making any plans at all.

Feb. 18.—We have just got back from Peshawar, having at last carried out there our expedition into the Khaibar Pass. We had a lovely day and a most successful trip. We drove out in bāzār tumtums, which are little skeleton dogcarts with bamboo shafts. Ten miles from Peshawar we came to Jămrūd, where there is a small fort which is the last real outpost of our frontier. Beyond it is the great fort of Ali Masjid, now more or less in ruins and where the Afghans made a desperate resistance in 1878. There the Pass is very narrow and it was the limit to which we were allowed to go.

Twice a week travellers traverse the Pass, taking to Kabul salt, tea, Manchester goods, &c., and bringing to Peshawar poshteens (sheepskin coats with the wool on), silk embroideries and various fruits. The camels are magnificent, with curly coats and great black manes or rather beards which make their heads and necks look the

biggest part of them; those one sees in India have smooth coats and swan-like necks.

The caravans are guarded by the Khaibar Rifles, a sort of irregular infantry recruited from the tribes of the Khaibar hills, and under the orders of the Political Officers of the Khaibar district. We had of course an armed escort as we went faster than the camels; it consisted of four mounted men. The hills of the Pass are nearly all rock, perfectly bare and bleak and very steep. The wind blowing as through a funnel down the Pass is most cutting and cold; in the shade the sun is warm.

Feb. 21.—The heart-jumps we daily go through are enough to turn the hair grey! This morning another telegram arrives with orders for me to embark in the troopship sailing on March 3. I have got into that state of mind that I really do not care what happens!

Feb. 22.—The agitations are worse than ever and I feel positively sick with expecting. Betty, who is coming home with me in the trooper, has not yet got leave to start, and if I go I have only two and a half days left! As yet we have not received any intimation as to who is coming to take over our duties. It is too sickening to be always in suspense, not knowing what is going to happen. I have never lived through such a long month in my life; everything is too aggravating for words. However Betty telegraphs that she has got her orders at last; so now there are peace and joy and we are to meet at Lahore. I shall indeed be thankful to be safely off; the last fortnight has been an eternity!

Feb. 25, 2 a.m.—I have been writing a long letter of information and good advice to Miss James, who is

coming, so I have at last heard, to take my place, but who cannot arrive until after I have gone.

March 11.—*Red Sea.* We are having a very quiet passage; sea as calm as a mill pond and no heat to speak of, rather hot and muggy in the Indian Ocean, but the old Red Sea has not been hot at all.

March 20.—She left the troopship at Malta, where she met friends and visited Sliema and Civita Vecchia, and then embarked for Naples to meet her sister and to travel in Italy.

CATHARINE GRACE LOCH, R.R.C.

SENIOR LADY SUPERINTENDENT

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S MILITARY NURSING SERVICE FOR INDIA

THIRD PERIOD: LIFE IN INDIA

1894–1899

CHAPTER VI

1894

FEB. 20.—*Serapis Troopship.*—This is our fourth day at sea. I do not yet believe really that my holiday in England is over and the Indian life coming again so soon. But somehow, because I was there before I suppose, I do not feel as if it were near so much of an exile as last time; having been home and with you all this time makes us all three so much nearer together.

Feb. 25.—*After Malta.*—Your letters came on board at the last moment only, and it was such a joy to get them and your dear words of love.

March 14.—To-day something was being done to the foretop-gallant-yard, when it slipped and fell endwise on the deck with such force that it pierced right through two decks and stuck in the third, and though all three decks were crowded nobody was touched, but it passed within a foot of several people.

March 16.—Betty and I won each a sovereign to-day, on the last run of the voyage; we had a throw on the daily run ever since we started and won to-day for the first time.

March 18.—*Bombay.*—Here we are at last, arrived safely yesterday. The hotel is horridly stuffy and hot,

and the heat is of that odious damp kind which makes one feel one cannot move and one is always wet through. The mosquitoes are fiendish; I hardly slept a wink last night, and am eaten simply all over.

We have been for a drive to some gardens and then through the native bāzār, which is a wonderful place. It is immense and a perfect labyrinth of streets, and *so* picturesque; great high houses, no two alike, with many stories of elaborate, carved, latticed and painted balconies all jutting out one above another, making a most bewildering outline of confused architecture and gay colours, the bottom floor all shops open to the street. Every place absolutely thronged with people, and here and there temples, mosques sometimes with small tanks beside them, and just at sunset, as we passed they were thronged with worshippers kneeling or prostrate, with rows and rows of shoes left on the entrance steps.

Also we chartered a steam launch and visited the Caves of Elephanta. I am so glad to have seen them because they are so interesting and astonishing. We landed on a real Robinson Crusoe island covered with jungle and palm-trees, and down by the landing-place were quantities of mangrove-trees growing in the water, the leaves fresh and green but rather leathery in feel, and with a pretty white flower. We had to climb up about 250 feet of paved way, and then came on a little house occupied by a white man, an ex-soldier and his wife who have charge of the caves. There are many naked natives on the island and they have real canoes, quite man Friday like. The caves are about 1,000 years old (ninth century A.D. probably) and are entirely

artificial, being hewn out of the solid rock, and they form a huge temple with a central shrine, and many outer temples branching away in different directions, all full of the most splendid and intricate and mostly colossal sculptures, everything being carved out of the solid trap rock—not a scrap of building put in anywhere nor a figure that is not carved as it stands from the rock. A great deal of the sculpture is really very fine indeed, though much of it is also grotesque; and the masses of figures in all kinds of altitudes perfectly *entassés* one upon another show the most wonderful power of design. I like them better than anything else I have seen in India. The caves would be as perfect to this day as when new, only the Portuguese when here endeavoured to blow up and destroy them, and they have done fearful damage, but it proved too strong for them. They thought that by knocking away the pillars the roof would fall in, instead of which the roof remained as firm as ever and the tops of the pillars now hang from it!

March 25, Easter Sunday.—*Rawal Pindi.*—Arrived this morning. *En route* we halted at Ahmedabad to see the old marble tombs, which are to this day kept daily decorated with fresh flowers, and the great underground tank consisting of four great galleries full of ice-cold water; also at the Mount Aboo station; but as unfortunately we could not get to the Mount, we went instead to see some temples in a queer little place some miles out in the jungle.

Pindi being the most important and the most heavily worked station in India, my staff consists of Sister C., a good worker but unable to stand much hot weather;

Sister H., a good nurse but very unwell and may have to be invalided; Sister W., now on sick leave till next July and still constantly getting fever—she ought to have been invalided: so the prospect is cheerful!

April 6–10.—Sister H. is going on ten days' leave to Peshawar as she is seedy; Sister C. took the opportunity to have a little fever, which is most inconvenient as we are pretty busy in hospital now, having between thirty and forty cases, about twelve being pretty bad. Here everything is looking very pretty; they have had a wonderfully wet, cool year, and I have only once before seen the place so green in the spring. There is grass everywhere with little yellow flowers in it (they might be buttercups but are not), and the trees are all in their fresh green and the gardens are full of quantities of bright flowers, yellow and white daisies, sweet-peas, mignonette, cornflowers, hollyhocks and the like, and the roses are simply splendid, cartloads of them, and there are quantities of Maréchal Niels which grow like trees and have thousands and thousands of flowers really beautiful.

April 16.—I have been so busy this week; I was on day duty, which meant being in the wards from 7 a.m. till 8 p.m. except at breakfast and tea times, when I come over to our quarters. To-day Sister C. and I (being the only two present) changed over from day to night duty and I have gone on the night, which will be a rest and change. It is so aggravating to have Sisters J. and W. here now, for they both being on leave are of no use to us. Sister J. is the one who ought to belong to us, but who is posted to Quetta in spite of everybody's prayers and protesta-

tions, and she is wanted there so little that she has come away on two months' leave! Sister W. is to belong to us when she has finished her sick leave. Both are soon going up to Murree. However I have this morning got a letter from Dr. Bradshaw saying, 'in further reply to' my letter of so-and-so (he did write to me before, but contrived to tell me nothing), that I might send in an official suggestion for re-distribution of Sisters in my Circle, so I must pull myself together and try to make up a scheme. I wonder if he means to pay any attention to it!

April 22.—We have been excessively busy this week. However Sister H. has come back from her holiday; also a large number of the patients and the troops are all moving up to the hills now, so maybe we shall get a lull. Also I have written to Dr. Bradshaw for more help here, so perhaps we shall get another Sister and a lull at the same time: I quite expect it to be both or neither! To-day we have sixty-five patients in our wards, two officers and an apothecary; of course a great many are not bad, but it all makes work. The constant rain we have had, though very pleasant and cool, has caused an immense amount of fever.

May 9.—There are worries going on at Peshawar and Mian Mir and I have had to write much to both places.

May 21.—At this moment we are getting on pretty well here so far as the work is concerned; accident and circumstances have made them short in one or two other places, and as there have been sundry little and big epidemics of enteric in most of the other stations, in some of them they are in greater difficulties now than we are. Of course it is all very irregular; every place

is liable to very heavy runs of work, lasting for perhaps a month or several months. But the average of work in this station is much heavier than in any other; there is always plenty to do, even when not extra heavy. What I should like would be an extra Sister or two to spare, with power vested in myself to send them where most needed and still more to recall them when the need was passed. At present there is nobody to spare, for one thing, and a Sister can only be transferred to another station by the central authority. The worst is that a Sister once lent, it is almost impossible, often quite, ever to get her back again; that has certainly been my experience.

May 28.—I have heard from Dr. Bradshaw and he is at last going to send us another Sister. In the meantime, however, we have settled down pretty well, and the others have all their work and plans settled for the summer, which may now be all upset.

June 3.—I finished my week of night duty last night and to-morrow go on day duty till 4 p.m.

June 11.—It is piping hot here, 112° and 114° in the verandahs all the week. Yesterday was an awful day, with threatening of a storm, and with a hot wind which forced the heat through all the cracks and crannies and made the house as hot inside as out and unbearably stuffy. However in the evening a storm did come and two or three hours' rain made the air delicious. Sister J. is at this moment on her way to Quetta and doing the hottest part of the journey. I confess I am anxious about her and hope very much she will get through it all right, but it was her own doing. I see by the papers that it has been 121° at Jacobabad in the shade, and

that is on the edge of the Sind desert, through which she has to pass.

June 22.—I have been on night duty this week, but we change to-morrow. We are fairly busy; although the ward is not really heavy there is quite enough to keep us going.

July 2.—It has been most awfully hot here the last ten days or so, as hot as I ever remember anything, and more stuffy and steamy and stewy than you can imagine. We have all got prickly heat. and from the appearance of everybody you would imagine there was a universal outbreak of measles! The next stage will be boils, which I generally escape and hope I shall again; they are such beastly things. Sister C. is back again; it was rather stiff working the place—only Sister H. and I together for ten days—however we got on very well. The weather being so damp and hot we walk about with streaming faces, and one's petticoat clings round one as though one had come out of a pond!

July 9.—Last night was my first night of a week up. The worst of night duty at this time of year is that the beasties are dreadful. They all fly in the night and then bang themselves against me as I am a white object. Then there is an old tarantula spider nearly three inches long who has become rather a friend. Also there are heaps of little fat frogs which I am afraid of treading on. As yet I have seen only one scorpion and not any snakes. We have not very much work in hospital luckily, only two really bad cases, but one of these is an officer with organic disease who I fear will never leave India; he is a dozen people's work to himself.

July 16.—I am suddenly plunged into a controversy on the subject of training of orderlies. Some new regulations about them have come out and I am afraid they may not work well, and I have promised to draw up a memorandum with all the objections and arguments I can think of to the S.M.O. (that is, the Senior Medical Officer in Charge of the Station Hospital) for his assistance. But though he is quite ready to concur generally with me I fear that his point of view and mine are not quite the same.

July 18.—*Cherat near Peshawar.*—Yesterday I got to this little military station; it is planted on the very highest, about 4,000 feet, of a range of hills which run right out into the plains. The nights are cool, but the sun is quite hot.

July 29.—*Pindi.*—One of the Sisters is seedy, so I must go on duty for her this afternoon.

Aug. 6.—When at the railway station seeing Sister M. off, there were some companies of a regiment in the train. An officer came up to me to say he had a case of heat apoplexy on hand, and to ask if the man was being treated properly by water poured on his head. I went to look at the man and found that he was drunk only. But as he was pretty bad, half unconscious and well soused, I urged that he should be sent to the hospital instead of on a long night journey by rail, so he was packed off.

Aug. 19.—There is a large snake in our servants' block and it is believed to be a cobra; it escaped into a hole in the wall and is supposed to be there still. A karait, quite as deadly, was killed in our quarters not long ago!

Aug. 25.—She wrote about her garden and the plans for improving it.

Sept. 9.—Dr. Bradshaw has spoken of getting it arranged with Government that we should be allowed to accumulate privilege leave (that is, leave on full pay) up to three months, the same as all officers can. If this is sanctioned Betty and I have great hopes of being able to have three months to spend in Kashmir next year.

I have just been writing a paper for the *Nursing Record* about orderlies. It was à propos of a question asked in the House by Lord Folkestone about orderlies getting pay or no pay, which was quoted in the *Record* as well as in the medical papers. It always frightens me rather to write anything of the sort, from the point of view that being in the Service myself I have perhaps no business to criticize publicly any doings of the Government, and I sometimes regret almost that I promised Mrs. Bedford Fenwick to write little articles; however I hope I shall not put my foot in it.

Sept. 18.—I got this morning a letter from Surgeon-General Harvey, Indian Medical Service, asking if I and any other of the Nursing Sisters would go to the Indian Medical Congress which is to be held in Calcutta at Christmas, and if I would send in a paper on nursing on active service. I will try to write such a paper, and I am rather pleased at being asked as it is an attention that I never expected.

Sept. 25.—Sister C. goes to-morrow on leave as she is getting run down, and Sister H. will not be back till the 6th of next month, so I will take up work in the meantime. I am nearly all right again to-day; I have

had a nasty attack of fever the last three or four days and it leaves one rather a rag.

Sept. 30.—It is excessively hot here still, wonderfully so considering that to-morrow is the 1st of October. I am going on night duty to-night.

Oct. 13.—Little Sister W. got fever last night and to-day, so I must take her place in the ward, at any rate for a few days.

Oct. 16.—I am on night duty and have had a lot to do this morning. We have been rather busy the last few days because Sister H. went in for fever in the same afternoon as Sister W., so the other Sister H. and I have had to manage, and as the hospital is very full and half the orderlies are down with it too, we are rather at sixes and sevens.

Oct. 21.—Our two invalids are both better and came on duty to-day. Sister H. and I got through the week they were ill very well; however I am glad to be off ward duty again.

Nov. 8.—We have had rather a distracting week; a lot of bad cases in the ward, mostly men of the new Dragoon Regiment which has just arrived from England. One of them died; it is very sad—their first death in the country, enteric of course. One of our officer patients died last night too and I am awfully sad about him. Then nearly all our orderlies were sent off suddenly with their regiment for the Lahore Durbar through an oversight, and we got a troop of time-expired men from another regiment who know nothing and resented extremely being sent in, and as the few old ones that are left keep on having fever we have been short-handed in every sense and it has been beastly. The ward-

servants keep on having it too, and it is most aggravating; they look spectacles of woe and do not do any work.

Nov. 19.—Our poor Major V. who has been in hospital now for five months died last night, and we shall feel quite lost without him. It has been a sad case altogether, and I am so sorry for his wife who is at home. We have had quite a gay week, as the Viceroy (Lord Elgin) has been here, on his way to preside at a very big and important Durbar.

Nov. 24.—I am going on duty for a few nights, so as to let Sister H. have three days free before she goes away.

Nov. 27.—There was a death in hospital last night and one the night before; it is very disheartening as we have had very little enteric on the whole, but every one of our bad cases has died—four men in the last fortnight, and all only about a month in the country. This week I may have to go to Peshawar to settle a difficulty.

Dec. 2.—We had a shock to-day in the very sudden death of Col. D. of the K.S.O.B.s, who came into hospital only yesterday. It must have been heart, as he went off without one moment's warning. The funeral procession was very fine and very impressive.

(Visit to Delhi, Agra, Jeypore and Bikanir. Dec., 1894.)

Miss Loch having obtained a month's privilege leave left Rawal Pindi on the 6th of December, and being joined at Meerut by her friend Miss Betty, went on to Delhi. There she could not resist the

attractions of the silversmiths' shops, and spent a long wet morning undergoing much temptation to purchase. Sight-seeing next claimed her attention in spite of the weather being damp and cold.

Dec. 11.—We visited the Jama Masjid (the Great Mosque), which is magnificent—a perfectly gigantic building of red sandstone, very beautiful, enclosing a great court of an acre or more paved with the same, and a tank in the middle where the faithful were washing their feet, and near it stood a battered old zinc bath in which they washed their mouths! All round is a sort of cloister or colonnade with beautiful Moorish arches and pillars of red sandstone, and at the end the mosque itself lined with white marble, and with three huge domes of black and white marble. But it is chiefly the enormous size and grandeur of it which make its beauty. There were not many people praying, the day not being one of importance, but the few present filled the place with a low echo of chanting which reverberated. There is a view to be had from it over the city, which is huge, densely packed and squalid like all Indian cities. We could also see the Ridge, from which the English troops besieged the city in 1857.

Thence we went to the fort. It is very like the one at Agra, but not so interesting. These old Indian fortresses are very wonderful, and with their colossal walls of red sandstone very beautiful, and with trees and lovely gardens inside so big that one quite forgets one is still within the fort. Most of the old palaces have been pulled down to make room for barracks, but

there are still several very fine buildings of marble inlaid, carved and gilt, with lovely pillars and baths and fountains in the rooms, and running streams in the middle of the marble floors and wonderful marble lace-like screens of the most beautiful open work. The designs of flowers, leaves and scrolls, both carved in relief and inlaid, are endless and simply superb. But on a cold gloomy day like to-day, it made one wonder what those old Moguls did for a fire and a comfortable corner! One imagines it always hot and sunny in those days, but I suppose it wasn't any more than now!

Dec. 15.—*Fatehpur Sikri.*—We are in the funniest place in the world. I wrote last just before we went to see the Kūtb Minar. A guide-book says 'Delhi is the Rome of India,' and so it is, in the sense that it is surrounded by ruins of successive civilizations which cropped up at intervals when the others died out; and during the whole eleven miles' drive it was an almost uninterrupted town of old forts, tombs and palaces, splendid old archways with squalid villages under them and so on. We got out to look at one or two of the principal places, some of which are magnificent and grand, and others perfectly exquisite with marble carving, polished marble floors, walls, pillars and roofs.

I don't think any one can imagine—I never could have—how perfectly exquisite the carved white marble is: complete walls and endless screens all open work like the finest lace, and every step and corner stone carved with flowers and arabesques in relief; and these are all perfectly fresh and unspoilt. Some of these tombs are kept sacred, and we had to take off our shoes before

going into them, and they are decorated with fresh flowers every day and troops of men stream in and out to say their prayers.

The Kūtb Minar itself is an immense column, very beautiful with fluting and carving, and evidently a great attraction for native tourists. There were crowds of fat, well-to-do natives on their travels and appearing to enjoy themselves immensely. They all went up to the top, and they came from Bombay chiefly I believe. We didn't, it being about 240 feet high. The famed Iron Pillar which you may have heard of is here, and it is much the oldest thing in the place (third or fourth century A. D.).

Next day we drove to the Ridge where the English army was entrenched during the siege. It was a most lovely day, cloudy and soft with gleams, and consequently English sort of colouring, quite different from the familiar Indian glare; and the view was lovely, for all the world like (though far more extensive) the views you get looking over towards Harrow from Windsor Park! On this side the country seemed wooded all round; even Delhi itself vast as it is was quite lost in trees—only the domes and minarets of the great mosque and the tops of the principal gateways of the fort and palace were visible. Then we drove a little round the walls, looked at the Kashmir Gate, Water Bastion, &c.

The next day we left Delhi for Agra, and the following morning drove the twenty-four miles to this place, Fatehpur Sikri, the old capital of the Mogul Emperor Akbar, who built it in 1570. It is a wonderful place, a true deserted city, as deserted as Pompeii but much more perfect. Think of Rudyard Kipling's deserted city

in 'Kaa's hunting'; it is quite as uninhabited and parts are quite as ruinous. There are great huge walls enclosing several miles of country which must have once been city, but is now all jungle and stones, with here and there colossal remains of buildings; but in the centre is a steep rocky hill, on the top of which are Akbar's mosques and palaces, all empty and silent but mostly as perfect as on the day they were built; indeed the freshness and sharpness of the stone edges and carving are the most wonderful part of it, so much so that instead of looking like ruins the broken places give one much more the feeling of being unfinished. It is all built of the red stone like that of the Delhi and Agra forts, but it cannot be sandstone as apparently it is so wonderfully hard. There are immense blocks and slabs, endless great paved courts surrounded by beautiful and wonderful buildings all different, hundreds of domes and minarets, thousands of pillars supporting strange and curious upper stories, sometimes five or six stories one above another, open colonnades, archways and terraces, verandahs, extra palaces on the roofs in most unexpected places, harems fenced in with carved stone lattice work, staircases, crypts, stables, charming little houses a mass of carving inside and out and all of stone, vaulted roofs, and all of the most elaborate shapes and sizes; and here we are in the midst of all, in the empty town. It is rather ghostly, only I can't imagine Mahomedan ghosts somehow! One of the buildings is used as a dāk bungalow, and excepting a few native servants there is nobody here at all. It is all built of great stone slabs, great thick walls with funny little recesses and niches all over the inside; and a broad verandah on three sides,

supported on tall pillars each a single stone, and on the fourth side the rocky hill falls sheer away and gives a splendid view all over the country round and the ruins below, and on one side, of the finest and highest part of the old palace. It is most beautiful and weird. There is a quaint little stone balcony with a minaret top which sticks out of our room on this side and gives a most glorious view, and when the sun set and the moon rose it was wonderful. I want to take some photographs, but no isolated 'bits' could give any idea of the astonishing whole, because it is the amazing weirdness of the whole place, so empty and deserted, and its grandeur that make it so striking. Glass doors have been fitted in the archways to the rooms of the bungalow building, but anybody could look through them; but as there is nobody to look, that does not matter much! Just now there was a rattle and we were startled by a head appearing suddenly in one of the broken glass door-panel openings, and it turned out to belong to a jungle cat standing on hind legs and gazing steadily at us! There are also bats! In one house we went into after sunset an owl banged out and nearly knocked us down in the doorway.

Dec. 16.—We heard nothing last night more alarming than the screams of jackals. This morning we discovered a good many fresh places, a sort of guide accompanying us. He told us various things; amongst others, when we were trying to make out some very much defaced paintings on one house, he pointed to one house and said it was the Annunciation! pronouncing the word very plainly in English! I was very much astonished; but it seems this old Akbar had three wives; one was a

Hindu who had a beautiful courtyard and galleries round it all to herself, another was a Musalmani and she had a palace and terraces and a garden, and the third was a Portuguese named Miriam, and she had a charming little house all over paintings and a water tank and fountain, and I suppose she was a Christian. So there is the Annunciation, and funnily it is surrounded by prancing elephants and tigers and things! We saw some most lovely little birds, of the most vivid green colour with crests and backs of the most intense burnished red gold: they *were* beautiful.

Monday, Dec. 17.—To-day we visited old Akbar's tomb at Secundra near Agra. It is a wonderful and complicated structure, about as big as Buckingham Palace and consisting chiefly of arches and pillars. Then we found that his wife Miriam was buried close by, so we went there; the tomb is now used as a mission school and a quaint building it is. We were introduced to a genuine 'Romulus', a boy who was brought up by wolves and found some years ago in the jungle living in a cave with wolves, running about on all fours and eating like them. He and the wolves had to be smoked out of the cave together before he could be caught; he was then about eight years old. He is more civilized now, but semi-idiotic, deaf and dumb and very ugly.

Dec. 21.—*Bikanir.*—We got here yesterday; but before quitting Agra we spent the chief part of the day at the Taj, and I was so glad to find that it was more beautiful to me than ever. I was so afraid that after having seen dozens and hundreds of tombs of the same sort of cake shape, and having got thoroughly tired of them, that one might have the same sort of feel with

regard to the Taj; but not at all. The more one looks at it, the more beautiful it grows: it is the only building one sees which is quite perfect in every way, both as a beautiful whole, the proportions and the general effect, and the exquisite gardens round it, and the grand sweep of river under the walls at one side, with the view of the fort and palace beyond; and then the details which are simply marvellously beautiful in themselves, but all so perfectly subordinated to the general effect.

We went into the building to see again the marble screens and carving and coloured inlaying. There is a remarkable echo under the dome and I never heard anything like it. We were only capable of making noises, but if the proper notes are sung, echo gives back the most beautiful chords. We sat awhile in the gardens among orange trees with blossom and fruit, and sweet-smelling plants, and brilliant with bushes and trees of scarlet poinsettias and all kinds of lovely things. We went back in the evening to walk on the terrace, because at midday the intense glare of the sun is quite unbearable; the white marble is like a snowfield and one cannot keep eyes open.

We left Agra that night and arrived at Jeypore, making there a short stay to see the city and Amber the old and now abandoned capital not far off.

Dec. 21.—*Bikanir.*—We got here yesterday and were met by cousin Willie Loch. There are no English ladies at all here, and at dinner when every European in the place was assembled, we only made thirteen including the Agent of the Governor-General who chanced to be on inspection duty in Bikanir. We have had a quiet time, interrupted at intervals only by bringers of dālis

(presents) which came first from the Maharajah, then from all the various ladies of the palace, and consisted of trays of fruit and vegetables, garlands of flowers, trays of sweetmeats and cakes of all sorts, and funny little devilled things looking like peas and very crisp and good; five or six men arrived each time all laden, so we have quite cartloads of things. The Maharajah is only fifteen and such a nice lad. He has just left the Ajmere College and is now being instructed how to govern his country when he shall have come of age.

Yesterday afternoon the foundation-stone of a new hospital was laid and a grand Durbar was held, to which we went and were given seats of honour next the gold and silver thrones where sat the Maharajah, Col. Trevor (Governor-General's Agent) and cousin Willie (Resident at the Bikanir Court). It was very interesting. All the other people were congregated round and many of them wore the most beautiful and gorgeous robes and petticoats of lovely silks and embroideries. The Maharajah had on an apricot-coloured muslin and gold turban and a pale blue and gold brocade tunic (which came from Paris!) reaching nearly to the ankles, and a magnificent necklace of pearls, emeralds and uncut diamonds covering up all his chest, trousers of white cricketing flannel and very gentlemanly lace boots of tan leather! He came back to the Residency with us and spent all the rest of the afternoon with Betty and me, as all the gentlemen were busy. He speaks perfect English and has very nice manners. We all dined at the palace and it was interesting and novel climbing up into the old fort staircases, courtyards, and colonnades filled with natives and torches and also electric light! The dinner was

laid in a big hall with marble pillars all round—only the English of course; but the Maharajah came in at dessert and then there was health-drinking, and little speeches. Native sweets were handed round and stalks of corn made in sugar, in coloured paper. Afterwards there were fireworks in a courtyard into which we looked from a high balcony. Also there were elephants and horses in splendid trappings in the courtyard—complimentary presents to the A.G.G., which of course are not accepted.

Betty and I are occupying two magnificent tents pitched in the garden and are very happy and comfortable in them. Willie took us over a great part of the fort and palace; they are most interesting and a good deal very beautiful. To-day the Maharajah was dressed in Norfolk jacket and riding gaiters and looked very like an English boy except for his complexion and pagri (turban).

Dec. 24.—Only think, to-morrow is Christmas Day; I can't believe it. Yesterday we were taken all through the city on elephants and it was very amusing and exciting. The Maharajah, Betty and I were together on one and the rest of the party on the other. A man on horseback and several on foot went ahead to clear the way, and the people rushed to their balconies or ran along the streets shouting 'Khaman! Khaman!' which really means 'Pardon!' but which represents 'Hurrah!' or 'Vive le Roi!' There are some fine houses of carved stone all over, but the streets have very many such funny narrow corners almost too small for our elephant to squeeze round.

Cousin Willie is just now very excited over some

unusually beautiful marble goddesses which have been discovered in the desert and brought in, from a deserted city perhaps 1,000 years old. He is going to have some excavations made there as it is all buried in sand.

Christmas Day and most gloriously bright and sunny; warm enough at midday, but bitterly cold at night and in the mornings. I am quite surprised how cold it is in this part of India, but it is said that bare sandy plains give great extremes. Several people having come for Christmas, we are now quite a large party; the whole usual European population consists only of cousin Willie, a civil engineer, a medical officer and a missionary.

Dec. 26.—This afternoon we went up to the palace to call on the 'Margees' as they are called. The Maharajah Ganga Singh met us there and took us up into the zenana, but not quite inside, only into a sort of antechamber. We saw only the two principal Maharanis (there are eleven altogether). Several of their women attendants sat round on the floor, and one or two eunuchs opened the door and stood in the background. The Maharajah introduced us to 'my real mother' and to 'my adopted mother.' He succeeded his half-brother, and though a younger son of the late Maharajah, had to be adopted by his late brother's chief wife before he could succeed. The adopted mother in chief shook hands with us and then the other did. The real mother and son are quite devoted to one another and are very nice together. As the Maharanis spoke only a Marwari dialect the son had to do a good deal of interpreting. Being widows they were of course entirely without jewels; they wore the very full crimson cotton skirts of the country and black chuddahs red bordered

over their heads; the feet were bare. The real mother is a most interesting looking woman with a rather nun-like face, really handsome and with beautiful teeth. Of course there were many polite speeches, minute explanations as to who we were and where we came from, and admirations of Bikanir. Both mothers are well educated and seemed quite alive to the outside world. After this interview we called on the wife of the Vice-President of the Council of Regency and we found the whole family fully prepared to receive us and simply *buried* in jewels, and all the children decked out. Mrs. Sodhi was a nice cheerful buxom body and chatty. As all were Sikhs from the Punjab there was no difficulty in understanding them. Old Sodhi Rai Bahadur sat and beamed with pride and talked English.

Dec. 30.—We have just got back here after spending two days at a delightful place called Gajnir, about twenty miles from here. Camping out is such a science in this part of the world that everything is very luxurious. Only think what a fuss there would be at home if one had to carry out all household and kitchen goods, and furniture complete, besides servants, food and tents for twelve people (our party) for two days! It was great fun; the gentlemen rode and there was a promiscuous lot of natives belonging to the Maharajah, so the cavalcade was great and straggled in a long line over the flat plain of sand which had only little scrubby thorny bushes, and the road like a seashore above high-water mark. We went in two open carriages; one drawn by eight horses, the first four driven from the box and the leading four each ridden by a postillion wearing a long scarlet and gold tunic reaching below

the knee, but for convenience of riding the back part turned up inside out and round the waist! the other carriage was drawn by six camels which looked so huge and the carriage so little. Every camel was ridden by a man and every man yelled and shouted all the time and thwacked his own and his neighbour's camel with sticks, and they all kicked the beasts with both legs without stopping till they all looked like spinning windmills; it was the oddest sight in the world. I had no idea that camels could go at such a pace. As we galloped into Gajnir we found all the villagers turned out to receive us; the men shouted 'Khaman!' the women singing in chorus, and they all held out a little brass lotah (pot) with a sprig of green in it; it was very pretty. Gajnir is an oasis. There is a large lake-like tank and very large gardens thick with trees, no flowers to speak of as they have been neglected, but some very fine trees and plenty of oranges, and they are very nice as there is nothing green anywhere else. The ladies, five of us and a child, were lodged in the empty palace, rather a fine building round a courtyard with endless and most confusing rooms and galleries all round it, and at first we kept on losing our way especially by the staircases. On the walls were painted quaint hunting scenes. There was lots of sport for the gentlemen, grouse, antelope, pig-sticking. The grouse were so pretty; there was a large kind, a sort of soft dove colour with a black ring round the chest and some bright yellow and dark markings on the wings; and a smaller sand-grouse, brown speckly like those at home only much smaller; and some lovely little birds, pintail grouse, of a very soft delicate drab with a rich dark

brown on the lower part of the breast and a brown ring on the upper part. They are all sand-grouse I believe.

Dec. 31.—Yesterday the Maharajah took us to see his own temple, an exceedingly pretty building a mile or so out of the city and with a very well-kept enclosed compound with flowers in it. Of course we were presented with little nosegays and garlands, but we were not allowed inside the temple—one never is here—but we could see in through the pillars; there appeared to be some very good painting and carving and a golden bull in the middle.

We start to-morrow morning early and I am longing now to be off on our travels. I do think we shall look *more* than funny. We shall do from fifteen to twenty miles a day, riding camels alternately with driving in the camel-carriage.

CHAPTER VII

1895

JAN. 3.—*Bikanir Desert.*—We are getting on very well. Our party consists of cousin Willie, Mr. Gabbett the engineer a most cheery man, Betty and myself. We are very luxurious in tent arrangements, there being two sets, one of which is always sent on ahead to be in readiness for our arrival. A camel is a most agitating mount, because directly one begins, the creature twists its neck round, opens its mouth like an alligator and roars at one! then two or three men hang on to its nose and assure one it won't bite, and I dare say it won't because the beasts all roar and burble while they are being loaded, but at the same time they tell stories of how an ill-tempered camel has been known to take a man's head into its mouth and crunch it up! Then when it gets up it is like an earthquake, and after that one goes on gaily at a sort of jog-trot, flump, flump, flump all the time, about six miles an hour. One of our riding camels has a sort of arm-chair behind the driver, but the other has a side-saddle in front which I like much better. The camel-carriage is at hand when we are tired of riding. The country is all sand, either quite flat or with little ridges of sand-hills called teburs, which travel: the prevailing wind always pushing the loose sand over the top, which slips down the steep side, and thus they move steadily forwards. The sand is very fine and loose and without a pebble. The rest of the

country is either lumpy or quite flat, with little thorny bushes or a sort of bent grass growing in the sand. One would think that any animal could not live, but there are villages every five or ten miles and they keep numbers of camels which appear to thrive on invisible bushes, and sheep and cattle that graze somehow. Also some kinds of crops are grown in the rains, but there is nothing to be seen now. Yesterday we were at a place where they make salt; they simply dig holes which fill up with salt water, and this is ladled out and evaporated to dryness in large flat troughs dug and smoothed in the ground, and any quantity is obtained. The great difficulty in all the country is of course water; there is none except from wells, and they are sometimes nearly 100 yards deep and always brackish. All our drinking water is sent out every day on camels from Bikanir. Of wild creatures there are very few—a few birds and antelope, occasionally grouse, and yesterday Mr. Gabbett saw a wolf. Somehow the scenery is all very pretty in its own way and I always love sand, and there is such a lovely open sky and nice lights and shades, but oh it must be a fiery oven in the hot weather! The villagers look very well-to-do. The women wear embroidered sarees of a particular kind of work done in this district and in no other part of India—they are rather nice—and a good deal of silver jewellery. The men wear a kind of heavy gold locket of different patterns, which denote either the rank or possessions or family or something.

We are rather anxious for the post to come in because we are expecting an answer to a telegram sent to the Waziristan Field Force, to inquire after Bruce Seton who was lately mentioned in the *Pioneer* newspaper as

severely wounded. They seem to be having a very brisk time of it up there. I wonder if it may possibly end in any of us being sent up!

I have just heard from R. Pindi that my poor little pony Aline has had to be shot, and I am so sorry and grieved about her, but am glad that it is done and over before I get back. It seems that her injured hoof got worse and that she was suffering great pain, and the case was said to be hopeless.

We are camped by an unusually big village, a sort of provincial town, and I suppose the people are bolder in consequence. A result is that the ladies are filled with devouring curiosity to come and look at us, and come down in little bands of tens and twenties to peep in! We are a regular peep-show! They lift up the chicks (tent curtains) and then squeeze a little way in and salaam and squat down and look over one another's shoulders and under their elbows and laugh and giggle, and when they have had a good look, off they go quite content. There is a rather important nobleman, a sort of feudal chief of all this part. He rode about four miles out to meet our party this morning, and we are to go this afternoon to see his fort and palace.

Jan. 7.—We have now done perhaps more than half our journey and are enjoying it as much as ever, as we are a cosy little party and we suit very well all round. To-day we had our first taste of discomforts—a severe thunderstorm drenched us and made us very cold by the time we got to camp; however we soon made ourselves comfortable with the help of sigries (iron baskets of hot ashes). Yesterday we spent at Kalu, which is the site of an old, old city now covered by a good-sized village.

Some very fine marble carvings have been found there and a good many other things, and Willie has had excavations started in different places. We went to the temple to peep at some goddesses through a dark doorway, but we could not see much, only that the statues were dressed in green muslin petticoats, and had glass eyes which gleamed like a cat's in the darkness.

Jan. 9.—Our weather has been simply heavenly, but the last few days we just came in for the winter rains which generally fall in January even in this dry desert. It is a curious life, this wandering from place to place and received everywhere by deputations of the villagers who all flock round and salaam deeply in rows, and there are always two or three or half a dozen with petitions to Willie; they all stand with their hands together like praying or with their little fingers held up as a sign they are calling God to witness, and all talk at once. At Thirana where we halted to dry our tents and clothes, we went for a walk by ourselves and were met by the Thākūr (nobleman) who escorted us through the village and showed us the sights; there were a goat with three or four toes on each foot and a lot of very pretty pigeons, all having on their legs little silver bangles which jingled when they flew about or alighted; he then took us to his zenana as he said his wife was anxious to see us. We were led into a little courtyard very nice and clean, and in the middle a small carpet with two stools on it which we were invited to occupy. The head wife sat on a corner of the carpet, and dozens of others—I suppose aunts, cousins and grandmothers, and children—crowded round but were not allowed on the carpet, and lots more, less distinguished I fancy,

crowded on the roof and peeped down. We all sat and stared at one another for some time and smiled and nodded. It was impossible to understand a word the women said, but I could make out fairly well what the man said, and I paid him as many compliments as I could think of, and we were all very polite.

You would be amused to know how we make our butter in camp. Willie takes his own cows with him on the march, so we have excellent milk, and every morning before starting last night's milk is put into a bottle which is tied on a camel, and by the end of the march it is all solid beautiful butter ready for breakfast.

Jan. 10.—Here we are at our last camp in the wilderness. These places are very quaint. Europeans rarely make an appearance here—I suppose never unless the Political Officer makes a progress like the present through the country—and Englishwomen still more rarely, so we are an endless source of curiosity and amusement. We have just been for a walk round the village tank, and directly the women carrying their water-jars saw us they put them down and came scampering after and surrounded us. The way they salaam is by stooping down and touching one's feet and then their own foreheads and salaaming with their hands, and that is sufficiently agitating when a whole crowd insist on going through the whole performance. But these good ladies were not content with this, but insisted on pinching our legs too! I am not sure if it was not part of the salute or whether they wanted to find out if we had got any legs! Anyhow it made us laugh very much, which delighted them, and then we grew very friendly, and they examined everything we

had on, and we all talked, but we could not understand very much. I took a great many photographs, as at other places, as this place lent itself to snap-shots of people and things better than any other we have been to. We went to see a Hindu school and photographed the building, the masters and the children. Then the head master insisted on showing off his best scholars, so we held a regular examination and heard half a dozen youngsters read Urdu and Hindi books, and finally three were called out to do mental arithmetic. 'If you get eleven seers for a rupee, how much would you get for fifteen rupees less a quarter to two annas?' Verily the reckoning in this country is arranged in a horribly perplexing way! The three agitated little fellows were each trying to do it fastest; they all did do it right enough, so the master said, but it was much too difficult for me to follow!

We shall not know ourselves when we get home again and are no longer followed by half the population like a growing snow-ball wherever we walk. This land is one of camels and peacocks. There are numbers of peafowl in all the villages and they gather round the tanks and sit on the temple walls. There was one place where there was a dear little tank with very pretty trees shading it and a steep 'bund' (embankment) on the top of which lived a priest all by himself in a quaint little hut. He was quite a picture in his apricot-coloured clothes and rosary round his neck, with a cowering little lapdog cuddled under the folds of his ample clothes and looking out suspiciously; and the peacocks squawked and strutted about. At Thirana our camp was close to a temple, and every evening at sunset the bell rang for

service, a regular church bell, and then doleful music was played on a horn and drums rolled. I wish I could have known what the service consisted of. Then there were prayers, and a little sharp-toned bell rung at intervals, the worshippers all prostrating themselves.

Jan. 15.—*Rawal Pindi.*—Here I am, back again, having arrived yesterday at 3 a.m. It is killingly cold here and I quite dread going to Quetta next week, where it will be fifty times colder and is now I believe under deep snow. I hate this touring round and am heartily sick of it, and in some places people are so extraordinarily unsatisfactory and tiresome. For instance in one station the S.M.O. does not care for nursing and he makes the Sisters work in a way which renders them almost entirely useless, and then of course he says they are so! There are other bothers too here and there. Dr. Bradshaw's time as P.M.O. in India is up the month after next, and I suppose he goes to England. He is tiresome in some ways, but I am sorry to lose him all the same because I have no idea who is to succeed him.

Feb. 5.—I got back to Pindi last night from Quetta and have all my reports (such difficult things) to write.

Feb. 11.—They have been frightfully busy in hospital while I was away, but things have subsided again now. We are rather depressed at present as Dr. McGill, who has been in charge of our wards for three years or more, is leaving for England this week. He has been eminently satisfactory to work for, so we are rather spoilt!

March 15.—There is such commotion in the station because of mobilization of many troops for an Expedition to Chitral. No orders about Sisters have come, and it

makes me sick to think that if orders do come they will probably be to me to select a certain number; only think of the rage, jealousy and despair of those to be left behind!

April 5.—We have been having rumpuses here. All the new Rifle orderlies who were just beginning to shake down a little have been swept away as the Rifle Brigade has been mobilized for Chitral, and the new ones are of little good, and last night they were all drunk and there were endless fusses till they were got rid of and exchanged for others.

April 13.—Do you remember your old story of a dog you saw somewhere that ran on two legs, one front and the other behind? Now I honestly confess I never could quite swallow that story, but I now stand convicted of want of faith, for the other day at a railway station I saw a dog that had lost one foreleg. This dog was exceedingly cheerful, and as it had the trick of cocking one hind leg when it ran, it hopped all over the place on two only as easily as possible and never put the third leg down except when it wanted to turn sharp round.

April 23.—Little Sister W. is going on leave about the 6th of May, and then I shall be planted in hospital for the next six months—rather an oppressive prospect, but I dare say good for me as I have not had enough to do lately and have been much bored in consequence. All the world is a bore I think, and I have several times thought seriously as to whether it is worth while to stay on here for the next four years, but I dare say I shall hang on. We are all still very much interested in the Chitral campaign, but it seems as if most of the fighting were over.

April 26.—I feel sure that were Lord Roberts still Commander-in-Chief we should be much more employed with the Expedition than we are, and there might have been a good chance for some of us to have been sent as far into the Chitral territory as the place where they are now all sitting waiting, while the forward column is pushing right through. As it is they have employed us very little, for though there are six Sisters at Peshawar with the Base Hospital, that station is so far out of the way that the majority of sick who succeed in getting there, are nearly well before they arrive. It is terrible weather here just now, a tearing odious wind, frequent dust-storms and exceedingly hot—94° on my table.

May 19.—I have just finished my week of night duty and now take my turn of day work for a fortnight. We had an abominable dust-storm yesterday; they are hateful things, but they do make it cooler for a time.

May 22.—It is broiling, frizzling hot, and there is the most abominable hot wind blowing. My room keeps from 100° to 104° every day from 9 or 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; only towards morning does it get a little cooler. Life is horrid at present!

June 23.—We have got into what I call 'rainy window pane' weather, when one streams and trickles all the time and the drops chase one another down one's nose! I really do not think I can put up with another hot weather. We are very busy just now too; this is generally a bad month and there is a lot of enteric going on and of a very fatal type.

June 26.—There was much rain last night, which is a thankful blessing. But the two preceding days were awful, and during them there were eight cases of heat

apoplexy. However, all but two have come round all right and one of the two is better; they are such queer cases. Besides there was a regular rush of enteric fever; we had six or seven deaths in four days and a real bad time. However, the storms and cooler air are going to save the rest, but it was heart-breaking. So perverse is our weather that it is now positively cold! I never knew anything like it before in June and I cannot think what the world is coming to! We sleep under a blanket and it is quite delightful.

July 5.—I am going on night duty for a week. Three more heat apoplexies admitted.

July 16.—*Meerut.*—Here I am on ten days' leave to see Betty. The day part of the journey was fiendishly hot, even the lavatory water in the rail carriage was scalding! It is not at all so very hot here, but far damper than at Pindi, so much so that one streams rivulets and waterfalls even when one does not feel hot! I must say I think this an odious country. The result is however that everything here is beautifully green and luxuriant. We visited Sirdhana to see the Begum's palace and the Roman Catholic Mission schools.

July 29.—I came back to Pindi rather hurriedly from Meerut, and we are all in rather a bad way as poor little Sister W. has got enteric fever and is I fear very ill. As she sickened within two days of her return here she must have caught the disease elsewhere. She is in the Women's Hospital, and as at present the Station Hospital is very empty and I am on night duty, I can look after her by night.

Aug. 12.—Little W. is going on very nicely, which is

a great comfort, but we are really busy in the ward and it is pretty stiff work to keep going. I am on day duty now and find it more tiring than night work, but we must take turns; it means going into the ward at 7 a.m., coming back for breakfast from eleven to twelve, then another hour off from four to five and then I try to get away for a short drive, then go back to finish them up and get back to dinner about a quarter to nine. So it makes a long day, and as there are half a dozen bad cases one is on the go too all the time.

Aug. 19.—I changed to night duty yesterday. The ward has grown light for the moment and (in consequence I am sure!) I hear this morning that we may immediately expect help in the shape of another Sister, and I dare say she will arrive this afternoon.

Aug. 25.—Sister W. has a relapse, and it makes one very anxious, as the relapse is almost always more dangerous than the original attack.

Aug. 31.—I am now nursing Sister W. It is certainly a great rest from the hospital, which is very heavy just now and especially for the one on day duty; it means fourteen hours of hard work. W. has been ill nearly two months now and is still in a very precarious condition. I do think that enteric, at any rate in this country, is the most diabolical and disheartening disease to have anything to do with.

Sept. 23.—Since we brought Sister W. back to our quarters I have really had no work to do, and I have been very glad of the rest.

Sept. 29.—I am doing night duty again. We have just lost two cases rather suddenly, so the work is less heavy again, but there are plenty more severe cases.

The troops are coming back from Chitral and bringing sick with them.

Oct. 3.—Our weather is really getting delicious, such a blessing not to frizzle all day and stew all night. I am looking forward most eagerly to getting away on leave next month as I am sick to death of everything and everybody! Betty has just had a bad attack of dengue fever, and as Burmah is always hot and steamy (and I am sure we have had enough of that) we have decided not to go there. The soldiers from the Chitral Expedition have had their bouts of intemperance and the station has subsided again and many of them came into hospital; they came in tens and dozens with black eyes, scratched faces, swollen noses and plastered heads —a beautiful crew! I hope they had enjoyed themselves and had got the most possible out of their accumulated pay.

Oct. 15.—I have been on duty the last few nights.

Oct. 28.—I have been very discontented and feeling unsettled for a long time. I began to be last spring and having had such a nasty beastly summer has only strengthened it, and I have begun to think very seriously of not staying out my full time. The chief things which hold me back are: a feeling of disappointment at not completing the ten years, which would have been so satisfactory, and also doubting whether I should throw away so much money, because not only do I save about £100 a year here, but I should lose the passage money home and also the 4,000 rupees bonus which would be due to me at the end. Also I am very loth to leave Betty out here alone, for she could not afford to throw up the Service. However, I do not think on the whole

that the first reasons are sufficient to balance against spending another three years out here in grumbling and fussing and having to work very hard in a very unsatisfactory way; and as to Betty, if I carry out the plan I have been playing with in imagination, she would only miss two holidays that we could spend together. I want to come away and enjoy myself before I am quite old and decrepit, and I do not feel as if I could stay away from home till March, 1899; it does seem such a long time off—fancy, only nine months of this century would be left—and besides that I do want to come home to you both. I do not mind confessing that I am very disappointed in the Service in many ways, and as I do not see the slightest prospect of getting many things altered that I should like to alter, I feel that anybody else in my place would do just as well and perhaps better, and I do not see the good of wearing myself out for no result (except the 4,000 rupees!).

A sudden order having come recalling Sister H. to her own station the other Sister H. and I will be left alone here for a month; luckily at present there is not much work, only an officer who is a good deal of anxiety.

Nov. 4.—I have been doing night duty, but as our two principal patients have died on two successive nights and the rest are not so serious, I am not going on again. So long as we can keep out of night duty we shall divide the days very comfortably between us.

I am so longing to get an answer from both of you about my 'idea' for next year that I wrote of and am wondering what you will have thought of it. Things annoy me so much that I shall really be very glad to be out of it all and to feel quite free and independent again,

though it will be a wrench in some ways to leave; one cannot be identified with a thing for so long and not feel giving it up.

Nov. 26.—*Meerut.*—I have got away from Pindi, but last week was one wild bustle, I was out of breath all the time! As for the letters I wrote to S.M.Os. and P.M.Os. of Districts and of Commands, to P.M.O. India and secretaries of P.M.Os., they would fill a volume, and such soul-stirring and moving epistles were they, that everybody bestirred themselves and really were most kind about it, and finally I was allowed to come away.

(Tour in Burmah. December 1895.)

Dec. 2.—At this moment I am sitting writing on deck; the boat is not very large, but very comfortable. We had a good journey down to Calcutta, but it was a very dusty one. We had for fellow traveller a lady going to join a brother in Burmah, and she has by chance been put into our cabin, which is lucky for us as we like her. We had only one day in Calcutta, but drove about and there was not really much to do. It is not in the least like an Indian town; the houses both outside and in are exactly like any town on the Continent, great high many-storied and white, with green venetian shutters and no verandahs or balconies, at least not in the Indian sense. The weather was delicious, neither hot nor cold, but even then it was stuffy in the houses. Calcutta is not on the sea but on a tidal river, and it takes nearly a day's steaming to reach the sea. Moreover it is a very dangerous river, being full of shoals and sandbanks especially close to the mouth, and just now it

is very low. I had read things about the river before, notably a story of Rudyard Kipling's with a Hūgli pilot for its hero, which gives one a vivid idea of all sorts of things which could not be seen for oneself! Also there is a terrible story of a ship, a Messageries boat that was going down on just such a fine day as this about three or four years ago. She touched a sand-bank and turned over; most or all the passengers and crew were saved, but the unlucky stokers below could not get out and they put their heads through the port-holes and cried for help. Boats were rowed round and got near enough for people to take them by the hand, but nothing could be done to save the men, for the ship was of iron and no tools were available. The vessel was two or three hours sinking, and all the time their heads were out and they implored people to shoot them, and the last things seen were hands held up and waving! The wreck still lies a little below the water and the masts stand straight up still about half their length. Although the river is two or three miles broad the channel is so narrow we had to pass within twenty yards of them. Then we went down to lunch, and almost immediately after I felt a little funny movement of the ship which made me say, 'I am sure we have touched the bottom.' The engines stopped, but nothing at all thrilling happened, which was of course a thankful blessing; we didn't turn over, but only stuck fast and had to stay there for eighteen hours till the tide took us off next morning. It is about a four days' voyage altogether.

Dec. 5.—*Rangoon.*—Here we are and rather hurried. It is a pity not to have ample time for things; however,

it is very jolly to do it at all. We stuck again, in the entrance to the Irawadi (the captain doesn't call it sticking, he says we anchored to wait for the next tide!). We were met by Miss James, who took us in and then drove us about for awhile, but it was too dark to see anything distinctly; it was however deliciously cool after the hot stuffy day.

It is so different here from India, everything green, luxuriant and tropical with beautiful trees of all kinds, palms and flowering shrubs and variegated leafy things and orchids. The houses are most queer. They are all built of wood and full of gables and corners and roofs; they all stand on piles about twelve or more feet high to lift them out of the malaria, so they are all upstairs and no down. Some have walls of matting, but a properly built house has the walls made entirely of venetian shutters which open and close, so that when open the whole house is open work all over! There are hardly any glass windows, but here and there shutters open like windows. Miss James took us to see the Great Pagoda and I can't tell you what a strange big and extraordinary place it is. We went in at a large mysterious gateway with queer colossal figures and griffins, and at first a sloping passage with pillars, then steep stone steps, but so steep they face one like a wall, and always pillars, a confusion of pillars all one above another supporting a complicated roof that all went up in steps too; and through the pillars to right and left small spaces filled with booths and picturesque Burmans selling yellow, blue, purple and deep red water lilies, tapers, paper flags, cloth, &c. for offerings, but flowers are the chief things. Here and there were awful lepers

smoking cigarettes, each on a ledge by himself and over their heads glimpses of palm trees, moonlight and water. Arrived at the top it is the most confusing and extraordinary jumble possible. We wandered through what seemed miles of shrines big and little, some elaborately painted or gilt or carved, the most exquisite wood carvings, doorways, pinnacles, minarets, points, spires, pillars, hundreds and hundreds of Buddhas—sitting figures exactly like the little silver one at home, the recumbent one rather graceful but much more rare and always surrounded by groups of kneeling figures, carved I mean; but in some of the shrines there were plenty of live praying Burmans too, both men and women, and the shrines were stuck all over with candles big and little guttering in the open air, though there was hardly any wind. From the many monasteries come numbers of monks and nuns all with shaven heads, the men in togas of old gold yellow and the nuns in white. There was a dear old thing with grey hair and such a sweet face. They all pray with a flower held between their folded hands, and then the flower is left before the shrine, so the place smells sweet with them. We were on a great, apparently endless paved terrace with all the shrines and little temples scattered on it, and mixed with beautiful tropical trees all in a muddle. In the darkness it was the most weird and eerie and queer place that could be imagined. The Pagoda itself is about 300 feet high and chiefly gilt, and the top is covered with real gold and heaps of real jewels. It is solid, and it is said there are a hair and a tooth of Buddha buried in it. It stands on this huge terrace I have mentioned, and round the base of it is a ring of

kneeling men and elephants all facing inwards, the men really very fine and devotional in attitude. Then the terrace itself is at the top of a huge mound or hill with the extraordinary staircases leading up, and there are lower terraces fortified. The reason I am so particular to tell you what all is like is because of a discovery I have made. We went with a Burman to interpret and to show us about and we saw many things by daylight that we had not been able to make out the night before, and we were more struck than ever with the picturesque dresses and the charming colours they wear, and the kneeling people telling their beads and chanting (they have regular rosaries), and offering the blue and crimson lotus-like lilies, and then we boomed the great bell to hear what it sounded like. Behind the bell is a little quiet corner quite shut away and hidden by the crowd of shrines, and we should never have found it but for our Burman guide. It is shadowed by lofty trees and is just a corner like a sort of rampart with a glorious view over all the country round, which stretches out far below, and there under the trees are four English graves and one of them is Uncle Granville's. (He was the captain of the man-of-war *Winchester* and was killed in action in 1852.) Is it not curious and strange its being in that odd place, so sacred to the Burmese and surrounded by all these extraordinary things? Perhaps in those days it was about the only safe place the English held. It is in perfectly good order, even the railing round, and the inscription is quite clear. We also went to the timber yards to see the elephants stack the great square beams weighing from one and a half to three tons apiece,

which they did in a most intelligent way with the trunk and tusks. When the work time is up a bell is rung, and every elephant at once throws down his load and marches off, refusing to do another scrap of work!

Dec. 9.—We are now on the river; we left Rangoon on Friday by rail, arrived at Mandalay on Saturday afternoon, spent all Sunday there and started this morning in an Irawadi Flotilla Company's steamer for Myitkyina (pronounced Mitchinar). The Flotilla boats are very like those on the Rhine, with cabins on an upper deck, and the bows are fitted up as a very comfortable saloon with a permanent awning overhead. I am delighted we came on this trip; it is a most interesting country and most picturesque and pretty, and entirely different from India. The people are totally different; in fact they are very like Japanese both in appearance and dress. The women especially are exactly like the little people painted on fans, with the hair twisted up into a shiny black coil on the top of the head, with a brilliant coloured flower stuck in it, and their little painted faces and red mouths and their silken skirts bound tight round the loins and twisting and squirming on the ground round their feet, and their fans and paper umbrellas. Some of them are very pretty and all are picturesque, and everything is so bright and so vivid. Every one wears a silk loongie, which is the garment that represents a petticoat, only the men's are shorter, coming a little below the knees. It is not a petticoat at all, but only a straight piece of stuff; if one were to take a Turkey towel and bind it tightly round the hips lapping one side over the other, there is the thing exactly. I have been so extravagant, but the things

are so lovely and fascinating; the silks are intensely attractive and are much thicker and stronger than the Indian silks, and they say they wash like a pocket-handkerchief. The people here remind me so much of the French; the women, instead of being shut away and invisible and silent like the Indian women, seem to take the prominent part in everything. It is frequently the woman who manages her husband's business and shop, and even if the husband is selling in the shop, Madame is sure to come bustling out from the background at the critical moment of the bargain and take it out of his hands, and she cackles and laughs and twists her little skirts about and gesticulates with her hands and talks volubly with a word of English here and there, but her gestures are so expressive one can generally understand, and she is so quaint and so fan-like and she laughs so merrily and her hands are so quick and so graceful that you feel quite in love with her. To make up for this however the old ones and the ugly ones are very ugly indeed. There are vast numbers of Chinese both in Rangoon and Mandalay, and they are quaint and queer too. Half the eating-houses are kept by them (the Burmese nearly all go out to restaurants for their food) and most of the carpenters are Chinamen. It is most amusing in walking through the bāzārs to pass the barbers' shops and see them solemnly sitting down to have their pigtails plaited up. Mandalay is a delightful place, with a much fresher climate (at this time of year) than that of Rangoon. Then it is interesting because it is barely nine years since it came into the hands of the English, and though it is wonderful how Englishified it has become already and how like

any other cantonment, still the bāzārs and native parts and the country round are much more interesting. We went to see King Theebaw's palace, which is all built of teakwood and gilt all over; it is now turned into Government offices and is getting very tawdry, still the Burmese style of building with pillars, open woodwork and elaborate carving, and most complicated roofs, dozens of them all one above another and sticking out in every direction, is always exceedingly pretty and effective.

Dec. 17.—After all we never got to Myitkyina, because we were shipwrecked and all sorts of things befell us! However everything in order, and we are now on our way back to Mandalay. It is very enjoyable and very jolly and idle travelling in these steamboats. We reached Bhamo in three days and had a very wet and excessively cold time, but it was amusing seeing the people coming aboard to buy things. The mixture of races was surprising—Musalman servants, imported Hindu coolies, Burmese of course, lots of Chinese and as one got farther north Shans and Kachins, all such queer types. The Shan men wear huge straw hats with a big scarlet tassel stuck on the crown. The Kachin ladies wear a dozen or two of lacquered rings like bangles right round their bodies, and they have a short embroidered cloth *en guise de* petticoat reaching to about the knees, and embroidered gaiters between the bare knee and ankle. They carry very pretty embroidered scarlet bags over one shoulder and the men all wear funny shaped swords. These are the wildest tribe of all, and just now we are fighting with some of them, an expedition having gone up to punish them

for some raids. The river scenery is most beautiful. It is enormously big and wide, but difficult to navigate when the water is low because of the sandbanks, and the channel is always changing. There are patches of cultivation occasionally, but chiefly there are hundreds of miles of jungle, the most wonderful and magnificent forests imaginable and full of wild elephants, tigers, panthers and deer. A good deal is flat and broad with blue hills in the distance. There are three defiles where the river races down between high steep rocks and hills, and there it is very grand indeed. From Bhamo we went on in a smaller steamer with very pleasant fellow passengers, who told us many interesting things about the people and country. We had once to stop an hour at a Kachin village for fuel wood, so we went ashore and got leave to see the headman's house. It was very large and built entirely of bamboo, floors and walls of split bamboo and thatched, with a door at each end, but no windows. It stood on piles, so one had to go up a ladder to get in. We walked right through the house because no Kachin will allow one to return by the same door, it being thought bad luck to do so. They were cooking tea in hollow bamboos, not having pots or vessels, pieces of bamboo serving for everything! At the time of our visit a priest was performing an incantation in the house, and they did not seem to mind our presence in the least. It appeared that the night before one of the sons had been mauled by a panther which he was trying to drive out of the chicken house adjoining the living house, and the people were all gathered together and making sacrifices to assist his recovery. The Kachins are demon worshippers, and all

round about the village and in the jungle there are little bamboo altars to these Nats or demons. They had just sacrificed a number of chickens and poured their blood on the altars, and there was a poor piggy with his legs tied, dolefully moaning and awaiting his turn. The Kachins who live on or near our borders are peaceable and friendly enough, but the country is enormous and the number of small tribes many.

On the third morning we had come about fifteen miles short of Myitkyina when *Grrrr*! thump! we ran straight on a shingle bed in the middle of the river and the vessel could not be got off. The next day the river had run down so low that we were high and dry and able to get out and walk about the shingle island. Fortunately we were taken off by a passing boat and returned to Bhamo just in time to regain the comfortable steamer we came up in. The fact is our trip as mapped out shaved the time much too close for this region of delays and uncertainties. The same evening we were taken for a walk by Captain Redmond of our steamer and to see the Chinese temple (Bhamo is only thirty miles from China!) which is quite new, only just built. The architecture and decorations were most elaborate and totally different from anything else, the carving most profuse and some of it most beautiful, and the idols most extraordinary. Captain Redmond has been years and years in Burmah and knows the people and their ways and is great friends with them. He is a most interesting man altogether. Being the only man who knew the people and the river and Theebaw's Court thoroughly he was employed by our Government in various ways during the Burmese War, and after

being instrumental in getting all the other European residents (merchants) from Mandalay, he himself was taken prisoner and went through quite an Uncle Henry in China experience, chains and starvation, and being constantly taken out to execution and so on; and he was only saved by some personal Burmese friends who contrived to do so at their own risk. He tells us many interesting things. We are now back in the land of pagodas and steaming gaily down towards Mandalay, where we are to arrive to-morrow. Pagodas bristle on every hillock and the little Burmese women look brighter and gayer than ever after the dirty Shans and Kachins. I never saw anything so 'up to date' as they are; they travel alone, hector the coolies and see after their luggage in the most businesslike way and with such an air! and the whole is such a contrast to their oriental appearance with the tight pink silk wrapper round their legs, and little bare feet clapping along in red cloth sandals that only hang on by a single strap through the big toe, but these do not prevent them being as nimble as possible even on rough ground and marching gaily off with their paper umbrellas up and the bright red or yellow flowers in their hair. I delight in them; and they smoke cigars as big as themselves—really they are nearly a foot long and fat in proportion.

Dec. 19.—We reached Mandalay this afternoon, and on the way the captain of our steamer kindly stopped at Mindoon to let us visit some rather celebrated pagodas and the great bell, thought to be the biggest sound one in the world. It is wonderful how these people can have been capable of casting it.

Christmas Day.—We are still on the river and expect to reach Rangoon to-morrow. We are now in the delta near the mouths of the Irawadi and are surrounded by flat marshy land covered with high grass with white feathery heads or else with forest, chiefly bamboo jungle and toddy palms; the weather is simply heavenly and it is the queerest Christmas imaginable. The sunrises and sunsets have been glorious here. We have had opportunities of going ashore and looking about a little, and I have seen many interesting and often beautiful things. The Burmese are truly wonderful bell-makers. We were seeing a pagoda the other day where there were fifty or sixty most beautiful bells, not giants like that at Mindoon, but modest little things of perhaps half to three tons apiece and their tone was so sweet. We are passing through that part of the delta where all the fighting was in 1852. To-morrow morning we shall pass Syriam, where Uncle Granville was killed, and the captain will point out the place. Last night at dinner, oddly enough, they began talking about it, speaking of the events and fights of that time and bringing in Uncle Granville's name and all that took place, as though it only happened yesterday and was quite familiar; they seemed to know all about it, which I must say I never did before. I think now that all this river journey is over and finished, it has been quite unique and most enjoyable altogether, and as the Irawadi is absolutely the high road of the country, all the places of any interest or importance are on its banks. We shall have three days in Rangoon and on the 29th we embark for Calcutta.

I see that I have not said anything about our second

stay in Mandalay. Well, the bāzār is simply the most fascinating place I ever saw in my life, where one can see and buy the utmost profusion of lovely, costly, cheap, grotesque things, but the silk market is almost the most attractive. All the same I think Mandalay is rather a sad place. It is barely ten years since we turned out Theebaw and his queen and established ourselves in possession, and though the natives appear to be perfectly cheerful and satisfied and no doubt are really much better off, still many of the public buildings are falling into disrepair and look neglected and miserable, and several very important temples have been burnt down, nominally by Mahomedans. Except a few of the biggest pagodas the Burmese do not build anything lasting, and their most beautiful buildings are their golden monasteries, of which there are two or three in Mandalay constructed entirely of teakwood elaborately carved and panelled, and gilt all over inside and out, and they are very fine and quite different from anything in any other country.

1896

Jan. 1.—We are just now in the steamer and proceeding up the Hūgli to Calcutta. The river is most treacherous from its shallows and sand-banks, which are most dangerous to vessels.

Jan. 3.—We have halted at Benares and with a native guide have seen the city, temples and river banks, and also have interviewed the Hindu saint Swamibhaskarananda Saraswati, who lives in the garden of a native banker's house and is held in the highest veneration.

Jan. 13.—I have settled down again in Pindi. Many

things appear to have happened during my absence. A lot of new Sisters just arrived. There has been a fearful extent of sickness all over the place and three or four of the Sisters themselves have been really ill, chiefly pneumonia, and one poor Sister at Allahabad has died of enteric, so they have been having a bad time all round; Sister S. has been invalided from Peshawar. Joy of joys! we have had at last two days and nights of rain: such a thankful blessing. The late weather was hateful, dark, gloomy and dusty beyond description. You cannot imagine such dust at home; at least six inches of white powder as fine as flour on all the roads, everything, trees and all, looking absolutely withered and all the same hideous dust colour, and then the dust rises with things passing on the roads and hangs, especially towards evening, like a fog over everything—all the air thick with it—and it seems to remain suspended. Now the air is washed clean and the dust laid and to-day is lovely.

Jan. 18.—We had a bad earthquake here last week. It came at midnight and lasted about three minutes and several houses were cracked, but fortunately not ours. It was bad enough to wake everybody up and most of us ran outside. I had not gone to bed and was suddenly startled by a violent rattling of all the doors and a swaying and creaking of the roof that seemed to roll over the house in the most alarming way, and my chair rolled me from side to side as though I had been in a ship. A great many people were made sick by the motion. There have been one or two very slight shocks besides.

Feb. 2.—I am on inspection tour to Umballa and

Mian Mir. The feeling of being on inspection duty, the listening to grievances and trying to straighten them and to see and guess what is going on and how people are getting on with their work and with one another: all these seem to take all my ideas about other things clean away.

March 10.—I have had to go on night duty and also I had some nasty official things to attend to and write about, which included an order to communicate to each of the Sisters concerned whatever disparaging remarks I had made about them in my confidential report, which entailed some tiresome letters.

April 18.—It is simply the most perfect heavenly day that ever was. It is very delightful having a renewed spell of nice weather; it was very hot for a time.

April 28.—There is a lot of sickness again just now, but that generally happens in these months. There is one very sad case: a schoolmaster with wife, baby and an orphan sister came out about two months ago to one of the batteries here; the child has been ill ever since they arrived here and is now a wreck, the mother is and has been very ill with fever for some time, the father died of enteric in our ward yesterday and the little sister is now down with enteric too!

May 9.—It is fearfully hot, an abominable tearing hot wind blowing, with a thick misty dust haze over everything, and last night odious, stuffy and full of mosquitoes and sandflies.

May 17.—I have had a hateful night of duty. We had just lost our best orderly who went away in a huff; he was replaced by a raw fool. Another man was half drunk and disappeared, the third was also new, and the

only old one is a big heavy creature who certainly did his best, which was not much; and there were many bad cases, two delirious and dying all night and did die just at the busiest time in the morning, and they brought in a man who had fits, all through the washing time too. I am sorry to say cholera has broken out here; there were thirty-two cases and twenty-nine deaths yesterday in the bāzār where we get all our provisions! So that makes another serious difficulty.

May 24.—I have done my week of night duty and do not go to hospital again till to-morrow. Weather very very trying, so stuffy and oppressive.

June 1.—We have been pretty busy in hospital all the week and I am going on night duty.

June 14.—We are getting through about the hottest week I ever remember here, 115° every day in the shade and 104° in our rooms. When one drives out after sunset it is like driving through a bake oven, and when the metal thimble at the end of my whip slips into my hand the heat makes me jump! The air scorches one's eyes and face like a hot fire. Yesterday I walked barefoot across my room and my feet felt scorched, and tingled for some time after. I have just done my week of night duty and should have felt inclined to do another, for in some ways I like it better than day work and the others do not because they cannot sleep. The feel in the air is changing, and yesterday in proof of it we had our first case of sunstroke; he was a patient in hospital who had got in some beer secretly and succumbed in consequence! But one never gets these cases, however hot, so long as the heat is dry and bright. After all, I need not have grumbled so much, as we did get

a storm last night and about an hour of heavy rain which has cooled the air miraculously; we had a delightful night and really quite a nice day.

June 20.—As soon as it warmed up again after the last storm it was fully fifty times worse than before. There have been three heat apoplexies already and I quite expect more, and the two new Sisters are getting their first baptism of streaming perspiration, which surprises them a good deal; however, we are all keeping well so far, which is the chief thing. When the afternoon train came into Pindi station yesterday afternoon seventeen corpses were taken out of it, all natives; there had been nineteen cases of heat apoplexy and only two men survived. I knew that regular search was made at the larger stations, but had never heard of such wholesale disaster before.

Last night we went down to one of the hotels here to see a poor old lady who it appeared has lived there for many years; she is a widow with a very small pension, and if not cracked is very eccentric, and almost entirely has occupied only one room. She is now very ill and is I think dying, and as there is no one in the station now who knows her and the hotel is empty with only a native caretaker, she is quite alone and has only a faithful old bearer to take care of her. It is frightfully sad that anyone can be left so lonely and friendless in the world. We could not do much and she was too bad almost to speak. We saw that the bearer had some liquid food to give her, and he appeared most devoted to her—natives are generally very good to sick people. We are going this evening again to make her bed.

June 28.—The old lady Mrs. van V. never would see

a doctor. One went at our request, but she did not like him a bit and asked him not to come again! We tried very hard to get her into the hospital for soldiers' wives, but she would not be moved, and after all I expect she was happier among all her own muddles. Mercifully it happened that she died after about four days. It was a terribly sad life and end to be so absolutely alone. She had lost all her children (grown up), and her old husband if alive is away in Europe somewhere. No one seems to know her history nor why she was left so forlorn.

July 5.—Just now it is not a bit hot, but on the contrary most marvellously cool and pleasant, and the whole place is changing almost from hour to hour; the trees putting out leaves and the grass appearing everywhere. It is so nice to see it.

These few days have been such a pull. Poor Sister B. had a fearful day of it yesterday. These cases are so sudden and alarming one needs to be everywhere at once; patients' temperatures hopping up quite suddenly to 112° and over when the apoplectic stroke takes them. So far none have died, but it has been frightfully touch-and-go, and a case of mad rushing with hypodermic syringes of ether and strychnine and ice and water-carriers in relays with their skins of water. I believe there will be more cases to-night as the air is more oppressive than ever.

July 14.—I have done my last share of duty in the hospital for two months to come and I am very pleased. The hospital is extraordinarily full, but at this moment not many really serious cases; one officer and the worst of the heat-strokes died. Certainly Sister B. and I had

a frantic few days to ourselves, but now the other two Sisters have returned the work is of course lighter. It is a mercy that the cholera has all disappeared and did not touch the Europeans; in Rawal Pindi town alone there were fully 1,400 cases and in one fortnight more than 900 deaths occurred, and in the district 3,300 cases were returned and over 2,000 deaths. The epidemic emanated from a religious fair held some ten miles distant from this station. It is very wonderful that all the soldiers escaped.

(VISIT TO KASHMIR.)

July 24.—*Kashmir.*—Betty and I duly arrived at Srinagar and then went on to the Lolab Valley to see Nagmarg and Gurais.

Aug. 21.—It is rather sad that bad weather should have come on just now, as we have undertaken an eight-days' expedition in order to see the mountain Nanga Parbat, which is nearly 27,000 feet high and some of the glaciers round its base are thirty miles wide. It is in the Astor country and half-way on the road to Gilgit. . . . We are now barely twenty-five miles distant from the mountain, and are in a place where a wide bare desolate glen leads straight in its direction and would be a glorious view from our very tent door if the weather would only let us see it! The evening before we had to start on our return journey a strange mysterious whiteness began to show up at the end of the glen, and gradually bit by bit the whole mountain came out in the moonlight; it was the most wonderful and marvellous thing to watch. Not knowing the shape nor what we had to expect we could not tell for a long time what

were shadows and what reality, and things appeared and vanished in a miraculous way. It was so fascinating that we could not go to bed. Many times we thought that we saw it all, and then fresh white peaks came into view, rising higher and higher nearly over our heads. As it happened the whole glen where we were remained in darkness, and this wonderful great towering ghost stood out in brilliant light beyond the black near hills. Early in the morning we awoke to see that the highest peaks were standing out quite clearly and hard against the sky. Presently the sun caught the peaks and spread gradually downwards till the whole thing was ablaze with light, and it certainly was gloriously beautiful—a sheer wall of perpendicular rock; the snow must be frozen on that part, for one can see it is not very thick as the markings of the rock were plainly visible and it seemed so close, but perfectly white, and every other part dense masses of snow. From the beginning of the snow level to the summit there are 10,000 feet of unbroken snow and the mountain with its many spurs covers about as much ground as half Switzerland. About two years ago an Englishman, a great Alpine climber, tried to go up one of the spurs with two Gurkhas, but they never came back and the people believe that the Spirit of the Mountain, who is supposed to live in a fort on the highest peak, keeps them as prisoners.

Sept. 1.—We crossed the Tragbal Pass and then dropped straight down into the Kashmir vale. We came on the view quite suddenly, and then it appeared to spread all round in every direction, and I think it was the most comprehensive and beautiful sight we have

ever seen. It is impossible to give any idea of what it is like. The day was perfect, with only just enough white clouds to add to the beauty. There were circles of blue mountains in every direction, blue and green and snow-topped apparently on a level with ourselves, while far below our feet, cornfields and the lake and the river stretching away to a mysterious blue hazy line of snow and cloud-tipped hills shutting it in on the farther side.... The valley is so big that one almost forgets when one is in it that it is a valley, but looking down on it like this made one realize how it is one fruitful heavenly spot in the middle of a land bristling with points and pinnacles.... We are now in Srinagar and it is very peaceful and nice. We went to the Dal Lake for two days and delightful it was. I always think this lake is more like fairy-land than anything else I have seen: the water clear as crystal, so one can see all the plants and fishes. The air is perfectly dry, there are not any mosquitoes, and not an atom of mist or damp either by day or by night.

Sept. 14.—*Rawal Pindi.*—We arrived on the 10th, very sunburnt and rosy, and everyone here looking washed out. I began work at once with the other two; however, the hospital is very empty. It is very hot, but nothing like so hot as when we left, and the nights are quite comfortable.

Sept. 20.—We have got pretty busy in the ward again and I am going on night duty. You ask what I am thinking of doing about coming home. Well, I have been torn with doubts for weeks and I think I have decided to-day not to come. The fact is I cannot bring myself to the point to throw this up. So long as

I intended to do so in the distance it seemed quite easy; then as time went on I kept putting off for one reason or another; then I fully meant to send in my papers while I was away on leave, but did not. At last I came back still putting it off, and finally I must decide or the six months' notice would make it too late to leave India before the hot weather, so a week ago I determined to decide to-day. Now I have made up my mind to stay on I dare say I shall have a frightful reaction to-morrow. But never mind, I mean to hold on for the present and shall try to finish up my remaining two years. I do not want to give it up and then turn tail in the middle, and I do not want to leave Betty out here alone; besides if I stay to the end it means very nearly £1,000, adding together the pay and the retiring bonus.

Sept. 29.—We are getting pretty busy now in hospital and the usual autumn fever cases are coming in by tens and twenties every day. They generally have violent fever for two or three days and then are convalescent, but it makes a lot of turmoil and work and we have five or six bad cases besides.

Oct. 8.—Sister C. has had a bad go of fever, then she seemed better, but ever since last night she has been so delirious that we cannot leave her a minute, and as there are only two of us to do everything it makes it very tight. Mercifully for the last two days we have nothing serious in the ward, so we can leave them to the orderlies at night quite safely, which is a blessing as we certainly could not be there night and day and look after Sister C. night and day too. The weather is lovely now, which is also a blessing. It is so aggravating that just when it gets cool and pleasant it should be the feverish time of

year; nearly all the apothecaries and half the orderlies have been having fever too, so it has been tight all round, but Sister B. and I are very well.

Oct. 10.—I sometimes think that rhapsodies about places and scenery must get tiresome to one's correspondents, but the scenes are so delightful at the time. However, everybody does not seem to enjoy Kashmir as much as Betty and I do. Lots of people say the scenery is overrated, the discomforts great, the river smelly and dirty, and mosquitoes and insects unbearable. Of course anybody may be unlucky in the weather: we were not. But all the other drawbacks can be avoided by going to the right places and avoiding the wrong! Sister C. has regular remittent fever; it is too provoking. However, we have got Miss W. to help us nurse her, which is a great relief as we could not get on before. I fear we must begin night duty again as the ward is getting heavier. Just now we have two little children staying with us. Their mother died during the hot weather and their father is up at Murree. They are to be sent home, and they are the dearest little things and sing beautifully. Their old ayah makes them beat time and sings with them.

Oct. 18.—Sister C. is much better and we hope to send her up to Murree in a day or two. Some pictures are wanted for the ward, and the S.M.O. and myself wish to provide a few to brighten the walls.

Nov. 1.—Sister C. has come back from the hills wonderfully improved by her ten days there. We have started our usual nasty winter winds, which annoy me exceedingly; otherwise the weather is perfect.

Nov. 7.—I have got by this time quite accustomed to

the idea of remaining out here, and on the whole am glad that I have settled to stay.

Dec. 8.—I have just been doing as a stop-gap three night duties.

Dec. 14.—At this moment I am rather low, as I have had to refuse an invitation to Betty and me to spend Christmas at Bhurtpore. I thought it might be managed, though my conscience would have pricked me sorely at deserting Sister C. to get through another tiresome Christmas without support. Betty is very doubtful if she can get away, and I am doubtful too if I ought; anyhow I would not go without her. I am much disappointed as I know the visit would be very delightful. We are fairly busy in hospital, and we are getting up a sort of concert to have in the wards, with a tea for the convalescents.

Dec. 22.—The concert is growing into a much bigger affair than I ever intended. It is bitterly cold, but lovely frosty weather.

Dec. 29.—The concert and tea went off most successfully. The C.-in-C. and Lady Lockhart came and shed great lustre over the affair. We dined at the Medical Mess, that having grown into an annual custom, and we enjoyed it very much. Our special ward was very busy and there were many very bad cases; after the dinner the Sister for night duty went off, as we could not leave those patients with the orderlies for very long.

CHAPTER VIII

1897

JAN. 5.—More rain to-day, and it is thoroughly miserable weather. One seems to feel the cold here almost more than at home, and never more (by day) than when it rains. In the dry weather there are sharp frosts every night.

I am hoping to get away on the 13th or 14th to join Betty at Meerut, and to go on with her to the Lochs at Bhurtpore; I am looking forward to it immensely. I can travel on duty as far as Umballa (more than twenty-six hours) and back, which will save me a good deal of money, but it makes the arrangements a little more complicated.

I have been reading lately an account of the Chitral campaign and of affairs in Chitral generally, by Capt. Younghusband, and was much interested in it; the newspaper accounts at the time give one so little idea of what really goes on, and it is thrilling to read the personal descriptions of what has taken place so recently and within one's own knowledge as it were.

(VISIT TO BHURTPORE, DEEG, UDAIPUR AND CHITOR. JAN. 1897.)

Jan. 19.—I left Pindi on Thursday morning and am joining a short leave on to my inspection tour. Betty I picked up next day at Meerut and we got to Agra in

the afternoon, and as there was full moon that evening we went to look again at the Taj; it was more beautiful and ethereal than ever. Next morning we moved on to Bhurtpore. A friend of Willie Loch's arranged to take us to Deeg, an expedition which we enjoyed very much, although it was a long drive and the country flat and dull. It was getting dusk when we reached Deeg and drove through the big fortified half-ruined town gates, through a largish city—more like a big village than a city, as the houses were all thatched—past a magnificent and gloomy looking old fortress huge and imposing in the half-light, standing in a moat, and finally arrived at a place that might have come out of the Arabian Nights! It is a palace or rather a collection of palaces belonging to the Maharana of Bhurtpore. The gardens are perfectly beautiful and well kept, a thick mass of great shady trees, groves of plantain (banana) trees, oranges, &c., &c., vistas of tanks and fountains in every direction leading off like avenues under the thick shade—so different from the winter I left behind at Pindi—stone terraces, carved marble and stone pavilions at every *point de vue*; altogether a most bewildering labyrinth of a place and thoroughly oriental. The principal palace has been furnished with 'Maple's best' in the most lavish style, and it was there we were to spend the night. At the door we found durrees spread down the steps to receive us and flanked by rows of flower-pots like for royalty, and inside we found ourselves in a huge and splendid hall of endless size with double rows of pillars and Moorish arches between them, with carpets all over and silken punkahs and hangings and endless most luxurious couches and chairs in every direction, all plush and silk

damask and that style of thing. Our bedroom was also huge and beautiful, with most comfortable English beds and gorgeous dressing tables, &c., also filled with Moorish arches, carved stone walls and vaulted stone ceilings, and great plate-glass windows, formerly open arches and arcades, now most skilfully filled in with great double folding glass doors, but they open wide on to nothing, so it would not do to walk in one's sleep. A great deal of the palace is most queer; all sorts of rooms, big and little, on different levels with little holes about the size of a croquet hoop between one room and another, and a ghostly labyrinth of narrow passages and staircases one loses oneself in utterly. One side of the palace stands in a great tank of water as large as a good-sized lake, and the view of it is very fine from the side. In the evening we walked all about in the moonlight, and next morning we explored thoroughly and I took some photographs. I should like to have stayed longer, but there was not time.

We leave for Oodeypore (Udaipur) to-morrow and must on the way spend nearly the whole day at Ajmere, and I have written to cousin Bill to befriend us there.

Everybody here is up to the eyes in famine relief work. The prospects on the whole, in spite of some partial relief in certain districts from the recent rain, do seem to be terrible, and everyone speaks of it as the 'impending famine'; it is only beginning really and the next six or even twelve months will be the tug of war. The plague in Bombay and elsewhere too is now getting worse and worse; the accounts are terribly distressing, and everything in the stricken places is absolutely paralysed and at a standstill.

Jan. 24.—*Udaipur.*—We have been having a most successful expedition and have done so much in it that it feels much longer than the real time. Willie had written to the Resident here about us, asking him to arrange things for us, so everything was made easy and comfortable for us, and we have been supplied *ad lib.* with horses and with carriages, with elephants, boats, and with retainers of all sorts whenever and wherever we chose to order them, all from the Maharana of Mewar. The dāk bungalow where we are staying has had the verandah made into a perfect bower of pots of lovely flowers, and emissaries from the Durbar are frequently turning up with bows and salaams to inquire if we have all we want. At the railway station we found a four-horsed carriage waiting with a coachman in a long quilted dressing gown of palest blue satin lined with red, and two mounted sowars as escort, so we clattered off gaily and with great distinction. As it happened two Americans came by the same train as ourselves. They were the American Consul and his wife from Bombay, who had fled thence because of the plague; the accounts of it which they gave us are too terrible: it seems they were surrounded with it. More than half the native city is entirely deserted and shut up, and so many corpses are carried through the streets, that for lack of everything necessary they are frequently if not generally carried without any covering whatever. Nearly all the factories and business places are empty and shut up, and most people are left without servants, they having fled or died. The numbers of deaths daily are four or five times as many as the papers have ever confessed to. Several English have also died, that I

know, and altogether it sounds dreadful. The numbers escaping and in want are naturally carrying the disease elsewhere too. The prognostications for this year are altogether doleful, for besides the plague there is nearly sure to be cholera and other things as a result of the general famine and destitution. I must say though with regard to the famine, that as outsiders, one sees nothing of it. The harrowing pictures in the English papers of crowds of skeletons receiving food from passengers in railway trains are purely fictitious and imaginary: the people would never accept food from the hands of Europeans. The starving people, if any there are, are hidden away in their villages; and I believe the organization is so efficient that pretty nearly all, if not quite all, are within reach of relief works, and all except perhaps a very few of the most prejudiced are willing to avail themselves. No doubt they suffer, but they need not absolutely starve, as everyone, even women and little children, are taken on and given a small wage and no questions asked; there are relief houses too for those who are really too infirm even to pretend to work.

This is the most lovely place imaginable, very hilly, and there are several large lakes of irregular outline and all dotted with islands. The city and palace of Udaipur are built all on the banks of the most beautiful of these lakes, which is several miles in extent. The palaces form a most magnificent pile of buildings all of the purest white, towering above everything else and built right down into the water. A great part of the city and the smaller palaces of nobles are also built into the water, many on islands, giving a Venice-like effect, with very fine arches and colonnades all in pure white, and

most picturesque archways and water-gates, and flights of steps all covered with bathers and women with water-jars, &c., &c., in brilliant coloured native dress, and all mixed up with fine trees and charming gardens. It is veritably like an enchanted region, and the dense city rises up the hillside behind, pure, clean, oriental and smokeless, while the islands are converted into real fairy palaces rising out of the water, an enchanting medley of marble colonnades, dwellings, palm trees overhead, oranges, pomegranates and roses: it is wonderful. We have enjoyed to-day most of all. First we went for a drive through some of the most beautiful gardens, and parks which are some miles in extent and very carefully kept, and then we took a boat to one of the island palaces and sat for some hours quite quietly on a marble terrace near the water and did nothing but just drink in the beauty all round. Dr. Shepherd, a medical missionary who has been here about twenty years, gave us most interesting information. He drove us to the palace and showed us most of the private rooms where the Maharana is now residing. The part I liked best was the great courtyard, which reminded me of the description of Darius's Court in Marion Crawford's *Zoroaster*, where all the men-at-arms are lounging about and the Emperor's favourite horses are being led up and down and elephants are chained up all round. To-morrow we are going to stay a night at Chitor, where is the original historical fortress belonging to the rulers of Mewar, and which is very well worth seeing.

Jan. 26.—Here we are at Chitor; and this morning we went on an elephant to see the fort, which is a huge and wonderful place at the top of a hill four miles long.

For nearly ten centuries it was the capital of the state before the city of Udaipur was founded. The whole hill is fortified round and the old city, palaces and temples, and big water tanks are all on the top. Of course it is all ruined now, but many of the remains are most fine in building and carving still; and when one had begun to be interested and to know something of the history of these wonderful old fighting Rajputs as I have, it is wonderful to see. This state is the only one that has not only continued to exist but has still the same reigning dynasty during all these centuries, which makes it all the more interesting. To-morrow we reach Ajmere and thence I go on to Mian Mir to inspect.

Feb. 8.—*Rawal Pindi.*—I have returned here and settled down again and have Confidential Reports hanging over my head and have not summoned courage to begin them! I was at Peshawar two days and went to see my friends the missionary ladies in the city. It happened to be a feast day in the city in addition to its being Tuesday, which is one of the caravan days when they start and return from Kabul, so the streets were extra thronged. We had two policemen to help us through the crowd and also because it is never very safe, even in daylight, for Europeans to go to the city without police protection, and it was interesting and exciting. Peshawar city always fascinates me; it is very picturesque and a wonderful scene of turmoil, such a contrast to the peaceable looking crowds we had recently seen in the Central India Hindu cities. Probably no place in the world could beat Peshawar for the ruffianly cut-throat-looking crowds of swashbucklers one

sees there in dense throngs. One can recognize the difference between the Afghans and Chitralis and Swatis and Pathans of the different hill tribes, and it is a most turbulent place. Only this year three sentries were shot at their posts in different parts of the station, and an officer was stabbed by a Ghazi and killed in the railway station while he was looking after his luggage.

Feb. 26.—Last month a Sister was to be married without delay, having rather suddenly become engaged. Sister C. and one of the doctors here will I expect be married about the end of the year and I am quite pleased, for I like them both and think it will be a nice marriage, and there are two other weddings coming off directly in the Service.

March 6.—Yesterday I nearly broke Sister C.'s neck and my own! We were in my cart, and as we drove out of the gate I looked away from the pony carelessly and one wheel struck and smashed a small culvert ledge; the cart being very springy and light and a particularly easy one to fall out of, we were both pitched out on to our heads in the middle of the road. I landed precisely on the top of my head, which shut my teeth together with a resounding snap, and I seemed to stand balanced for a minute before I turned over; luckily I had on a thick felt sun hat. Sister C. being heavy was more bruised than I, but mercifully neither of us was really hurt, and our one idea on picking ourselves up was to hope no European was in sight! To-day we only feel a wee bit stiff in the back of the neck.

March 21.—We really are having the most wonderful and extraordinary weather for the latter part of

March; lots more rain, fresh snow on the hills and the cold quite perishing again. It is odd.

March 29.—I have been rather busy the last few days as Sister C. is away and we have some bad cases in hospital. I suppose I shall be on duty as usual all through the hot season till I go on leave, which I am going to take with Betty late this year.

April 13.—We have just had the most fiendish dust-storm, which lasted off and on about twelve hours and was absolutely unbearable in the way of dirt and discomfort.

May 3.—I am on night duty just now. I have consented to be godmother to Lucy Travers' new baby, and I think I shall be quite proud of this one as I never had a godchild before. We have a very tiresome officer patient in hospital just now, who is a morphinomaniac, and they are trying to break him of the habit.

May 9.—I have been on night duty all this week. I have seen my godchild, now one month old; she is called Joan and is really pretty and wise-like for her age, so I am quite pleased with her.

May 17.—I was on duty last night and we are having a dreadfully stiff time just now, and moreover Sister C. has had a carriage accident and hurt herself much and there are only another Sister and myself to do everything including nursing her, and she is a heavy woman and very difficult to nurse. In addition we have been terribly heavy in hospital.

May 22.—We are not much better off in the matter of work than we were last week and it is a great trouble to nurse Sister C.; however Miss W. has come to take charge of her, so I was able to go back to the ward again

last night, as there are several bad cases and it was important not to leave them all night if it could possibly be avoided.

May 31.—It is much cooler to-day, which is a blessing; it has been frightfully hot and we have been very busy in the ward. Something disagreeable always seems to happen as soon as any one goes on leave! I am just turning over to night duty again; on day duty there is not a moment's breathing space between 7 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. During the past three weeks I have been out for only three separate half-hours. I am writing to Dr. B. who is Sister C.'s fiancé; engaged people are rather tiresome!

June 7.—Things are most aggravating. We are heavier than ever in hospital and Sister C. does not get better. We have had a beautifully cool week here, which is a great joy. The servants have killed a karait (snake) which was on the verandah steps lately, and I wonder if there are any more!

June 20.—Sister C. went up to Murree yesterday. Now the other Sister C. and I are Box and Cox, and do not meet except from 8.30 to 9.30 in the evening at dinner! Just now we are in the thick of mobilization for the Tochi Expedition. We shall lose all our orderlies and I expect shall have a very scratch lot in exchange, which is trying; but no doubt we shall survive it as one does most things! There is a sort of misty cloudy fog over the sky and a return of that horrid heat oppression. We lost another man this morning and he is the sixth. We always say deaths go in threes, and really they seem to. After the first three there was a pause, then to our great disappointment there was

another, then a fifth to which we hung on fearfully as he was a specially nice man whom we had known for several years, and now we had been looking out for the last and it came rather unexpectedly. I do hope he is really the last we shall lose.

June 27.—I am so very glad the Jubilee went off so well and that the dear Queen was none the worse, that it did not rain and there were no accidents or catastrophes. I do think it is so splendid, the almost unanimous loyalty and enthusiasm displayed everywhere; it is marvellous. Here too was a great deal of enthusiasm in many places both among natives and English, but alas! all our attempts at illumination fizzled out into utter darkness as a nasty, puffing hot wind got up and persistently blew out all our lamps and torches. Poor India is in a bad way now, with the plague and famine not yet over—in fact the latter is in full force in many districts; the awful earthquakes there have been over huge tracts down country; and up here the excitement of sending troops off on this Expedition. All our orderlies are taken off and are replaced as I feared, but hardly expected, by a set of brand-new men who have never been inside a hospital before and know nothing. Really the utterly thoughtless, inconsiderate and idiotic way the regimental people arrange for the hospitals is simply sickening. Last night six poor helpless creatures arrived for night duty like a flock of sheep, and if it had not been that a Rifle Brigade man who is going to the front and who had been on duty since one o'clock in the day, volunteered to stay on all night in addition, I do not know what would have happened. Of course I remonstrate, and the S.M.O. is equally indignant and has

applied for at any rate a proportion of trained men to replace these. We have been busy training for years, so there ought to be plenty, but as it probably will take a week at least before we can get them exchanged, these men will have got on their feet somewhat by that time, and quite likely we shall have begun to like them and be sorry to lose them, and when that time comes I dare say I shall be sorry I said anything!

July 1.—Just now we have a most terrible week. Something has gone wrong with the monsoon and it seems to have lost itself somewhere on the way here. It is frightfully hot, and I wonder how the unfortunate regiments on their way to the Tochi are getting on; it must be a frightful trial for them. Even here, in proper barracks, we have started the usual heat-stroke cases, and I cannot think how the heat is endurable in field service tents; in fact I do not suppose it is endurable. We are very heavy in hospital altogether; there are lots of fresh enterics, besides the heat-strokes which keep one always on the jump, and this morning a shocking bad accident came in, and we have started three cases of dengue and may get more. It is a form of fever seldom met with in India, thankfully, though I believe it is common in some countries; it is something like violent rheumatic fever only worse, so they make more work to nurse than the enterics. Sister C. has gone to Murree for the rest she greatly needed, so Sister B. and I are by ourselves.

July 10.—At last we breathe again; we have had some heavy rain, and though it is very moist, warm and muggy, it is many degrees cooler, thank goodness. Yesterday there were clouds of flying locusts passing over

the station, and I do hope we are not going to have a real invasion of them like some years ago. It would indeed be a culmination of misfortunes were there to be a plague of them now.

July 19.—Although rainy on and off it is hot and steamy and the hospital work is heavier than ever. We have just lost one of our favourite orderlies, who died of enteric after about a week's illness, and it is all very sad and depressing.

Aug. 3.—Orders just come for two Sisters to go to the Base Hospital, Nowshera.

Aug. 9.—Nearly all our orderlies were taken off last night to go with their regiment. They are being replaced from another regiment, but as that one is to be mobilized, no doubt these new men will go suddenly too, as soon as they have learnt how to make beds! I shall be on duty to-morrow, and we are reduced from six fairly good orderlies to two and sometimes three absolutely incapable ones. It makes work rather a drive as it is still very heavy; luckily no patient is actively delirious just now, but up to the last day or two we had several hopping in and out of bed like Jack in the box!

You remember the Rifleman orderly who volunteered to stay on all night to help us with the new orderlies the first night they came? He was a little brick, but another incident occurred which was even more striking, but which alas! had tragical sequence. There were three or four dragoons among the orderlies, who knew their work well, and it was arranged to put one of them on each relief to help teach the others. One of these dragoons named Walters got ill and was sent to the

other ward usually reserved for slight cases. For several days we heard no more of him, but one night a convalescent, an old patient of ours, came to say that W. was so bad and delirious that they did not know what to do with him. We took him at once into our ward, but he was very bad and died in three days. We were awfully grieved about him, and all the more so as we heard afterwards that his comrades had been, for several days before he gave in, urging him to go sick and he refused, saying he would not desert the Sisters when they were in such difficulty! I fear there is no doubt but that his life was thrown away by holding out too long; it does seem hard. Sister B. is under orders to go to the Malakand and naturally is in a tremendous state of excitement. Sister C. and I will have to muddle on here alone I suppose, and no doubt we shall get on somehow as we have done before.

Aug. 17.—Imagine our dismay yesterday evening when we suddenly received an officer patient in without warning, and a notice that two more would be arriving before midnight! The Officers' Ward was not ready, having only just been plastered and colour washed, and we had no orderlies who knew how to do anything, so it was a bad time for all concerned. However I have heard that more Sisters are coming soon, so that is something.

Aug. 23.—It appears to me that the place where for the present there is most work is Rawal Pindi, just the place which has been most completely stripped of doctors, and hospital gear too of all sorts to supply other places. And it is so likely to be the case as we are not only the biggest but the most central passing through spot for

every direction. Not only have we all the invalids and rejected men left here from the regiments actually started from this station, but we get the droppings of all the troops from down country as they pass through, and they all contrive to leave some sick behind as they go on; also the hospitals on service seem to consider it a point of honour to contain as few sick as possible, and make a point of shoving back upon us any that they can find any excuse to send down and get rid of, and as the trains bringing in these all arrive in the middle of the night, it makes a fearful lot of work and worry, even when they have not much the matter with them. We lost three more men this week and there are no signs, quite the contrary, of the work diminishing. However, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof! As to ourselves we are just screwing along, but nothing outside the work is happening to us at all. I am, though, expecting changes in the Sisters and am hoping to get two new ones. I have had a hard twenty-four hours, as we have lost another man I am grieved to say—the fourth this week—and I was up part of the night and all to-day with him.

Aug. 29.—Two regiments, the Dorsets and the Lancashires, have got stuck by cholera and are now camped in quarantine just short of this station. We are daily expecting some new Sisters to help. Altogether it is rather a hand to mouth sort of existence and I do wish this year safely over. However, difficult as it has been altogether, I am glad I did not leave the Service last spring, as I should have done had I sent in my papers last September as I nearly did.

Aug. 31.—I have received an appalling commission

from Lady Roberts! There have been very serious rows and differences among the nurses in Lady R.'s Home at Murree, and she has sent me sheets and volumes of contradictory correspondence and asks me to judge.

Sept. 7.—I did go up to Murree to inquire into matters and have spent to-day in writing to Lady R. Like all scrimmages this one is frightfully complicated, and everyone has right on her side in some points and not in others. As I am really friends with both it is all the more painful and difficult. No doubt in the end I shall be more abused than anybody!

Sept. 10.—I have been hoping for a little peace, and in fact have had two or three days' rest this week. But we have come to the conclusion that it is no good trying to do without regular night duty, as the ward really is not fit to be left and we get called up nearly every night for something, so with regular night duty things will go much more smoothly in regular routine and with less anxiety.

Sept. 14.—I am getting on very well with the two new Sisters, but we seem as far off as ever from a peaceful time as far as work goes. We have lost five men during the last nine days, which is very disheartening, and there are plenty more bad I am sorry to say. This time of year is shockingly bad for the troops; a large number even of the native soldiers have died from heat-stroke, and in between they were drowned by deluges of rain.

Sept. 20.—Pindi has been treated already as a general base, receiving not only all the sick left by the regiments going to the front, but also a considerable number of sick and wounded from the Khūshalgarh and Kohāt

side, and as instead of extra staff and equipment, we have been stripped of everything over and over again to supply other places, the doctors have remonstrated about it. We are expecting to lose all our orderlies for the fourth time this year! We still continue to be very heavy with so much going on and so much coming and going.

Sept. 25.—I like the new orderlies we have this week, but alas! they are to go this week or next, so that will make another change, the fifth. We have got several officers in, and though convalescent they are troublesome patients. Also Miss O. is ill, which is most unlucky; she has fever badly and is terrified lest she be in for enteric. I do not think she is, but still it is an anxiety. Miss F. was so upset by the fussings of these officers about their food, &c., that she very nearly chucked the whole thing! So everything is rather tiresome and odious.

Oct. 6.—A Base Hospital for the Expedition is about to be established in Pindi, and in the meantime the poor Station Hospital, full as it is of patients, is more stripped than ever, and one gets on only by a sort of daily scramble, there being practically nobody left to do anything. So far as we are concerned Miss F. and I are still struggling on, as Miss O., though better I am thankful to say, is not in the least fit for work yet; however Sister B. comes to-night for a few days and I hope to make use of her. Miss F. and I feel out of breath all day long generally.

Oct. 11.—For a wonder I have a little breathing time for ward work as Sister B. is helping and Miss O. has begun work again. The Base Hospital is being

formed at West Ridge, about three miles from here. As for the Station Hospital, it is still in a state of confusion and fuller of patients than ever. However a good many of them are from the front and will be transferred to the Base Hospital as soon as they can be received.

Oct. 13.—We have just changed orderlies for the sixth time, which is lively.

Oct. 20.—I have been in a regular turmoil ever since I last wrote. It seems to me that everybody wants their heads knocking together! The P.M.O., India, having been told that there are not enough Sisters in the Punjab Command for sparing eight for the Base Hospital, announces that seven temporary nurses will be advertised for and engaged, instead of ordering up Sisters from down-country stations, whence they can be easily spared. I cannot think what kind of creatures he would find. I know that all sorts of funny people have been volunteering and clamouring to be allowed to nurse on active service, so no doubt he would find people in petticoats calling themselves trained nurses; but we all went crazy at the idea, and I flew up to Murree at a moment's notice to see the P.M.O. of the Punjab Command. Well, it was settled that I must write a letter protesting energetically against the strange nurses, that it was unfair to the whole Service to pass them over for strangers, and that I declined to be responsible for the conduct of work of seven untried women; and I then proposed what Sisters I thought might be had at once from different sources. The P.M.O. promised to endorse my letter as strongly as possible and forward it at once to Simla.

Oct. 25.—Alas! we are going through the most

frightful difficulties here and everything is maddening. I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels. Even no answer has come to the remonstrance sent to Simla and we do not know whether there will be any result to it or not, but there seems a pause and deadlock in the arrangements somewhere. The only orders that have reached us here were that a certain Miss P. and a Miss D., temporarily appointed nurses, were ordered to the Punjab and were to be sent to Nowshera, while Sisters B. and C. were confirmed in appointment to the Base Hospital. This order was dated earlier than my letter could have reached Simla. Miss P. turned up promptly, and to my dismay she is very dark and about nineteen years old, with as only training two months in a zenana hospital and has never in her life seen a male patient! We are furious naturally. However it is so bad that my spirits rose immediately and I have positively refused to allow her to go into the wards at all, and I have written officially to say so and to request that she may be sent back at once. I do not know what will happen and in the meantime the Sisters are irritated. After all I am sorry for the girl too, and I think it was more depth of ignorance than 'cheek' which made her apply for this. But think of the wild folly and carelessness in appointing her! Miss O. has fever again and we are in rather a tight place. I seem to spend my time tearing wildly from place to place seeing people and things. I do think it will be an abominable shame if the Sisters are entirely passed over and absolute outsiders sent up instead. I have spoken very seriously of throwing everything up, and the only thing which holds me is my hope in Sir William

Lockhart; and through him, when C.-in-C. in India, I trust to get some rules made to prevent such a thing ever being done again. It is a shame ignoring the down-country Sisters who would give their eyes and ears to come. I think the place where Sisters are needed is Kohāt on the frontier, where there is the advanced base. It is a frightful journey between here and there, and most of the sick and wounded will be either dead or well before they ever reach Pindi.

I heard from Lady Roberts to-day. She writes a nice letter, thanking me very much and saying she is quite satisfied with my account of things at her Murree Home. I think the situation is difficult, but I have got out of the affair better than I expected.

Oct. 27.—Things get worse instead of better. All the M.Os. are simply terrified at the idea of refusing to employ Miss P. when she has been sent by order from head-quarters. I positively refuse to do so, even nominally; so does the Dep. Supdt. at Nowshera, who would hold out even if I did not. The first letters I wrote on the subject have been returned to me as being too defiant in tone. I have consented to word my letter in a less aggressive form, but I will not withdraw what I have said nor consent to employ her. I have been considering seriously what to do. I am ready to resign on the spot, but have come to the conclusion it will be more effectual to let them suspend me if they choose, which would necessitate a thorough inquiry and I could resign afterwards. In the meantime poor Miss M., who has been sent from Simla and pressed upon me as such a paragon of a nurse, is not at all happy; she is simply

dismayed and appalled at what she is expected to do and implores me not to send her on duty alone! I have only one other Sister on her legs, poor Miss F. (plague nurse), who has been on duty for days, alternately alone and teaching Miss M.; all the rest are down with fever, and I have had fever the last three nights too, which is a great bore and makes me feel a wretch. I have an idea that three Sisters are going to arrive to-morrow, but I cannot find out for certain yet.

Nov. 3.—Last week when I wrote I was in such a muddle that I hardly know now what I did write. Things are not much better yet. Everything is hateful and unsatisfactory and I wish I were well out of it. I had fever off and on for five days, but I could not stay in bed, as I was daily trying to see the Surgeon-General who was here that week, besides there were endless things to see to; however by dint of nearly blowing my head off with quinine I managed to stop it and I have been right since Sunday, only feel still rather a wretch and am endlessly tired, which is a great bore; it makes everything such a drag and I keep forgetting things. The P.M.O., India, will not answer or send orders. It seems certain that he has received my remonstrance and acted upon it, because the down-country Sisters keep arriving one by one; they just drop in as it were, every now and again, in a promiscuous manner. I do not think any more civilian nurses will be engaged, which is something, and up to the present only two have appeared. The one who is here is a very nice woman and is beginning to get into the work very well. I have just interrupted writing to go and get a glass of Burgundy. I am taking some about twice a day, which

I think is quite a good plan; it certainly does pick one up in a wonderful way. Here the days are quite hot still, but the nights are getting sharp, which I think is partly the reason of the almost universal fever in the station.

Nov. 8.—I am feeling ever so much better and stronger than last week, and it is a blessing, especially as I believe I am to go to the West Ridge Base Hospital after all. I think it is going to be all right about little Miss P. I am as sorry for her as for anyone, as it is a most uncomfortable and trying position for anyone; I believe now that they will gently send home the poor little thing, only they are so slow about it. I have not much fear now therefore that I shall suddenly and unexpectedly come home in consequence of my refusal to employ her! One of the things which I specially want to establish for my successors is rather more power and freedom in the distribution of nurses, and the wild struggle which has taken place tends to prove the need of it.

Yes, we have had a bad time this year, take it all round; but I think things are rolling out better now and I am quite all right again this week. We are not short-handed now; at least we should not be if those two tiresome things had not got such obstinate fever and had to go away for a bit. But poor dear Miss M. suffers mortal agonies every time she goes on duty; she does her best like a little brick, but gets into frightful muddles and asks if I do not think she had better give it up. I am unwilling for her own sake to advise this, but when Miss O. comes back from the hills and is at work again I shall put her in charge of the officers only,

and I think she would do nicely at that. We have four now, and are likely to have more I hear, so it would be rather a comfort to have some one specially in charge of them.

As to distribution of Sisters within my Circle, I have no doubt of the Punjab Command authorities agreeing to anything in reason that I ask for, but my point is that these details ought to rest actually with me and not depend on whether the individuals in authority are willing to be considerate or not. However I hope you both (her sisters) are careful not to say anything of what I write which might implicate anybody, because it is such a comfort to be able to grumble quite freely. One never knows in what light matters appear to people if they get talked about, and I am terribly afraid of being quoted as having said this or that in connexion with the two P.M.Os. (Punjab and India).

Nov. 10.—I fear the Miss P. affair is going to end badly after all. The P.M.O., India, has sent stringent orders to the M.O. in charge at Nowshera about her. I conclude she has written to complain to her relations, and that they have acted for her. Now my future course remains to be settled. I shall do nothing till the official answer to my letter comes, and if that answer is altogether adverse I must decide.

Nov. 16.—I am now living and sleeping at West Ridge, but I go down to the quarters every day for breakfast and correspondence, and spend about four hours there. The work here is extremely heavy. There have been more than 500 patients for some time past and a batch comes in every night. The men who came in from that fight at Dargai have their clothes and helmets

riddled with bullets, and are badly wounded too. Findlater the piper is among them, the man who when lying on the ground shot through his legs, skirled his pipes. As for the Tochi men they are heart-breaking. The poor Rifle Brigade who left here and went up in July, and who never got any fighting or the least satisfaction, had simply to sit still and die; the place was a veritable death-trap, as out of about 800 men nearly 100 have already died, and more keep dying almost daily of a virulent and most fatal form of dysentery. With regard to my own private troubles—about Miss P. I mean—I am still in the same place: nothing has come from Simla yet. In reply to my first letter, the one remonstrating against employment of strange nurses in general, I have received from Army Head-quarters the biggest wigging I ever received in my life. So what will be said about the letter I wrote respecting Miss P. is not easy to guess!

Nov. 17.—I am quite well and strong now. The other evening we tried table-turning most successfully; it was rather queer.

Nov. 22.—The number in hospital at West Ridge, where I am still living, is considerably over 500, and I believe some 600 sick and wounded are on the line of communications, and now on their way down.

Nov. 24.—I have a nasty cold which is tiresome, and it has knocked me over a little, but I am much better to-day. Sister B. is always very seedy, being run down and a bad chill on top, and Sister C. has got a touch of a troublesome ailment. I heartily wish it was this time next year!

Nov. 29.—We are very hard worked at present, both

Station and Base Hospitals being exceedingly full and heavy, and two or three of the Sisters are or have been on the verge of knocking up. Miss P. is still at Nowshera and is now ill, which adds to the tiresomeness; fortunately they have scarcely any work to do in that station, which is the only comfort. The only thing that pleases me is a new idea which has come into my head, and that is to try to get down country by the 21st January to see the total eclipse of the sun.

Nov. 30.—This is a horrid day, high wind and tearing dust and very cold. I have just been obliged to make Sister B. go sick, and down at the Station Hospital I am worried about the Sisters. Miss F. though on duty is decidedly shaky, and Sister C. is quite unfit for work still. I feel as if I wrote nothing but grumbles, but really there is nothing else to write about at present.

Dec. 5.—It is a tiresome sort of life this; everything that may or may not happen depends on something else that also may or may not occur, or on somebody who cannot be got at or who cannot be counted on, but always does what I do not expect or leaves undone what I do expect. At present we are extremely short-handed both here and at Nowshera, from various causes such as more work and sick Sisters. I cannot apply for more Sisters as I am told that Lady Roberts's nurses are being appointed. Then all the plague nurses will finish their four months with us in Christmas week and I want to get them re-engaged for another month or so, for if they go the hospitals here and at Peshawar will be completely planted and the work in both places is fearfully heavy; in fact the work is everywhere getting

heavier, and the last of the wretched men from Tochi Field Force are coming in—about 250 more I believe—and they are awful; they nearly all die, and nothing does them any good. The P.M.O. told me this morning that about 1,500 men are on their way down, mostly sick, but a great many wounded too.

Our new Pension Rules have come out at last; if I come out for another five years I should get £80 a year pension, or £100 after twenty years. Sister P. tells me that Miss P. is really quite a nice little girl, but that does not alter the fact that she ought not to have been appointed. The P.M.O., India, has not taken the least notice of the expostulation I sent him, and she has now only sixteen days left to serve of the two months for which she was engaged. Of course she has done nothing all the time, but just now Sister M. has employed her to look after a Sister who is sick and likes to be fussed over, which no one else has any time to do.

Dec. 7.—With regard to us, work increases at West Ridge and we have no more Sisters to meet it with. I do wish they would be quick if they intend to send these women, which they do; that I know for certain. But they seem to think this week or next or the week after is all the same thing! I got a very nice letter from Lady Roberts. I do not know who told her about the engagement of Miss P. as a nurse, so I have written and thanked her for the sympathy and told the whole story of Miss P. and my troubles over it. The regiment which supplies our orderlies will be going down country soon and that will mean another change (the seventh) for the Station Hospital. However, they send

new men nearly every day and none are much to boast of, so perhaps it may be a good thing. Another Field Hospital has just been sent up, and of course the M.Os., ward servants, &c., were all drawn from our poor Station Hospital, so we are once again stranded there and the place is frightfully full and heavy. I feel a good deal scrimmaged personally because the Sisters are so short-handed in all the hospitals. Sister C. completed her five years yesterday, so is not to be counted and no news of her successor yet, so I have all the places on my hands. Yesterday a distinguished French medical officer sent officially by the French Government came round inspecting everything, with a view to getting hints from our arrangements, after their disasters in Madagascar. This officer had been there and seemed much struck with the comfort of the patients and the way in which the wounded are getting on; he said that only *one* compound fracture with them had his life saved, they did so badly!

Dec. 8.—Still no definite news of the arrangements for the new nurses, which is doubly aggravating as two of them are actually here in Pindi and longing to begin, and one of the Sisters at Nowshera is very ill and has to be nursed herself and we want help everywhere.

Dec. 14.—More help is now beginning to arrive from many directions and the work is very heavy now, so I am glad of any help whatever, only it is an awful fuss and trouble getting them packed in and settled. Lady Roberts's three nurses are engaged at last, all for three months, and will be here immediately. We had heavy rain for two days and nights without a break,

which we nearly died of at West Ridge, or rather the poor Sisters, especially those on night duty, did. It is scarcely imaginable what a ghastly place it was, seas of mud and rain and every place having to be reached from out of doors, all in separate buildings no two communicating. The wet shrank our tent ropes and pulled out the pegs, and nearly melted our chimney, as it is made of mud bricks chiefly. However everything is drying up now and it is bitterly cold, and the hills are gloriously beautiful with masses of snow. I have been so much interrupted to-day (15th); more nurses keep arriving both for the Base and Station Hospitals, but all at most inconvenient times and manners. The P.M.O., India, is coming to Pindi to inspect. I wonder what he will say to me or I to him! I rather wish it were over.

Here we have glorious weather still, but extremely cold, and I suppose it will go on like this for some time to come. Sister Maude Loch, who joined the I.N.S. last year (by the bye we are now the I.A.N.S., Indian Army Nursing Service), has had enteric fever very badly and nearly died; she had gone to Ajmere on ten days' leave and fell ill there.

Dec. 21.—The P.M.O. India's inspection took place yesterday; he (Surgeon-General Gore) looked shockingly ill, I believe with overwork and worry. He said nothing to me nor I to him about recent events; in fact he did not speak to any of us at all.

Dec. 29.—I have to take night duty in the Station Hospital this week as Miss M. has gone and unluckily Miss F. is sick. Our wards here are very heavy. At the Base Hospital they are crammed full, but the

medical wards are quieter, as the worst cases have died, and at present they seem to be sending patients from the front to Nowshera instead of here. The wounded are however heavier than ever, and they have had so many amputations and more to come that the work is heavy. Findlater is nearly well now and his leg will be all right.

CHAPTER IX

1898

JAN. 2.—I think I am going to stay on night duty till Wednesday. That will give Miss O. only two heavy days to get through before Miss F.'s return, so I think they ought to be able to manage and then I shall feel quite a lady at large, but the beginning of a month is always a very busy time, and besides if I do mean to get away with Betty for the eclipse I shall have to make some arrangements about it. Poor Sir Henry Havelock-Allan was buried here yesterday; there is a tremendous fuss about his death, but it seems to have been nobody's fault but his own that he was shot in the Khaibar Pass.

Jan. 5.—I am very low and cross to-day. I have had unpleasantness with the M.O. in charge of the Base Hospital about his sending away half the orderlies now that the work has got much lighter. I told him that as it was, the Sisters were working twelve hours a day and only got off duty in the afternoon once in three days, that several of them had more than once been on the verge of knocking up (one is ill at this moment from overwork and will have to go away for a bit, which will leave us extra short), and that if he took away so many orderlies, it would only mean that instead of getting a little relief the Sisters would have to do the orderlies' work with their own hands as well as their

own work. He replied that nurses were not paid to walk about the wards and do nothing, and that if we were not expected to do the nursing he did not know who was. Moreover he visited the wards every day and could see quite well that there was nothing to do there now, and so on. It has upset me fearfully that he should go on like this after all the splendid work the Sisters have done there, and I mean to speak to the P.M.O. about it, but I do not suppose there will be much satisfaction to be gained. I am going to ask the P.M.O. about getting some leave as well as going to visit the other stations, which I always do about the end of January. I hate the idea of going away as there are sure to be fusses and difficulties in my absence. But I really do want a little leave and change. I have not had a day since just this time last year, and in spite of Surgeon-Colonel C.'s opinion I have never worked so hard in my life before. We have had some more rain and it is colder than ever. I am sitting writing in a fur cloak as the rooms are very cold; the doors being out of order will not shut.

Jan. 11.—I shall indeed be glad to get away for a little. It is very tiresome trying to make arrangements and to provide against contingencies during my absence. The Base Hospital is very slack now as all the sick and wounded from the Bunér Expedition are going to Nowshera. The poor old Station Hospital here is on the contrary fearfully heavy and the Sisters are overworked. I hear there is a notice in *Truth* about the Miss P. affair and that it is written more or less from our point of view, which is just as well. *Truth* always seems to keep an eye on us, but where he gets his information from beats

me. He has for many years been much exercised on the subject of Nursing Sisters not being permitted to go to balls and has repeatedly urged the injustice of that. Then a year or two ago he had a scathing article on the iniquity, injustice and general wickedness of Confidential Reports, with a direct and virulent attack on a particular Lady Superintendent. The account of the particular affair attacked was extremely garbled and one-sided.

Jan. 15.—Several photographs of ourselves were taken at West Ridge, and I find that the best group is to be sent to the *Army and Navy Illustrated*; another group and two excellent views of the wards go to *Black and White*. It is likely that the Base Hospital will be closed soon; it would be awful if things were prolonged till the weather gets hot, as the roofs of the huts at West Ridge being of iron only, there is no protection from the sun. The work there being very slack now, some of the Sisters are able to get by turns ten days' leave; in the Station Hospital it is on the contrary heavier than ever. I am going to try hard to get an extra Sister here permanently.

(ECLIPSE OF THE SUN. VISIT TO DARJEELING. JAN. 1898.)

Jan. 23.—*Buxar*.—The eclipse is over; the heavenly bodies came up to time most punctually and everything went off to perfection. We arrived here at length, having run the gauntlet of various examinations for plague, and were very pleased to be met at the railway station by our servant, who piloted us to our tents which were ready pitched and the furniture opened and in them, so we soon settled in, had food and bed, for we arrived after dark. There was a great squash and hubbub going

on; lots of people were camped all round us and the place was swarming with natives and English and police. The Burra Lāt Sahibs, such as the Viceroy, Lieutenant-Governor, General in Command of the Bengal Army and so on, all had magnificent camps laid out in different places some way off. We were only able to look round about us next morning of course. Well, we walked about and then retired to our tents and kept watch all the time on the old sun through our smoked glasses, and at 12.20 it began. Have you ever seen a partial eclipse? I have, at Pindi once, and for an hour and a half this was of course just like that. The moon gradually encroached, turning the sun into a crescent which grew thinner and thinner, the light gradually grew more and more feeble and weird and ghostly—an odd sort of pale metallic light, bluey grey and colourless, with a queer metallic looking sky—and everywhere under the trees and wherever there was spotted light and shadow through the leaves the ground and tents were covered with dancing crescents of light. Well, by degrees it grew quite cool and chilly, one was no longer afraid to stand in the sunshine without an umbrella; but yet the fragment of sun still visible was so brilliant, that small as it was one could not look at it without the smoked glass, and I suppose the brightness deceived one into not knowing how near it was gone, when all at once, snap! in the twinkling of an eye everything changed, for the light had gone out; it was not totally dark but nearly so, one could just see the outline of the trees and see most objects like hasty moving ghosts, not like any ordinary daily or nightly light at all. The sky was a steely metallic grey, but the stars came out—at least the big ones did—and shone

brightly. But the marvellous and wonderful awesome thing was the appearance of the sun and moon themselves. Up to the last moment the sun was a diminishing crescent, the moon quite invisible; the instant it became total the moon flew into one's eyes, a great inky black ball overhead, surrounded by long rays of pale white light like a halo. I think this is the sun's 'corona', is it not? with long jagged points. One needed no darkened glass to look at this, but it was so marvellous that it made one feel cold shivers of excitement to look at it. At the same moment a confused roar from hundreds of thousands of voices rose up from the natives who were congregated on the banks of the Ganges (close by) for the occasion, and all the birds rose terrified from the trees and soared round and round cawing and screaming; this only lasted ninety seconds, then the first bright ray of direct light appeared on the other side, the black moon disappeared again, also the wonderful rays of white light and all went off gradually as it had come on; but it is something one could never forget. In about three hours everything was just as usual. We walked to the Ganges about a mile off, where a huge religious mela (fair) was being held for the occasion. There were thousands of fakirs of all sorts, lots of gruesome sights such as ascetics with withered arms which they held over their heads, and I suppose had held up for years without moving, and men who buried themselves in the dust leaving only a ghastly pair of legs visible which twitched in the agonies of suffocation, the wonder being how they kept alive at all. Also there were merry-go-rounds and stalls for selling things. All the hundreds of thousands had been or were bathing in the river, and every man and

woman came away with little bottles of water, which were packed in scores wrapped in mud, into baskets which are carried slung on a pole over one shoulder a basket at each end, and for the rest of the day the country people were streaming off in all directions laden with these baskets. There were also five state elephants belonging to a Maharajah, which kept parading about with silver and gold howdahs, silver necklaces and wonderful trappings. The next day all the strangers and all the police had disappeared, and we amused ourselves with a little mild exploring about, and visited the state camps of the Viceroy and others which were being dismantled. Certainly they do these things well. Although only for one night, there was a town of magnificent tents set out thoroughly furnished with 'Maple's best', special roads leading from the railway, and a little special embankment made sloping gently off the line. These roads looked like the golden road in the fairy tale, for they were finely gravelled with red and bordered with huge ornamental street lamps and leading in right angles through the camp in every direction. To-day is Monday the 24th; we are going off this afternoon to Darjeeling. I am quite sorry to go, we have been so comfortable here.

We went off from Buxar to Darjeeling, and the last part of the way was by a ridiculous little mountain railway which puffed and panted and fussed like an obstreperous Shetland pony, and zigzagged about and twirled round and round and in and out till it dragged us up some 8,000 feet in six hours. Our first arrival was a disappointment as there was a thick fog and in the night a storm with snow and very cold. However, the second day it cleared partially, and on the third we

started off at 4.30 a.m. with some nice Scotch people whom we had suddenly made friends with, to see the sun rise over Kanchanjanga. We had to go nearly eight miles and went in dandies (kind of hammock); we started a weird procession in the dark, carried by six men, each one a splendid specimen of 'The Pirates of Penzance'. It was a glorious morning and we were well repaid for our efforts by a beautifully clear sky, and a magnificent view of I suppose the finest mountain range in the world, hundreds of miles of mountains and snow towering right over our heads. Mount Everest is the highest (29,002 ft.) in the world, but he was rather distant. Kanchanjanga is only 800 feet less (they both beat my dear Nanga Parbat in Kashmir by a long way), and he and his neighbouring peaks were straight opposite to us; it was a wonderful sight.

Darjeeling is altogether quite different from any of these northern hill stations; there are no fir trees except Cryptomeria japonicas, but plenty of more or less tropical growths, things that one is either quite unfamiliar with or only knows as hot-house acquaintances, tree ferns, in fact ferns of all kinds and sizes in marvellous profusion, besides many orchids and much thick forest jungle, also tea plantations almost up to the level of Darjeeling itself, where snow seldom falls but never lies. The tea gardens on the steep hill-sides are wonderfully like the vineyards on the Rhine in general appearance, only the banks on which the tea grows are often 2,000 or more feet high in a single stretch, but when the hills and valleys, even the lesser ones, are all so huge, one loses all count and appreciation of their real size from want of anything to compare them with.

The people there are delightful I think, so gay and merry and different from the Indians. They are very broad and sturdy, both men and women, with flat Chinese faces and pigtails, and they wear curly brimmed felt hats stuck on askew, which gives them a rakish appearance very unlike the solemn Indian in a turban, and gay coloured cloth boots to their knees, and a Chinese-like tunic and big kookries (Gurkha knives) stuck in their belts, and a profusion of jewellery, silver, brass and turquoises. It is sad we had to give up all idea of spending our two months' leave there in the autumn as we had hoped.

Feb. 2.—*Umballa.*—Our leave is over and I am now hurriedly going to run round my own stations, visiting them officially, before returning to Pindi.

Feb. 9.—*Rawal Pindi.*—I got back here yesterday from my inspection tour to Peshawar and other stations. Everything and everybody are very worriting and tiresome. I wish I could drown some of them! I never knew such a place in my life—not Pindi in particular, but everywhere. Nobody knows anything, and everybody, every appointment, every command, everything seems to be changing and uncertain; people hardly know who is at the head of their own offices. Poor Sir William Lockhart, who had reached Calcutta on his way home, is now back in Peshawar, and apparently they are marching on a new Expedition almost immediately. Orders are issued that the Base Hospitals both here and at Nowshera are to be made up again to full strength, which they had been allowed to lapse from with the improving appearance of peace, and all

the Nursing Sisters are at sixes and sevens from different causes in different places, which of course touches me most nearly. The regiment our orderlies belong to went to the front yesterday, so that (and doctors) makes more complete revolutions in our arrangements of Station Hospital work here.

Feb. 15.—I am very much worried about all our affairs at present. For one thing, Surgeon-General Harvey, the P.M.O. of the Punjab Command, whom I like so much, is probably going. Nothing is certain yet about anything, but a sort of general post is and will be going on among various P.M.Os. and people; the result is that for the moment there is no head anywhere—everybody is temporary, and nobody knows to whom to look for anything. Then everything is so horribly uncertain about the length of time these Base Hospitals are to be kept open, and so much for us depends upon that. There is nothing happening anywhere, nothing but a sort of confusion of some Sisters being sick, and others wanting to go and others wanting to stay in places where I do not want them to be, and nobody to settle anything. However, we are very nice and peaceful here in Pindi, and that is one blessing. It is very wet and cold; we have had a good deal of rain off and on for about a week and it seems to have culminated during the last twenty-four hours. I went up to West Ridge this morning enveloped in macintoshes and it was like a bad wet winter day by the seaside.

Feb. 23.—I have never known it so bitterly cold as now at the end of February. The snow on the hills is so low and deep that the advance of the Expedition is

put off I believe. Everything is just as much uncertain as ever, hatefully so. I am not particularly busy just now, having finished all my reports and things for the year, but I am going through a succession of explosions from various Sisters of whom I have been obliged to send in bad or doubtful reports; so on the whole it is the most disagreeable time of year.

March 2.—After nearly a week of warmer weather advancing to rather hot and stuffy, we are suddenly plunged back into winter by storms and winds. To-day is very thick and ugly and gloomy and excessively cold. I have great hopes that the I.A.N.S. will be enlarged this year. I mean to try for it and I know Sir William Lockhart will take up the question as soon as he is Commander-in-Chief. I am much relieved to know that the new P.M.O., Punjab, is a very nice and pleasant man. I know him pretty well too, having met him.

March 22.—A few days ago when we were sitting peacefully at tea, the khidmatgar ran in with a scared face to say there was a madwoman in one of the rooms. We found that she had escaped from the Women's Hospital. Fortunately she was not violent, but we could not induce her to come out, but as she was willing to go back if escorted by 'one of the lords of creation', we sent for an apothecary who took her away. The poor creature is to be sent to an asylum. We are now beginning to think of leave arrangements. A party of Sisters, soon to be released from Base Hospitals, want to go to Kashmir as they may not have a chance again, the stations of some being in far-away parts of India.

I am sorry that Sir William Lockhart's installation

as C.-in-C. in India will take place only a few months before I come home, as I do want some things to be at any rate inaugurated in my time, and they can never be settled up that instant minute.

April 3.—This morning we were all buried three inches deep in sand and gravel which kept raining on us all night like fine hail, so we and everything were all in a uniform khaki colour. However the result of the dust-storm is that to-day is quite cool and nice, which is a blessing, for it had grown unconscionably hot for April. We still have nothing to do in hospital.

April 7.—In the *Army and Navy Illustrated* of March 26, 1898, will be found a very good group of Nursing Sisters with myself in the middle, also a view of wards at West Ridge, and quite a nice little notice of the group with all names given. The one in uniform different to the rest is one of those who obtained temporary employment, and although I objected on principle to extra nurses being engaged for war service, I never grudged her getting it as she is a nice dear thing and a good nurse properly trained in London. She is so pleased and proud, perfectly bubbles with delight, and says she shall now die happy as she has nursed the wounded and it has been put in print.

April 27.—I shall have to begin regular ward duty on Sunday, which oppresses me. The work is very heavy again just now and rather tiresome too. However, there will be three of us here, so it will not be half so hard as last year, and possibly another Sister will be sent.

May 4.—I am doing night duty this week, as it is

always easier to begin on night work when there are a lot of patients one does not know.

May 18.—We are very heavy in hospital and it seems as if enteric fever had started everywhere at once, as it seems to be much the same in all stations, and everyone is hard pushed.

May 24.—I am rather tired and in a very bad temper. I had two men dying all night; one did die this morning just as we were beginning work, the other was still alive when I left, but I expect he is dead now, and I fancy another will be no more in another twelve hours. Besides there are many other bad cases with which the place is overcrowded, and two tiresome officers who think nobody ill but themselves, and three of the orderlies were drunk and the rest rather sulky, so I have been reporting them all and there will be a row and I expect we shall get worse ones in their place. I could not afford to report them last night because the morning work is so heavy and I knew we could not get through it without them, and they recovered nearly by that time. During the night two of them disappeared, and I believe they went to sleep. The third I shook and thumped every quarter of an hour to keep him going. But I am most angry with the corporal, whose business it was to bring them on duty in good order, and if he perceived nothing he ought to have. Also somebody has lost my best scissors out of my surgical case. Also I discovered that the sweepers were taking my best rugs, which are removed every night out of the ward to keep them clean, to make their dirty beds on in the verandah! So altogether I did not have a nice night at all.

June 1.—It is extremely hot again and we have

a mad ward; just now it is so fearfully heavy. We have lost fourteen men in ten or twelve days and several more will certainly die; and as the regiments have changed again we have changed our orderlies—only for the thirteenth time in ten months—and of course the new ones know nothing at all. Sister H. had fever last week, but is on duty again I am thankful to say. However, I was altogether in such despair, that I wrote yesterday a private and confidential appeal to the adjutant of the Dragoon regiment here. I knew that they have several certificated men whom we have trained in former years, if they would only consent to send them, and I knew that the S.M.O. had been applying for them, and that as usual everything was full of red tape delays and mutual jealousies between the medical, the military, and the station staff offices and nothing was happening, so I wrote. Capt. B., the adjutant, came this morning to see me and is going to send up four good men to-night, who will be I hope a backbone for us to depend upon, so I feel encouraged. But I do not know whether the S.M.O. will be down on me for having ventured to interfere! But I do not care if he is as I have got what I want and what he wants too.

June 8.—We have had a terribly bad time in the wards. We lost twenty-two men in less days and are still very heavy. Nearly all the stations are short-handed.

June 21.—It is abominably hot here now; however, we have very little to do in hospital, which is a great blessing.

July 18.—I may now tell you something that I have

never ventured to mention yet, and that is that I have actually re-engaged for another term of service! I do not know myself exactly what this will lead to. I do not want to come out again for another five years, and of course one can always resign at any time, even while at home I suppose. The papers came some little time ago. Anyhow one is bound to give six months' notice, which is nearly due now, and I feel that if I were to cut myself off irrevocably now from the whole future, I should possibly have very little means or power of pressing and urging anything we want, whereas if the future is left open it leaves one many more possibilities and opportunities. Also several of the Sisters have urged me very strongly to stay on, at any rate for the moment, as there are several difficulties ahead in the way of following appointments which a little time may smooth over. Anyhow there it is and the future must take care of itself; and I hope to have a clearer idea on many matters when I have seen Betty and we have talked things over. It is not so overpoweringly hot now, but very steamy and stewy and intensely relaxing. We have comparatively little work doing now, so that is a good thing anyway.

July 27.—The leave Sisters have returned from Kashmir and for the time the house is rather upset with arrivals and departures. Being disturbed out of the even tenor of our ways makes me wish that final arrangements were finished and that Betty and I were off. I suppose one sinks dreadfully into a groove, but I do hate fussings and arrangements! We want to go to Srinagar and then to Leh, and if possible return viâ Simla.

(JOURNEY TO LEH, LADAKH, VIÂ SRINAGAR.
AUG.–SEPT. 1898.)

Aug. 8.—*Srinagar* (5,260 ft.).—Here we are, established very safely and comfortably.

Aug. 21.—*Sonamarg.*—We left Srinagar on the 15th in our boats, going one day down the Jhilam and another going up the Sind river. The weather was perfect and for a wonder no mosquitoes; it was just like a fairy dream. The Sind is beautifully clear water, and after a time it breaks up into a number of narrow channels or opens out into lake-like expanses and marshes, and we were nearly all day pushing between lovely lilies and water plants of all kinds and little islands and then stretches of firmer land where herds of cattle and little ponies with their foals were grazing. We halted for the night at Ganderbal and then made the five marches to this place, Sonamarg. Each march was through country even more beautiful than the one before; at first through cornfields, and fields of buck-wheat which are full just now of white flower. Gradually the valley got narrower and rockier, but all the way there were groves of fine walnut-trees. The last march was the most attractive of all; the valley was scarcely more than a ravine full of tumbled rocks, but thickly wooded all the same, and the Sind river filled up the bottom with a perpetually roaring waterfall. Sometimes it seemed as if there was hardly possible room to get any farther; the banks were delightfully flowery and there were masses of a plant which has great heads of yellow, orange, and red berries.

I am sitting on a bank near our tent and looking across the marg (mountain meadow) which stretches out all green and yellow and undulating, and broken up by clumps of birch-trees and fir forest on the hill-sides, and straight in front of me, almost over my head, is a huge rocky barrier of crags half covered with snow, and with five great glaciers on their sides from which the water trickles down to form the Sind river, which I hear boiling far below me. We start in two days for Leh, which will take us at least a fortnight to reach, marching every day. We have seven or eight ponies, as there seems a good deal of baggage somehow, as it is necessary to take stores of rice and things for the servants and corn for our own ponies, as there is very little to be got on the way.

Aug. 29.—*Kargil* (8,783 ft.).—We pushed on from Sonamarg and crossed the Zogi-la ('la' means a pass) in a morning early. It is frightfully steep; there is a sort of zigzag path up, but as it has chiefly been made by animals and coolies going up and down it is all anyhow, and in places there are dozens of them and it is not easy to find the right one. The pass is 11,300 feet above the sea and perpendicular for about 3,000, so, as may be guessed, the precipices are awful: we were like flies crawling up a wall! However, our ponies were very good and we rode all the way up, but twice my saddle slipped over Olivette's tail. As it was impossible to pass anything, we had to follow some loaded yaks which we caught up. The ascent took us altogether about two hours, which was quick considering, and at the end there were places from which we might almost have dropped a pebble on to the point we started from.

When we got out at the top (like Jack and the beanstalk) we found ourselves in a beautiful open grassy country with hundreds of ponies and foals grazing and little limpid streams running. It soon came on to rain hard, and the march being about twenty miles altogether, we (and our baggage) all got very wet and cold and miserable. For a time we took refuge in a post-runner's hut—such a funny place, with walls about four feet high and the doorway not three feet; one had to crawl in, and when we two and one of the servants and the runner were inside there was not room to move! There was a fire on the floor, which was rather a comfort, but the smoke was so bad we could not bear it very long, so we came out and finished the march. Luckily there was a tiny dirty rest-house about ten feet square at the end, so we got a fire made and had hot grog and changed our clothes while they were putting up the tent. Next day we had a very pleasant march to Dras (10,144 ft.), which is a comparatively big village, very pretty and very open. After Dras we plunged into the most abominable narrow, stony, rocky ravine I have ever seen or imagined in my life. The sun was fearfully and cruelly hot and scorching, the track nothing but sharp pointed rocks and stones like steep staircases up and down, most trying for the ponies' feet and for everybody, closely shut in on both sides by towering rocky crags and a roaring torrent at the bottom. Sometimes we were on a level with the water and could not hear ourselves speak, and then we climbed up and up till the river dwindled to a thread, most giddy heights, only to come tumbling down again, and this went on for about twenty-eight miles till we thought we should never

arrive anywhere at all! The only camping-places are from fifteen to eighteen miles apart, and are little villages with small strips of cultivation in ledges; for the rest *nothing* but loose stones and rocks with an occasional stunted bush, not a blade of grass anywhere. Luckily we met hardly anything on the road, for except here and there it would have been a case of the two goats if one had. The river bed begins opening out here (Kargil), but the cultivation is still all on built-up ledges by the water. Take it altogether it is rather a big place, being rather a succession of villages stuck on ledges than one place, but the mountains all round are totally bare. I see our road for to-morrow winding away miles off over a bare stony hill-top, but the green crops and poplars and willows (actually trees!) along the bottom of the valley are very pretty—anything rather than the horrid ravine of the last three days.

Sept. 8.—*Leh, Ladakh.*—Here we are successfully arrived at last, and we feel very triumphant at having accomplished our long journey so well, for we have been doing from ten to eighteen miles a day for twenty days, and the air is so rarefied that the sun is frightfully scorching. Soon after we left Kargil we got out of the Mahomedan country into the Buddhist land, and all at once the scenery seemed to become as fantastic as the buildings; in every direction rocks of odd shapes, points and pinnacles, Cleopatra's Needles, mediaeval castles with battlements and buttresses, of all sorts and shapes and sizes and colours. The whole world must be imagined absolutely bare of any blade of grass, or any visible green thing, all stones, rocks or bare earth and sand, and only green patches of oasis wherever there is a village and irrigation

cleverly engineered and carried down from some mountain burn; here there will be little cornfields and actually trees, generally willows and poplars but sometimes also fruit and walnut-trees, all of which seem to grow directly they get water, in spite of the altitude. Then there is nearly always a picturesque monastery perched on the top pinnacle of some inaccessible looking rock; other funny little buildings placed on the summits of other rocks which look as if they had been made on purpose; the villagers' houses, which are frequently whitewashed and have rather an air about them too (outside at least), are grouped round below, and for miles the road is marked by rows upon rows of 'churtans', which are much the same (only a different shape) as the pagodas in Burmah, also 'manis' or long narrow heaps of sacred stones. The people are very Chinese in appearance, only darker; they all wear a sort of dressing-gown, pigtails and a funny shaped cap, and they all seem very jolly and good tempered. I have not been able to learn any details about their domestic and family arrangements yet. Outwardly they appear much like other people in that respect except that there are very few children. There are ponies, donkeys, goats, and sheep—the latter small and the dearest little things.

Leh is only an oasis surrounded by desert like every other place, only it is rather a big one and the city has several thousand inhabitants. It is 11,300 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by a ring of higher mountains, some of them snow-topped in spite of the general dryness. Our tent is pitched in the shady compound of the dāk bungalow, which looks very nice, but we do not go into it because of bugs! They are universal.

Sept. 11.—Here one cannot tell at all what the weather is really like; the nights are very sharp, though there has not been any frost yet. All through the winter the frosts are tremendous I believe, though there is little or no rain or snow; but the sun is always hot by day, very hot, so it keeps up the impression of being still summer. We are going to dine to-night with Capt. Trench, the Commissioner of Leh. He is very hearty and friendly. We have made great friends with the German Moravian missionaries here. The pastor, Herr Franck, and his wife speak English fairly easily. They christened their first baby this morning. It is rather sad, for it is said that no European baby born here has ever yet lived; in fact, that very few Europeans have ever managed to stand the climate for more than five years, chiefly because the winters are so trying. I don't think the missionaries can have much work to do; the people are most happy and cheery and everyone is friendly all round. I have since heard that the Christians number only about thirty all told. There are also a Mission doctor and his wife, and the Commissioner is building a new hospital. Capt. Trench is a sort of patriarchal father to the place, and just now is making a new street and market which will be a great improvement to Leh. The people are paying for all out of their own money, and were delighted when Capt. Trench took the initiative and made all the plans and arrangements.

Sept. 15.—What very exciting news there is in the papers I have received! I am so very thankful the battle of Omdurman is over and so completely successfully. What a blessing to think that the Khalifa is at last quite

overthrown! Then the American news and the future fate of the Philippines; and then again I am deeply interested in the Dreyfus case and the extraordinary revelations which are being made.

It has been very nice and peaceful here and we have liked it very much. We have only one clear day left to stay, and I think it is quite time we went, for it is getting very much colder. I shall not be sorry to leave Leh either, though I have enjoyed it greatly. Perhaps it is the very high altitude—I don't know—but it is one of the most tiring places I ever was in, and one is always hungry and eating too much! We have seen a great deal of our friends the missionaries, and they are so very simple-hearted and friendly and I think really pleased to see something of some one from the world outside. Fraulein Kant, one of them, took us to call on a Mahomedan lady, at the special invitation of the husband, who likes his wife to see a little society, although she is strict pardah-nashin. She is a Yarkandi (about two months' journey from here) and very pleased to see us, and fed us on sweets and little raisins and Ladakhi tea, which is green, curiously scented and perhaps spiced, and *very* sweet, and of course no milk. One day Herr Franck took us to see a hermit who has retired up the mountain-side for meditation; he is said to be the only Mahatma existing. After a mile or two of sandy stony way we had to get off our ponies and climb a steep rocky bit of hill. There on the hill-side grows a solitary willow tree out of a rock, which is rather a miracle in itself as willows do not usually grow out of rocks on bare steep hill-sides! However, there it is, and it makes a nice shade in a little nook. Close by is a little stone hut where the hermit lives.

When we approached he rang his bell and played a little tom-tom to show his presence; but it seems he has taken a vow of silence, so he shut himself up tight in his hut and we never saw him at all! However, the whole expedition was most amusing. Yesterday Captain Trench invited us to go into his compound in the morning as he was to hold a Durbar. He holds one every week and receives all the notables of the place, all the chief traders, heads of caravans, &c. It was very interesting, as there were all sorts of people there, some being English subjects, some Kashmiris, Russian subjects, Chinese subjects, men from Lhassa (which is the mysterious capital of the Grand Lama of Thibet), Yarkandis, Kirghis and all sorts of people from the Central Asiatic steppes. Some wore turbans, others round sheepskin caps or funny shaped peaky caps and long Russian boots, but they were nearly all in dressing-gown garments, of which some were rather handsome, others of brightly flowered Manchester cottons well padded for warmth. Nearly all had a kind of sash that tied the gown in at the waist, and was stuck through with varieties of useful things, knives, chop-sticks, a long bright metal tube which holds pens, ink-bottle dangling alongside, and long spoons with a ladle at one end and a small spoon at the other. Also the Ladakhi men have many relic cases and little god-boxes, some very handsome, which are stuffed into their bosoms till they are well puffed out; they are veritable walking curiosity shops! They all squatted down on the ground round an arrangement of carpets under the trees. First the Commissioner walked round and spoke a little to most, in Persian; then he sat down on one of

the chairs and made a little speech telling them of the great English victory in the Soudan, to which they all listened with due attention and respect. Then one or two little cases or questions in dispute were brought up to be tried, and he settled them there and then in patriarchal fashion. Next, we all had tea; this is quite a local institution and different from any Indian Durbar. The only ones who of course would not take anything were the Hindu pandits from Kashmir. The Durbar then broke up, and I am very glad to have seen it. The chief article of merchandise brought to Leh is bhāng, imported from India. The women here wear a most extraordinary headdress; a funny flat thing covered with turquoises often as big as one's thumb and hanging far down the back, then sort of ears of black sheepskin are sewn on and plaits of their own hair hang over it. They all wear it, even the poorest and raggedest, though some have more and bigger turquoises than others. Then they have a short dress with a sash round the waist and many dangles, tassels, coral necklaces and bright brass ornaments hanging down to their ankles nearly; then thick wrinkling trousers which make their legs look like pillars, and bare feet or big felt boots, and lastly, they hang (in the hottest weather!) a plain unornamented sheepskin over the back like a cloak, the forelegs fastened round the neck, the lower part cut more or less oval and the wool inside.

Oct. 7.—*On the river.*—We are peacefully and blissfully passing up the river now on our way back to Srinagar, and I am truly thankful to be quite idle and restful once again after all we have gone through, for we really have gone through a great deal. Our

marchings as far as Kargil were uneventful; it really was most pleasant and enjoyable—the days were heavenly, but the mornings and evenings sometimes quite cold and sharp. At Kargil we arrived the same day as the outgoing and incoming Wazirs (native governors) of Leh, and there was much tom-toming and festivities at the meeting of the Wazirs. A nautch was held in their honour and a polite native gentleman brought us chairs 'that we might see the dancing'. The people seemed to enjoy themselves very much. We reached Tashgam without much damage, although the weather was variable with cold and wind and rain; it is only three marches from the Zogi pass, the one which drops suddenly down into Kashmir, so we felt we were getting on. But what were our surprise and disgust next morning at finding ourselves effectually snowed up! It was truly annoying, and the fall was so heavy that it had to be cleared off the tent every two hours for fear of its breaking in, till we were surrounded by a bank of snow and it came in at the door and heaped up inside. As there was nothing for it but to stay still, after breakfast we got our hot bottles and went to bed again, to pass the time! The fall was unusually heavy for the time of year. Next day the weather cleared, and we rode gaily on to Dras through a good deal of snow and a great deal of slush. There we found an officer of a Mountain Battery at Pindi who had been caught also by the snowfall; he did not, however, know us, nor we him. He insisted on our going into a tolerably clean room in the post-office, out of which he turned. The room, by the bye, was only a mud shed with two large windows and three doorways with nothing to close them

with. However we hung up some canvas and lit a fire: there was no chimney, but that was a detail provided one did not stand up. Mr. E. also gave us some tea, and was altogether a joy and a blessing to us as our baggage was so long coming up. We were very glad not to be in our tent, as there were over seventeen degrees of frost in the night. Next morning he was laid up with snow blindness from the effects of his previous day's march, so we gave him a spare pair of goggles and he went to bed to nurse his eyes. We pushed on, and the day was glorious without a cloud, and I never could have imagined the *fiendish* power of the sun on the snow in that rarefied air. Luckily we had goggles, so our eyes were all right. But in spite of our two months of exposure and browning and in spite of sun-hats and umbrellas, that one afternoon skinned us thoroughly; our noses and cheeks swelled up to the size of two and were horribly painful and ugly, and when the sunburnt skin peeled off it left us piebald! That afternoon we arrived at Mitayun, a village only twenty miles from the pass, and the snow was getting deeper with every mile. We went into a little hut about ten or twelve feet square, while the servants got some shelter in a village shed. We wanted to go on next day, but stuck fast because the stingy old lumberdār of the village would not let us have wood, so we sat shivering without a fire. In the afternoon we heard an Englishman's voice and went out to accost him, and he turned out to be a grateful patient! He knew us both, as we had nursed him through enteric fever eight years ago. I am sorry to say we had both forgotten all about him, but he remembered us and was most hearty and friendly. He stopped only to eat some food and

make arrangements for his going on, but he rowed the lumberdār and threatened to report him if he did not at once supply grass for the ponies and wood for us, so both were promptly produced, and paid for of course. So we remained behind much cheered. Next morning we started early, and a very stiff march it was, so intensely cold and freezing hard. For a good many miles we could walk on the top of the snow, but when it got soft we had to keep single file in the path (about six inches wide) that had already been tramped, each pony putting his feet in the same groove as his predecessor. If they got out of this they were up to their stomachs and floundered about, but it was pain and grief; also the real road had been lost, and we had to ford the river twice, go a good bit round, and climb some nasty places. When we got to the top of the pass it was joy to look down and see green and trees far below. But the worst part was to come, the descent being fearfully steep and facing the afternoon sun. So very soon after leaving the top it was all piles of slush, a sort of place where one sits down unintentionally at least once in two minutes and slides. It was awfully hard on the baggage ponies, and presently one fell over; luckily where he fell a sharp zigzag had been cut, and about twenty or thirty feet down he fetched up in a snowdrift on the path below. A little further down two ponies fell over together; one was saved somehow, but the other poor little beast went head over heels right down to the river, 1,000 or 1,500 feet, and that was the end of him. Luckily nothing of any importance was lost, although the packs were scattered far and wide. At last we got down to Bāltāl after ten hours of road

and were too tired to go an inch further, though Băltăl is a horrid place, the snow lying in patches even here. It lies in a funnel at the foot of the pass, and the most atrocious howling, piercing wind blew all night; it tore away part of our tent and kept us in an anxiety all night lest the whole might collapse. I think it was really the worst night we had, which is saying a good deal after five days and nights spent in the snow. Once we got away from Băltăl it was all plain sailing and the road very easy.

Oct. 9.—*Srinagar.*—Now we have arrived here and have still nearly twenty days to play about in, as our leave this time is for three months. I think we were very energetic to strike off to Leh, a 260 miles' march. But then travelling in this country is so easy, I mean as to real difficulties. The worst things that can happen can always be averted by bakshish, and after all as the tariff for pony and coolie hire is fixed by the Kashmir Government and the people are so accustomed to it, the impositions are not so very exorbitant, and as for the people of the country, they are most amiable! I am sure one is safer wandering about here than one would be in England, with possible tramps lurking in thickets. We have planted ourselves on a lonely camping-ground on the Dal Lake, where it is much pleasanter and healthier than the banks of the Jhilam itself in Srinagar. I forgot to tell you that our 'grateful patient' friend whom we had met up in the snows we met again. He said he could never have got over the pass without having with him a number of men to dig where necessary, and without some 'empty' (as the natives call them) ponies which were driven on

ahead to force a track through the snow, and as these animals always go in single file they trod the narrow path which his baggage ponies (and ours) were able to follow along, but he had to select and find a road as best he could.

Oct. 23.—We are in our boats again, for the last time, alas! It is sad to think that our long holiday is so nearly over. To-day it seems as if the skies were inclined to weep for us, as instead of the lovely heavenly sunshine which we have had every day and all day lately and which seemed like a right, it is cold this morning and gloomy and inclined to rain and the mountains are all hid.

Nov. 2.—*Rawal Pindi.*—Just a week ago I got back here and already the leave seems like a dream. The ward work, after being very heavy, is now light for a change, and as there are two Sisters I have not done any work yet. I find everybody is rather struck by our energy and courage in going all the way to Leh and back alone, which is rather satisfactory.

Nov. 9.—I am on night duty, and shall be until the end of the week, as we have several bad cases.

Nov. 16.—We are very busy in hospital again, and goodness knows when another Sister owing to us for months will be sent.

Nov. 23.—Sir William Lockhart passed through yesterday on his way to Peshawar, and I believe will stay here two days on his way south again. He will have too much to do and to think of to be able to turn his mind to us and to our wants just at first, and the question will be how to put matters before him. Then

I wish I knew for quite sure about Surgeon-General Taylor coming out as P.M.O., India, as all these matters ought to go through him first and I would rather that they did; but if he should not come at all, then better interest Sir W. L. before attacking a stranger. We are still very busy in hospital, and likely to be more so, as the Rifles are coming in and are sure to bring some sick with them.

Nov. 30.—I am on night duty again this week, and I do not know what is going to happen about a new Sister coming here. The one placed under orders is ill, I hear. Curiously enough there is a Hindu prophecy, very generally believed by the natives, that this next year is to be one of wars all over the world, and the year after one of peace.

In a letter dated December 14 Miss Loch confesses that she had not been feeling well or up to her work for some months, and that though the journey in Kashmir had done her good and braced her up she was not able to do her full duty. Her furlough after her second five years of service was due shortly, but as it was decided by the doctors that it would be better for her not to delay going to England, application was made to Army head-quarters at Simla to arrange for her being permitted to start two months before the five years were completed. This request was met by endless difficulties and objections, and it was only through the kindness of Sir William Lockhart, that at last leave was granted. The arrangements took six weeks to be settled, and her letters

show how her work during this time could not be suspended, though it was somewhat lessened.

Dec. 28.—Christmas is over now and I am very glad, though I never did so little before. There were so many bad enterics that the doctor would not hear of our doing anything for the patients, not even for the convalescents, so we could do nothing but present cakes and cigars to the orderlies, who were much delighted. The Medical Mess gave their usual Christmas dinner, but I did not go. One of the Sisters could not be present, as she was on night duty and the patients were too bad to be left, especially as even the best orderlies showed signs of having had Christmas fare!

It is always a bother to get any official things settled when they in any way disturb the natural order of proceedings, so I do not know yet what is going to happen as regards the date of my coming home. In the meantime I have been very well this last week. It is very cold to-day and likely to rain. India without sun is certainly a very gloomy place, and the houses are so dark and dismal and draughty that it is impossible to be comfortable anywhere. I am longing to see my dear sisters again, and send best love.

1899

Jan. 4.—*Rawal Pindi.*—Everybody and everything are most tiresome and aggravating and as yet I know nothing about getting away. I have been very busy lately with a lot of tiresome things to settle and applications to make for many things in connexion with the

Service before leaving, and I seem to spend nearly all my time in writing. I expect to be going to Peshawar next week for a day and a half. The other two stations I must stop at as I go down country, as I must pass both, and seeing them then will save me the journey to and fro. It will be most interesting to know how my various demands will develop and turn out after I leave; they will all take some months to settle. Sir William Lockhart has undertaken to urge one or two of them, and much time has been occupied in writing explanations and details, &c., for his benefit in addition to the official applications.

Jan. 11.—Things are more distracting than ever about our leave to come home; it seems the regulations knock against every expedient which can be devised, and now the Chief is trying to work it as a special case. I send you to read a very nice kind letter I got from Lady Lockhart this morning, as I think you would like to see it.

Jan. 16.—Thank goodness! Everything is at last satisfactorily settled; Betty and I are both coming in the *Dilwara*, which sails from Bombay on the 25th. The Chief has been most awfully good and kind. Only think, the regulations were so disagreeable that it turned out it was not possible to get the furlough antedated by two months by anyone in India, so they had to cable to the Secretary of State for the required sanction! Does it not seem a terrible fuss about nothing? However, I am very thankful indeed that all is settled, but I really am looking very well indeed and am feeling very well too, the only trouble being no more than a discomfort at present. If I get all right eventually,

as I hope and pray I shall, I am extremely anxious not to cut short my service just now. I have been intensely occupied all these last few weeks in urging officially and otherwise the urgent need of having a larger Service, more Sisters to do the work and to fall back upon in time of need: that first and foremost, and several other questions also, relative to pay, &c. I should like very much to have some opportunity of seeing how these work if they are granted, as I have no doubt they will be, if not in whole at any rate in part, and then one can have some further idea of what more may be wanted and needed. More help is not sent here because there is no more to be had. There is hardly a station in India with its full number of Sisters, and many have only half. This year, counting Betty and me, there are twelve on furlough, some are sick or on sick leave, they have just appointed three new ones and there are still four vacancies, out of a total of fifty-two, and this is ignoring all ordinary leave, so no wonder everybody is short and most are overworked. The Lady Superintendent of Madras is going home in March.

Jan. 18.—Everybody is very hearty and friendly. Sorry I am going, but I shall be thankful when I am off and it is all over.

Jan. 24.—*SS. Dilwara, Bombay Harbour.*—We embarked this afternoon, but have to lie in harbour all night. We got down country all right and spent two or three scrimmagy days in the Bombay District offices, Pay office, Agents' office, &c., &c., and I am very tired, especially as the change of climate from frost and bitter wind at Pindi is very great; but Bombay, for a wonder,

really is very pleasant and cool just now. There are many people whom I know going home in this ship, and I seem to have met more people the last few days than for years past. I believe we shall not be allowed to land anywhere on account of plague regulations and quarantine.

Miss Loch underwent a serious and successful operation in St. Thomas's Hospital on the 25th of February, 1899.

FOURTH PERIOD. 1900-1904.

CHAPTER X

1900

Miss Loch sailed on the 29th of December, 1899, in the *Oceana* for Bombay.

Jan. 18.—We are having the most wonderful weather that ever was for the Indian Ocean, quite cool and rather windy; in fact we have never had it the least bit hot anywhere.

Jan. 24.—*Rawal Pindi.*—Arrived here yesterday in safety. Everything seems to be in confusion and everything is rather horrid, and I do not like being here at all at present. However, no doubt I shall settle down by degrees and get into harness again. Of course everything feels distasteful at first! I must go over to the hospital presently and see things in general.

Jan. 30.—I am much more settled and comfortable than when I wrote last. One must feel at first like a fish out of water, and there are always many grievances and tiresomenesses to be inquired into or listened to. Sister B. has dragged me round to pay calls, and I have done fifty-five already, and I think there are only about ten more to do, so that is very wonderful. These are all people who have called on the Nursing Sisters

or been friendly to them; all those who were here before are very hearty and nice and welcoming.

Feb. 7.—The hospital is very light now; the Sisters are not even doing night duty and one of them wants ten days' leave, and I feel certain night duty will begin as soon as she goes, and if it does I shall have to take a share. So far I have not worked in the wards at all.

Feb. 14.—I dined with the (Genl.) Waterfields last night. I am very fond of Mrs. W. and she was one of the first people I knew in India and of whom I saw a good deal; then they were stationed elsewhere for years and now have drifted back here again. The famine all over India is awful. To-day we have started the odious Pindi winds again and I fear they will go on for some time. As two of the Sisters are going to a fancy dress dance at the General's I am going to look after the sick; luckily our ward is very light and night duty not necessary. Sister Barker was telegraphed for last week to nurse the Chief (Sir William Lockhart) in Calcutta, he being ill again.

Feb. 19.—I drove through the city yesterday, and when passing the native serai saw it was crowded to the utmost with people. I sent to find out what was going on, and was told that a saiyad (Mahomedan) had promised to show the people that he could go into a fire and not be burnt; so a great roaring fire had been made in the middle of the enclosure, and when it was at its hottest, he walked about in it and then sat down in the middle, and lo! the fire died down and went out! I had heard before of these fire exhibitions. One of the Peshawar Sisters on short leave here has brought me a bunch of violets as big as my head, with stalks nearly

a foot long, quite lovely. I have never seen them grow anywhere as they do in Peshawar.

Feb. 27.—The garden here is very encouraging. It is in these months just before the hot weather that mignonette, sweet-peas, yellow and white daisies, poppies and such like come out, and owing to the frequent rain last month everything looks fresh and flourishing; we have had a lot of cauliflowers. However, it will not be for long, as everything will soon be sun-burned up after this. I was up pretty nearly all night, as there are some patients needing hypodermics and things in the night, but we have not been doing regular night duty, which is a blessing.

Mar. 8.—As soon as I arrived I borrowed a back number of the *Indian Nursing Record* and was considerably dismayed at seeing in the correspondence part a heading 'A Hot Weather Hospital' and then 'We have received the following:—Dear Sir ... (the letter), Yours, &c., Catharine G. Loch, Lady Suptdt., I.A.N.S.,' and what was most annoying, I recognized the letter as a fragment of a twaddly little account I sent perhaps eleven years ago in early and innocent days to Mrs. Bedford Fenwick for her *Nursing Record*. In the issue of the following week of the *I.N.R.* there was a so-called answer to it under a nom de plume, the opportunity being taken for various spiteful remarks, pretty much a repetition of malicious letters and articles that have appeared from time to time in the same paper since we came to India, and obviously written by a member of the Subordinate Medical Department, probably always the same one.

I hear that the native who did the fire trick last

month has given another performance. His posters were simply killing, large sheets of yellow paper with big headings :—

'CIRCULAR : In the name of the most merciful GOD
under the patronage of
Lt.-General Sir Power Palmer, K.C.B.
I hope he will come himself

(and further on) I purpose to walk through the fire and by the grace of Ali Mahmūd Khan shall not be burnt. And by the grace of the ALMIGHTY tickets shall be sold at the appointed time and place.'

Mar. 20.—This morning I got a telegram from Sister Barker, Calcutta, telling me of Sir William Lockhart's death and I am very grieved. He is a great loss publicly, and to us Nursing Sisters he was a good friend, so I feel it personally in addition. He was buried yesterday evening and minute guns were fired at the same time in every garrison station in India. It all seems so quickly over; he died very late on Sunday night, 18th.

There was a brief note in the *Pioneer* a few days ago to the effect that a scheme for increasing the I.A.N.S. was under the consideration of Government, the proposed numbers being thirteen Senior and sixty-three Nursing Sisters. This would much more than double our numbers and would mean the starting of thirteen new stations. I do not think anything will happen immediately, but this is evidently the scheme set on foot after my letter was written last year to Government. If we get the increase it will be entirely due I think to Sir William Lockhart, who encouraged me in the application from the beginning and promised to support it; that was before Surgeon-General Taylor came out.

To-day is perfectly lovely. The P.M.O., Punjab Command, has promised me an extra Sister here, at any rate for the hot weather while the others are taking leave, so I think and hope that will make everything easy; also I trust it will get established to have always a fifth here, which is quite right.

Mar. 24.—Owing to no new troops coming out, there is so little sickness this year that it did not matter our being short-handed through Sister Barker's going to Calcutta. The famine in the land is dreadful, the worst for very many years and the most widely extended. The population problem is appalling here. I believe the increase is at the rate of doubling in an extraordinarily short time. Of course plague and famine and cholera do their best to keep down numbers, but one must help to save individuals even if one may be preparing the way for a still more terrible visitation in the future, through having too many people in the world!

April 4.—You may like to see the enclosed letter from Lady Lockhart. It is a very nice one, and she says: 'I grieve much that Sir William was unable to carry out the plans he had for the improvement and development of the numbers and status of the Nursing Sisters in India. He often said to me that when Miss Loch comes out she shall come to us on duty and we shall thoroughly discuss the matter with her and Surgeon-General Taylor, getting the advantage of her wisdom and experience on every point.'

This evening we had a tremendous storm. There were at first magnificent effects of clouds and blue and green sky in different directions, tumbling thunder all the time and the most splendid forked and chain light-

ning shooting about the inky clouds. Somehow one never seems to see as much sky at once in England as one does here, nor such lightning either. The clouds and the lightning got nearer and nearer and the flashes were the most wonderful colours, lighting everything up pink, red, blue and purple by turns with vivid jags which ran about the sky like wriggling fiery serpents in every direction; then came the wind and rain, both tremendous for an hour or two. Every few hours violent storms come with sheets of rain, hurricanes and thunder, and it is so cold that I am sitting in my big thick winter cloak!

April 17.—The little daughter of a chaplain is ill of enteric in one of the hotels here, and as the mother could not get a nurse to help I went, and one night sat up with the child; however a nurse has been obtained now. I think our light time in hospital is coming to an end now, and I am very glad that I have secured the extra Sister, it having become advisable to start night duty again. Last night there was a wonderful meteor. I saw it, but thought it only a flash of lightning, although the sky was clear and the moonlight bright; Sister A. was startled by it, and noticed a great thing like a comet with a long tail as thick as a man's arm sail across the sky. It must have been something like the meteor I saw in Burmah some years ago, and which was like a great fiery moon suddenly sailing overhead and down to the earth. We seem to have left off rain for the present, and now have the regular Pindi spring wind, blowing and blustering from sunrise to sunset, dry, parching, and dusty. I hate it, and it is like the horridest east wind ever known, only it is hot. The flies have suddenly

come out in myriads and are disgusting, as they come all over one's food and there is no keeping anything from them; fortunately they do not remain as bad as this all the summer. I do not know why it is, but the swarms always come out early, and when the weather gets real hot they dwindle away and become comparatively few. People are fast migrating to the hills and Pindi is being left in hot-season solitude; those going into Kashmir are sticking here and there on the road, which is shockingly bad and most difficult to keep in repair.

April 24.—There is a universal post just now: everybody is officiating for somebody else since Sir Power Palmer is made temporary Commander-in-Chief; and among the doctors it is nearly as bad, as the P.M.O. of this Command has obtained leave to England, so everyone goes up all round for the time. There is a rush of quail on just now; it always comes at one particular moment in the spring, and the result is that we cannot eat them fast enough and have roast quail, stewed quail, quail pie and potted quail for every meal for a bit; they are nice little birds, but I wish things came more at intervals! It is like the flowers: now there are cartloads of roses and presently there will not be any flowers at all. I have never seen the station so green and all the compounds so overloaded with flowers before; the sight really is lovely—the bushes cannot be seen for the roses.

April 30.—I have had some correspondence with Dr. Taylor about the old letter of mine which had been copied into the *Indian Nursing Record* (I mentioned the subject to you last month) and asked his advice. The upshot is that I consulted a lawyer here and he wrote

to the editor requesting an explanation, so now it remains to be seen what he says for himself.

May 2.—Last night was one of the most hatefully stuffy I ever felt, and five minutes ago we had an earthquake lasting a few seconds; everything began to sway and rattle with a nasty wobbling motion which passed through the whole house. This year seems a bad one for snakes. We have a case of snake-bite in the hospital; the man has escaped the original danger attending the first half-hour about, but he is very bad, mainly, as I think, from the reckless crowding in of remedies at the beginning. I was dining out last night, and as the people had seen a snake in the compound a snake-charmer was summoned. He walked about tootling his little Pan pipes persuasively outside likely places, and three were lured into poking their noses out; he caught them in his hands, pulled out their fangs and took them away with him.

May 15.—I have been doing night duty off and on during the last few days, as Sister A. is away and there is a man pretty bad in the ward.

May 30.—The other night I went over to the hospital and very nearly trod on a large snake. Generally I carry a lamp, but this time I did not, and I will never go again without one. The snake was killed; it measured fifty inches and had poison fangs.

July 11.—I have been on night duty all this week and we have had some very bad cases.

July 18.—I am so glad you were both able to go to Stoke for the funeral of Uncle Henry (Lord Loch); it is so sad and pathetic altogether his being the first to be laid in the new piece of ground given by himself!

Another sister has been sent here unexpectedly to us, and her coming is rather a trial. She has been very hypochondriacal for a long time, and having got into trouble was reduced in position. Officially I have heard nothing about her, and if she has been sent here to be under my 'observation' I think a word of warning should have been communicated to me.

July 24.—One thing to be thankful for about the present weather is that there are no dust-storms, but it is hateful being absolutely soaking wet through always; it is no good changing, for the new clothes are wet also as soon as one can get them on and fastened, and one's hair is always wet and sticky.

There are ten Nursing Sisters warned for service in China, but they do not seem to be going immediately. Two Deputy Superintendents (or Senior Sisters as they are called now) are to go. According to Regulations a Lady Superintendent does not go unless they fit out a hospital of over 500 beds, so I am afraid there is no chance of my going, much as I wish there might be.

At this moment I feel much put out by affairs in our hospital here. The principal source of unsatisfactoriness in our work in India is our relations to the assistant-surgeons (Subordinate Medical Department). In theory the assistant-surgeon is in full charge of the hospital and responsible for everything during all the hours that the doctors are absent, and of course in a hospital without Sisters he is altogether absolute. Now it has never been clearly defined what the relative position of Nursing Sister and assistant-surgeon should be. In military rank they are warrant officers, and they have had a medical training which stops just short of

qualifying them as doctors; some of them are first-rate and as good as any doctor, but a very large proportion are not. My object always has been to conciliate them, to be on perfectly polite terms with them, and when that is the case the question of who is master does not arise. Up to a short time ago I should have said that this state of things had gradually slid into an organized system and worked smoothly enough; their work and ours are quite separate really, though there are unfortunately various points of contact, and one is the question of discipline over the native ward servants. If the assistant-surgeon does not enforce this they become distractingly lazy, dirty and insolent. The other and most important thing is, exactly what is to be done in the event of patients becoming suddenly worse and needing emergency measures till the doctor comes. When we are on friendly terms this is very easily settled; no Sister objects to sending for the assistant-surgeon and taking his advice if he is a decent man, and I have succeeded in establishing the rule that the Sister on duty should be free to write her own report of events and have it sent direct to the doctor at any time of the day or night. Nevertheless I have had within the last week to fight this, though it has been accepted without question for years. But an assistant-surgeon bent on asserting what he calls 'his position' and on making himself as disagreeable as possible, has plenty of opportunities for interfering with us and for bringing matters to an impossible point. No doubt we are aggravating too sometimes, and I am sure they look upon us as intruders. Nevertheless the presence of Nursing Sisters behind the scenes puts a stop to many irregularities and prevents

neglect, through indolence or carelessness, of patients too ill to take heed of their wants or rights. Vigilant care of the sick not infrequently involves the Sisters in rows, and they are often accused of making much unnecessary trouble. Here, however, there had been peace for a long time, and why this sudden breaking out on the part of two of the assistant-surgeons, I scarcely know.

Sept. 4.—Nothing has happened here since last week, except that people will squabble and quarrel, which is tiresome of them and so needless, but the assistant-surgeons' contribution to worries has subsided. I think all chance of any of the rest of us going to China is vanishing away; only five Sisters have actually gone of the ten who were warned for service.

Sept. 19.—I have been very much worried about the Sister who has been sent here to be under 'observation'. I am afraid nothing can be done with her, and although I am very sorry for her, naturally want for all reasons to get her out of the Service. Her failing is probably incurable, and as things are now, the anxiety about her as to what she may do or what may happen is very great, in fact sickening.

Oct. 11.—*Meerut.*—I got here yesterday morning, having obtained privilege leave. I am staying with Betty, and we start in a week for Nepal on a visit to my cousin, Col. W. Loch, the Resident at Khatmandu. I made the 'observation' Sister take her leave also, as otherwise she would have had to be left in charge during my absence, and I was determined she should not be. I shall be glad to start and get out of the atmosphere of hospitals and Sisters! One does not feel entirely on leave till one gets into a different world.

(Visit to Nepal. Oct.–Nov. 1900.)

Oct. 24.—*Khatmandu, Nepal.*—I must tell you about our journey in. We went by train from Umballa to Segauli and on to Ruxaul, a terminal station where we found a number of coolies waiting and two palkees and a Sikh sepoy. The palkees are great wooden things, not unlike a four-wheeled cab without the wheels, but with a pole in front and behind. We travelled all night through lovely tiger jungles, a man with a lantern running by each palkee; it was weird and beautiful and such a frantic luxuriance of growing things, all kinds of trees and undergrowth, creepers to the tops of the trees, which then drooped down in long waving tails and were seized on by other creepers which climbed up them into inextricable confusion. In the morning we arrived at an empty serai, to which villagers near brought us eggs and milk and boiling water. Having breakfasted we went on all day among the lower hills, and the mad profusion of everything was most beautiful and the ferns lovely, big and little, not only on the ground but all over the trunks and branches of trees; the latter too being covered with orchids, not however then in flower. Late in the afternoon we arrived at a place where we found light small hill dandies in readiness. This was practically the end of the Terai, which is a belt of forest which goes all round the foot of these southern Himālayas and is considered the most deadly malarious region in India. Well, we got into our dandies and were taken straight up nearly 3,000 feet and reached a different atmosphere. Here there is a little rest-house belonging to the

Maharajah, and Willie had sent out camp beds, food and a servant, so we fared sumptuously and were very glad to tumble into bed as we had to start at 6.30 next morning again in the dandies. Now we were come to the real mountains; there are two high passes to cross, so it was twice to climb up and twice to drop down, and anything more absolutely perpendicular I never saw. This is the only road into the country, and the coolies seem to run up and down without minding at all, and having bare feet or grass shoes never seem to slip. But our dandies were tilted straight on end with three men holding up the lower end, and three others hanging on to a rope behind to let it down or pull it up. It was very easy for us, but quite gasping occasionally. I had always heard that strangers were let down into Nepal over a precipice at the end of a rope, and it is more true than I thought it! There is, so I understand, another way in somewhere and quite straight and easy, but the Nepalese will not allow any English to see or to know anything about it, and it is I hear mined and pitfalled so that it cannot be used even by the people of the country. The government of Nepal is very funny. The real king, called the Maharājādhirāj, is a *roi fainéant*. He is very rarely seen, though he occasionally appears at state functions covered with diamonds; he is not educated and not allowed to learn English; he is given a harem very early and brought up altogether in the most enervating way, and does not exercise any real power at all. Then the Prime Minister, whose office also appears to be hereditary, is the real ruler and does everything, and always makes the reigning king marry his daughter,

to keep things in the family. When we got to the bottom of the last 'Jacob's Ladder', we found a carriage which took us straight to the Residency. It is all very lovely, and the ring of great peaked snow mountains nearly all round the valley is most wonderful. But what delights me almost more than anything are the houses and buildings. The city is most picturesque. It is not oriental looking. I never saw anything quite like it before. The houses are built either of red brick, very small bricks and a very good colour, with thatched or old red tiled roofs very steep, or else they are white with black beams and woodwork and black carved wood shutters and pillars. The carving is beautiful, and every house has a verandah supported on thick carved black wood pillars, the upper story generally sticking out and making the roof of the verandah; the architecture really is most characteristic and delightful. Then there are lots of temples and beautiful grey stone staircases leading up the sides of the hills, and grey stone terraces and embankments leading by steps down into the river. No strangers are ever allowed to see their temples, which are all enclosed in a sort of cloisters. Yesterday as we were taking a walk we came on a man apparently loitering, and Grace said, 'Oh, that is our shadow; I was wondering where he was.' It seems that all English are incessantly watched. One cannot go anywhere or arrive anywhere but one of the Maharajah's sepoys appears out of the ground and follows just within sight. Presently you observe that the shadow is no longer the same man, but another who has taken his place. They are ubiquitous. However one may think one has got to be alone, a man always appears silently close at hand, in the most un-

expected manner. It is believed that even the Residency servants are all in the pay of the Nepalese, but as Grace says, as we do not want to conceal anything it is perhaps rather a good thing!

Oct. 27.—We are now settled in the Residency. It is a very comfortable pretty house and like an English home, and there is a delightful garden with a great deal of grass and lots of fruit and vegetables and flowers, all English: strawberries, peaches, apples, pears, &c., also oranges and lemons and forbidden fruit and different funny things, and there are two trees of persimmons (I never knew before that the race-horse was called after a fruit). It is a Japanese thing, I believe, and has been imported; very pretty; grows on a biggish bush tree, dark green; fruit like a bright orange-coloured tomato, very squashy, eaten with a spoon like an egg and quite good.

I went to see and photograph an old Buddhist shrine and temple, supposed to be the oldest building in the valley. Like all Buddhist places it is at the top of a hill with a stone staircase straight up, so steep. It is a queer old place and the views from it most fine. I never saw such a populous looking place. The valley is only twenty miles long and fifteen wide, but there are three big towns and many villages and numbers of opulent looking country houses, and gazing down on the valley from the height it seems very full and prosperous, and the endless rice-fields very pretty. All the towns have separate histories, but now all are merged into the one kingdom, but even so it is so small and so exclusive it always reminds me of a kingdom in a fairy story. What I am wanting most to do is to go

into the city and photograph some of the streets and living-houses; they fascinate me more than temples.

Oct. 31.—We have made two long expeditions, and each day a Nepalese officer attached to the Resident as a sort of A.D.C. came with us. He is a very nice friendly man and speaks English pretty well. I am more and more fascinated with the architecture in this country. Such a pity they are letting it die out and that the new buildings are becoming Europeanized. There are two big Buckingham Palaces being built for different Maharajahs which will look quite out of proportion to the valley; otherwise the country houses of the nobles, which are generally high, white, and with many windows and green venetian shutters, give a most wonderfully Italian-like aspect to the valley, with the blue hills behind them looking just like the Apennines. In the towns every street corner is a perfect picture, with all sorts of jutting out gables and lovely corner windows, and little cloisters and courtyards with balconies round, and always out of some top window a great bush of chrysanthemum flowers growing and trailing downwards; the colouring is delightful. They are a funny people here. They seem so friendly and so civilized, but they make nothing of cutting off the heads of inconvenient people. When this Maharajah (the Prime Minister) came into power, he killed all his near relations to make himself secure. There is a large standing army of about twenty or thirty thousand men, though the place is so small, but the majority are only armed with muzzle-loaders. The regiments have bugles and a band; the uniforms are rather in English style and an odd head-dress is worn; it is very flat, with gold or silver

braid round, and a gold or silver or jewelled badge in front according to rank. All the grandees wear a sort of English uniform braided and frogged, with English uniform trousers, or else only the uniform coat and cotton pyjamas. The women wear about thirty yards (the rich people, sixty) of cotton stuff or muslin hanging down in front to the ground, so they have to hold up the fronts of their gowns when they walk, and they look such bundles in front. All the women scrape the hair up to the top of the head, and one race makes a sausage which sticks straight out; the other prevailing race makes a huge plait which starts from the very middle of the top of the head and then hangs down as it likes; it has red braid plaited in and looks rather nice, and all have flowers, marigolds or chrysanthemums, on the head.

Nov. 4.—I am so very very grieved that Prince Christian Victor has died at Pretoria; it is dreadfully sad for the poor Princess. I am very very sorry, and have written a little line to the Princess by this mail; it was very difficult.

There is a big mela (religious fair) on to-day; we went out and I took a good many snapshots at the people, hundreds and hundreds streaming along, all the women in their best clothes looking so bright and gay with a kind of flat gold plates on the head and gold flaps at the sides. Many had babies tied on their backs; they wind a long scarf round to tie them on, and do all their work and everything with the baby in place. Many of the men also were carrying their children. They don't carry loads on their heads here as they do in India, but always on one shoulder; a long bamboo

balances on the shoulder with a basket at each end like scales, sometimes two children, sometimes a load at one end and a child at the other; it looks rather nice. On ordinary days they carry out all their ducks like this when they go out to work in the fields, which are always very wet, being rice-fields. They carry out dozens and dozens of ducks in this way; put them out to feed while they are at work, and take them home at night. It is most quaint to see them going home, the ducks all quacking gaily. About a month before we came was the Dūrga Pūja, that is the special feast of the goddess Dūrga, a very bloodthirsty lady. It is celebrated all over India too. But here they hold great sacrifices; every man or boy has to sacrifice something, a buffalo if he is rich enough, or a goat, sheep or chicken, or even an egg, if he is very poor.

Nov. 6.—I am very unhappy about Cousin Willie, who has been so long ill. For awhile after our arrival here he seemed better, but the last few days he has been distinctly worse again, and seems to be losing strength very much. Altogether I fear he is in a very bad way; he has got to look like a little old man of eighty, and he was so strong and vigorous. The mischief is that apparently he has had an internal trouble for fifteen years or more, and now it is feared that he has nearly if not quite reached the breaking-down point, and nothing can do good.

Nov. 10.—Our baggage has to go off to-morrow morning. I do wish you could see the fruit in the garden here, I never saw anything so wonderful in my life. Hundreds of oranges and lemons, as thick as the gooseberries and black currants used to be at Uppat,

and pomeloes just the same; the trees were weighed down to the ground and have to be propped up. The pomeloes are quite as big as melons and hang in thick bunches.

It has been a very nice time here and we have enjoyed it very much. It will seem quite odd getting back into a region of other people again after this tiny community.

We started from the Residency in the Maharajah's carriage and drove to the foot of 'Jacob's Ladder'. It was very foggy, as the mornings always are at this time of year. We got into the dandies and began at once to mount straight up. In five minutes we were above the fog and looked down on a perfectly level lake of cotton wool; the likeness to real water, a sea with headlands and jutting-out rocks and breaking waves on the near shore, was miraculous and most curious. All above and beyond was perfectly clear, and as we steadily rose higher and higher up a deep gorge thickly wooded and filled with all sorts of ferns and lovely growing things, we could see the further hills and range of snow mountains. Beyond the blue ones there was a snow wall of great peaks stretching in a ring of hundreds of miles without a break; they were all perfectly clear, and gradually rose higher and higher almost into the sky as we went up ourselves, and it was so beautiful it was almost overpowering. It is quite impossible to give you a conception of what it was like; one cannot imagine such a scene and such a sense of vastness and colour without seeing it. We saw various funny things on the way. Several times we passed travellers being carried by a coolie in a basket. These coolies are astonish-

ing; they are not big men, but their muscles are splendid; they go up and down miles of precipices as if on level ground. These carried a basket on the back like a creel, only wider at the top, and it is held in position by a strap over the forehead; the traveller's bundles were in the basket and a cushion placed on them, and the traveller, sometimes a bigger man than the coolie, sat comfortably cross-legged on the cushion and facing backwards, the coolie walking up and down these fearful places quite easily! Next day we reached the Terai forest at the foot of the hills, each set of our coolies having done about twenty-five to thirty miles in ten or twelve hours at a stretch. We then took to palkees and went on all day. The procession there always made me laugh. A palkee is heavy, and although only four men at a time carry it there are twelve or sixteen men to each, and they all trot at a swinging pace just behind the palkee, and every few minutes four men move up and shoulder the poles almost without a pause, the other four dropping out of place, and they keep up a regular ha! hum! hum! ha! the whole time like a little tune; the luggage-carrying men also trotted closely following. These palkee and luggage men are the Indian kahars (doolie bearers), not Nepalese, like the dandie carriers. We reached the railway station about an hour after midnight, and slept in our palkees till the station people woke up and sent our train off to Segauli. When we got to Chausa we met there Miss Oram, who with another lady was doing plague inspection duty, and we stayed with them for a day. It is a funny lonely and most desert place, with huts for native passengers suspected of being plague-infected; we enjoyed, however,

being with our friends. Next day we railed on again, and at every inspection station people appeared to feel our pulses and to inquire whence we came. At one time when the plague was very bad, everyone from certain districts was stopped, put in quarantine for ten days and their possessions disinfected before they were allowed to go on their way. We heard many funny stories. On one occasion there was a tiger being brought from Bombay to Calcutta for a menagerie. Of course the tiger was brought into camp and positive orders were sent from head-quarters that he was to be disinfected! They were at their wits' end till somebody suggested that the animal should be squirted over with carbolic! All kinds of ridiculous things happen occasionally.

Nov. 17.—*Agra.*—We arrived here safely in the middle of last night, having left Nepal on the 12th and are staying quietly, having done very little besides driving about and sitting in the Taj gardens, which are always beautiful and the Taj always a joy. To-day we amused ourselves by visiting the jail, where some lovely things are made, and also a private carpet factory kept by a German. The maina (kind of starling) which Betty brought from Nepal is really rather a nice bird; he says 'good morning' and 'how do you do?' very plain, and seems to have learnt a good deal of Hindustani and Nepali, but which one can't understand. When we left Khatmandu they gave us each a bottle of Nepal pepper, enough to last me a lifetime; it is like cayenne, only it is yellow not red, and is considered far superior.

Nov. 28.—*Delhi.*—I like this place better than Agra;

there are more and bigger trees, and it is not all so appallingly powdery dusty as Agra was, but it is getting terribly full of big hotels and globe-trotters. Agra has just the three or four perfectly matchless things, like the Taj and the fort and one or two tombs and buildings which in a small way are as beautiful as the Taj, but there is nothing else to do. We went to the fort here yesterday: the marble buildings, inlaid pillars, and the old kings and queens' palaces and baths are very wonderful. But I like the Agra fort better; it is much higher, and there is nothing here resembling the wonderful view from the queen's apartments at Agra, which is a fairy-like building of white marble much inlaid and with lace-like white marble lattices looking over the river and the Taj in the distance, and to right and left showing a whole expanse of stately old red sandstone walls of huge height and apparent strength. The palace is built on the top of a jutting-out bastion.

We have been to the Chandni Chauk, which is a wide boulevard in the middle of Delhi, with broad double row of good trees down the middle, and all the jewellers and silversmiths' shops, and shawl merchants', embroideries and carpet places as tight together as ever they can be. It was very amusing but agonizing, and all the things I should like to have cost about 1,000 or 2,000 rupees of course!

Dec. 3.—This is my last letter from Delhi and leave, as I have to get back to Pindi on the 7th, but there is not very much more news to send you from here. We have grown very fond indeed of Miss Bennett, an Irish lady with white hair and bright brown eyes, who is spending about a year in India all by herself, and is

staying at the hotel we have come to. We made an expedition with her to the Kūtb Minār, about ten miles from Delhi. We drove through the Kashmir Gate, the one blown in at the final assault during the siege in 1857, through the city and through a country absolutely *parsemé* with tombs and ruins; as a matter of fact there are, I understand, seven old Delhis all within twenty miles. Each new dynasty, and sometimes even a new successor merely, seemed to consider it a good plan to desert the standing city and build a new one just beyond, and the remains of some magnificent gateways and fort walls begin only a few hundred yards beyond the existing city walls. Many of the ruins are more or less shapeless heaps, but many others are very fine and even perfect, not ruins at all in fact, only deserted, especially some of the mosques and tombs which are more or less sacred, and some quaint large tanks. The first big and striking building on the road is the tomb of the Emperor Humayun, the place in which the Delhi princes took refuge when they fled from the palace in Delhi, and where they surrendered to Major Hodson, the cavalry leader, who then put them to death. The Minār is a hugely high tower (238 feet, built early in the thirteenth century by Kūtb-ud-din, the founder of a dynasty) which we were content to look at from below. Besides many beautiful old ruined temples, there is a queer old tank with steps leading a good way down to it, and alongside there is a well more than eighty feet deep, I think. The first part is lighted by three great arched windows, one below the other, on the tank side, and beyond that it dwindles to a point of blackness. Here men insist on jumping down. The first stands on the ledge of the

lowest window, looking quite small and far away; he drops off, disappears in the blackness, and then there is a splash which for a moment makes the small round speck of water at the bottom reflect light and become visible. He is followed by a second man from the next window between ten and twenty feet higher, then by a third from still higher, and finally the fourth man drops down from close beside us, his body being lighted up by each window in turn, and it seems ages before there is a huge plump and splash. The whole thing makes one quite sick. Then they all come shivering up for bakshish. A mouse has just run up my leg! so I must stop and shake it out. I think it has gone now! I have heard from Grace the good news that Willie was better and had made a very good start on their march down from Nepal, which is a great comfort.

Dec. 26.—I returned here (Pindi) on the 7th. Christmas is over again, and of course it has been a time of great scrimmage: it always is. We gave an afternoon tea to about fifty convalescents and orderlies, and it went off very well; an assistant-surgeon played the violin very well, and many men were pleased to sing. One of the doctors being ill, the annual Christmas dinner at the Medical Mess was given up. Surgeon-General Taylor, who is spending some days here, came to see me and settled satisfactorily one or two tiresome little things I have been anxious about; he also told me that there certainly will be an increase in the I.A.N.S. before long.

Just one story! Recently an officer had occasion to send a registered parcel to Germany. The babu (clerk)

at the post-office asked: 'What is Germany?' meaning, is that a post town? The officer replied: 'It is a great country.' The babu inquired: 'Does it belong to our Lady Queen Empress?' The officer answered: 'She has lent it for the present to her grandson!' The babu was then quite satisfied and agreed to register the parcel.

CHAPTER XI

1901

MARCH 5.—All our spring garden flowers are coming out. All kinds of seasons are squeezed into a short two or three weeks just at the beginning of the hot weather. Some people have quantities of narcissus; it grows wild in the Hazāra district, not far from here. Daffodils will not do in Pindi; they remain alive and green, but the first year they bear hardly any flowers, only one or two from a dozen bulbs.

To-day is the Hindu festival of Hōli; all our Hindu servants go out in immaculate new white clothes and come back covered with a red powder.

I got a letter from General Taylor this morning, telling me he has not any intention of sending any more Sisters to the Punjab this year. This is rather dismaying, and I do not know at all what we shall do if he really will not, and I cannot see why he should not, as there seem to be spare Sisters down country. I am, however, still writing about more help, and I wrote again to the P.M.O. of the Command to-day.

March 11.—It is lovely weather just now, just as nice as possible. The rainy weather we have had and the sunshine after have brought things on beautifully, and everything growing is more rampant than ever; the place looks quite nice, fertile and luxuriant.

Yesterday two Sikh soldiers ran amuck, but were

caught after they had killed two men in a neighbouring village.

March 21.—*Meerut.*—I am here on ten days' leave, paying Betty a visit to enjoy the station 'week' of festivity and to see the native Nauchandi fair, which is an annual and trading gathering attended by people coming from far and near.

April 3.—*Pindi.*—I had a most delightful time at Meerut. To-night I am going on duty, and I have heard that a Sister from Meerut is coming, which is a good thing. But I am very sick and disgusted with everything and everybody. I should not have specially chosen the Sister in question, and as Sister —— lives in bed as far as she can and Sister B. is I am afraid really ill, I do not know what sort of a working household we shall be. However, it is better than nobody. We are having a nasty day, hot and dust-stormy. I wish it was this time next year, or four years hence I might as well wish for when I begin!

April 10.—The station is now a mass of roses. My tubs of roses are all over flower, pink La France and red ones too; even the young plants are making some flowers, and a Maréchal Niel and another yellow rose are full of flowers, so the ruthless cutting-in I gave them all has been successful. A great many gardens look like snow-storms. The Mărdān roses are all out; they are an enormous, single, pure white flower with glossy green leaf, very beautiful. I wish I could take a plant of it home, but I do not know how to. I have been on night duty all this week. We are going to give a small dinner party and my housewifely soul feels very anxious about the food, and I rather wish it were

over! The worst of it is the hospital has just got some bad cases. Funny! no matter how light the work may be for ages, if ever we undertake anything like an entertainment something of the kind is sure to happen.

April 17.—Our little dinner-party was most successful and the food was quite good. We are fairly heavy in hospital now, but the majority of the troops will be starting for Murree directly, only this bad weather will delay them a bit; we have been having most violent storms, so it has got quite cool again and is lovely.

April 23.—I have been having a nice peaceful week personally, but we have been changing doctors and the ward work is rather worriting in many ways.

April 30.—To-day is the Muharram, the great Musalman festival of the year, when they have processions and all kinds of things. Every servant in the house has gone out to it, as Hindus also like to look on. All last night there was a huge noise going on in all the bāzārs and villages around, tom-toming, shouting and cheering; it is most distracting, especially for the patients in hospital, but one cannot stop it on these great feast days.

May 8.—We have just had such a sad case in, quite a young lad fresh from home. Somehow they let one of the very heavy guns in the fort fall on him, and he was fearfully crushed and died last night; such a nice boy. We have had the most extraordinary weather; after being quite hot and beginning punkahs it came on to rain and poured for three days on end, and such rain! a gurgling rushing torrent all the time. I have never known it go on so long, even in the monsoon, and it was so cold! Now it is lovely, just right for a bit,

and I hope it may have drowned the locusts, of which there have been many swarms lately.

May 14.—Alice asks, Why do I not come home? But I do not think I want to do that till this term of five years is up. I do not want to lose the pension, not so much for the sake of the money, though of course that is something, but it would be so disappointing and unsatisfactory in failing to earn it after working all these years. But besides the pension question, I do not quite want to desert these Sisters before the time, and Betty, if I were to resign now. There are a good many things that we are trying to do or to hold on to, which if I seceded would leave Betty and Miss J. helpless to carry through. Besides all the Sisters who have gone home on furlough have asked to come back to Pindi or the Punjab, and that is only because I am here; they would feel very sick if they came back and found me gone! Moreover unless I could go now, which is impossible, I cannot escape the short-handedness of the summer, and by the end of the year they will be all flocking back again, and there is not likely to be another such a tight stage in the Punjab within the next four years, even if the numbers of the Service are not increased between now and then, which I think they must be.

May 29.—It is getting really hot here at last, 115° in the verandahs, though up to the present it has not been more than 95° in my room with all the doors tightly shut. I do hate them shut, but of course they have to be to keep the heat out. As to my garden, it looks now in the most hideous condition possible, the heat having withered away all the beauty, and the

ground dry and baked. I always try not to see the garden at this time of year; the glare is too intense, let alone the heat, to be able to see it at all except in the early morning or late evening at or after sunset. By the bye I have heard that the India Office 'have postponed for future consideration' the proposals of the Government of India for increasing the numbers of the I.A.N.S. This is a pity I think. If a lot of young soldiers are sent out next year, as probably they will, they are sure to be sick in hundreds and inquiries might arise as to the nursing care they may or may not get in hospital.

June 4.—We are rather busy now and keep on having three or four officer patients at a time, which is oppressive; but there are so many mere babies come out to join the different regiments, and of course they get enteric fever. However, up to the present they are all doing well. We have two poor things dying slowly, and they are both such heavy cases that it makes a good deal of work, though there really is not much going on. I am just now greatly oppressed and depressed, as I have heard from Murree that Sister ——, who is spending her leave in Lady Roberts's Home, has taken morphia so much as to be ill in consequence. I had begun to hope she was giving up the habit, as she had seemed in much better health and spirits for some months past, but I fear it is hopeless. I have just been writing to the doctor who is looking after her to ask him whether anything can be done and what he thinks of her generally. I cannot think why the P.M.O., India, retains her in the Service, as her previous medical history was made well known to him. No doubt he was sorry for her, and

so am I; but I am more sorry for myself also, and feel very strongly that if she can never be trusted, and certainly she cannot, she ought not to remain in the Service. It is all very grievous and distressing, as the poor woman has no home, depends upon her own work, and has only one near relation.

June 13.—To-night I start on ten days' leave to the Murree hills to join friends in a tour through the Galis (gullies). I have rather pangs at leaving the two Sisters here alone, as neither is strong and it is very hot; but the hospital is comparatively speaking very light, and the S.M.O. is quite willing they should not do night duty.

June 16.—*Dunga Gali.*—It is a wonderful feel coming up in an about six hours' drive out of a hateful oven into a new climate, a totally different world in fact. The trip through these gullies is really most lovely; imagine delightful summer weather, just right, a little sharp morning and evening, steeply precipitous mountains covered with the finest forest, huge black spruces mingled with horse-chestnuts in flower, festoons of dog-roses, ferns to any extent, and the most wonderful sunshine and lights and shades; and all the time there is no climbing up and down hill, because the road is engineered almost on a level, winding in and out, always following the contour of the hill, so the panorama is always changing.

July 3.—*Pindi.*—We have been having lots of changes and moves, and for the moment Sister —— and I are alone.

July 23.—Sister —— had fever some days ago, but is all right again and at work, which is a blessing. I stayed up half last night as some new patients seemed

bad. It is very hot and stuffy just now, and at this moment I am soaking wet, absolutely wet through, with my dress even quite wet! I cannot think how people can say they like damp heat better than dry.

July 30.—I dined at the Medical Mess and had a pleasant evening, and did not get home till after midnight. Then I went over to the hospital, as there were two or three anxious cases. However, they were all right, so I went round to the Women's Hospital, there being some bad cases in it and the matron had not sufficient help; I did not, though, need to stay.

Aug. 14.—I have been on duty and also have had a very anxious time, because Sister B. has had one of her attacks which come on every few months, and this one affected her very seriously for several days. I shall be very thankful when she can go to England for change of climate and a real rest, but at the same time what weighs on me very much is, that I do not think it is safe for her to make long journeys and wander about the world by herself; and yet she must go alone, there is no help for that. Hers is a heart affection mainly, and the responsibility for her makes me very anxious and unhappy; she has had a very sad life altogether. Poor old Sister ——, who has been as good as gold all this last week, is on the point of being sick again. She does so every three or four weeks, but it is never anything to matter, but she will dose herself with things till something happens.

Aug. 19.—Sister —— is still in bed, but is better, and will soon be all right again I think, and luckily poor Sister B. has been keeping well, so we have managed to get on.

Aug. 21.—It was quite laughable going round the ward yesterday. We all trickled and streamed and dripped in spite of incessant mopping, and when surgeon and orderlies had stooped for some minutes arranging an extension at the foot of a fracture bed which occupied both hands and delayed mopping, they dripped so fast that the floor looked as though a heavy shower had been passing by! I took Sister —— for a drive, and I hope she may take a turn of duty to-morrow. The ward is really heavy just now, so I had to give up going to see a dance by the Khatak men of the 22nd P.I. which I much wanted to see.

Aug. 26.—I have had more prickly heat this last week than ever before; it makes one crazy.

Sept. 15.—Our weather is really delicious; such a joy to have all the odious heat and damp left behind. The last few nights I have had a blanket! I always think the combination of blanket and punkah extreme luxury.

Sept. 24.—I have had many worries and vexations lately connected with our work, and I do not like our present doctors, who are illiberal and tiresome. I cannot go into sufficient detail as it would take too long, but I have never been so much cut down and interfered with since I came, as lately, and it is very mortifying.

Oct. 2.—Miss Loch remarks on a suggestion by a War Office Committee that the Home Army Nursing Service and the Indian should be amalgamated; apparently she was opposed to the scheme.

Oct. 8.—I am very much bothered now because Sister —— is ill with a bad go of fever lasting about five

days, and though it is nearly gone to-day she is hopelessly doleful and unreasonable. I found this morning that she has a private hoard of medicine, which I have confiscated, but she may have other supplies of harmful remedies.

Oct. 29.—We are very busy in hospital now; there is a fearful lot of fever this month, more than is usual in October; everybody seems to have it. People are real bad for four or five days, violent fever and then groggy for some time; it seems to do for them thoroughly. So far the only one of us that had it is Sister ——.

Nov. 4.—I referred in one of my letters some time ago to certain worries I was meeting with in hospital work. The reason for them must always remain the same in any military nursing work and cannot be helped until we reach Utopian state. It is simply because one is always at the mercy of the individual medical officers who happen to be in a given place at a given time. The administrative man who is in charge of all the M.Os. in the Command, and on a smaller scale the doctor in charge of a hospital, are both absolutely autocratic in their own sphere. Of course this must be so; nothing else would work, and in civil work the same is recognized. No one ever heard of the nurses, say at 'Bart's', setting up their wishes and opinions in connexion with the work against any of the big doctors; the thing is impossible, and if it came to a dispute, in the opinion of everybody the nurse rightly would be crushed. The thing is that in civil life the same nurses and the same doctors work together perhaps for a lifetime and have mutual confidence in one another. Here the doctors, and we too sometimes, are whirled about

and may be changed root and branch at a moment's notice. Sometimes they are sensible, broad-minded and friendly, but sometimes even at this time of day they are quite the reverse, and it is maddening to have a bumptious boy just come out to the country, trying experiments and treating the patients on lines which one has seen tried over and over again without success, and which one knows he will utterly give up and try to forget in a year or two, and looking upon us as though we were mere probationers and putting all his faith in the assistant-surgeons and altogether regarding us as supernumeraries, not to be given credit for any interest in the matter at all: this is what makes it so trying out here. If we get a man like this in medical charge of our ward and at the same time a head man who backs up a doctor against a nurse always, right or wrong, simply because he is a doctor, why then we have a bad time, and yet it is the most impossible thing to fight, for the broad principle is of course right. In the abstract the doctor must always have the authority and the nurse must obey, but when one has worked many years, one often knows best all the same. However, what I have been complaining of lately is nothing so large or so serious as finding fault with a doctor's treatment; it is simply a question of his giving us credit for any sense or judgement at all. Now many of them are easy-going and some will trust the Sister to do more than I think right or have wish for. But I do think that the nurse who is watching all the time the doctor is away, perhaps for hours, ought to be permitted a limited use of her own judgement, of course to be reported to the doctor for his approval or otherwise as soon as

he comes, and practically no doctor has ever objected to this before Dr. —— came. For instance, patients in this country are extraordinarily liable to collapse, sometimes really bad, but nearly to an extent more or less slight after every attack of this common fever. Now in such circumstances it has always been a matter of course to give a little extra brandy, and on saying to any doctor that So-and-so's pulse was very low and I gave him an ounce of brandy at such an hour, it has been all right. Or again—and this was the cause of a fearful shindy some weeks ago—a certain convalescent was ordered by the doctor a dose of castor oil and had it; for some unexplained reason the dose upset the man utterly, started violent irritation and diarrhoea, and the poor fellow, who had been practically well, was getting awfully bad when the Sister on duty gave him a dose of stock astringent, an excellent one always kept ready in the hospital, and in an hour he was all right. But the doctor got furious and declared that we had no business 'to prescribe' for patients, and that if so he could not be responsible for them and so on, and he removed every single stock bottle and store thing in our cupboards, so now we have nothing at hand. Now I do think that if a trained nurse is not to be trusted to use her judgement to this extent she is not fit to be a trained nurse at all. To say it is not within a nurse's sphere and is 'prescribing' is not true, at any rate lacks all sense of proportion. But he holds us in the hollow of his hand; for by going to higher authority and saying he cannot be responsible for his patients, for the Sisters take upon themselves to prescribe for them when his back is turned, sounds very bad, and I do not blame

anybody for giving judgement against us in consequence. Naturally Col. ——, the S.M.O., quoted Regulations and fell back on the assistant-surgeons, saying: 'Now why should the Sister on duty ever give anything to any patient? for if the doctor is absent the assistant-surgeon on duty is always there, and if he is not, report it to me and I will see to it,' which sounds so beautifully simple. But the assistant-surgeon on duty cannot always be on the spot, for he has many things to do and a great deal of ground to cover, and may be working hard at something quite necessary, while we are fuming madly over a dying patient and the assistant-surgeon is being chased from block to block. Perhaps he may be at dinner or asleep. Now I do not think any orderly, and certainly no ward servant, would dare to give evidence against an assistant-surgeon for this or for anything, and I assuredly would not report it with the chance of being mistaken. Now, my dears, I do not know what has suddenly wound me up to write this tirade and you must not read any of it to anybody. Goodness knows what the hearer might say or what impression it might cause of the awful things I write home about and my indiscretion generally. But this is the sort of thing that makes one's work out here absolutely sickening, though at other times it is as interesting and satisfactory as can be. Some of the doctors are splendid and ever so nice to work with, but one never knows that a telegram may not come sending him to China, and that the next man may not be all the contrary, with stringent regulations at his fingers' ends to prove himself right. On this last occasion it was Dr. —— who was sent to China, and I was not sorry!

I should tell you we have a rather elaborate system of writing out diet lists, medicine lists, &c. Certainly it does make a good deal of work, but it is quite necessary as well as quite effectual, because we work by turns, alternate days or mornings and afternoons; also the orderlies are always changing duty, so it is requisite to have everything written out and hung up so that the on-coming Sister knows what to do for every patient, and the senior orderly who gives out all the food, milk, beef-teas, &c., sends round to each patient just what he is on and at the right times.

By the bye, a question which has been hanging in the balance for many months has at last been decided by a vote taken through the whole Service: that we are to continue to wear uniform always except in the evening, which is in fact what we have always done. So that's settled and I am glad; the majority was very considerable.

Nov. 12.—I feel as if I had been living in such a vortex of excitement. Yesterday, Surgeon-General Taylor was here, and his inspection visit was so hurried and short that it was with difficulty I obtained an interview with him. He was exceedingly nice and kind in all he said and most encouraging. He said he had at last got his increase scheme sanctioned; there were to be fifty or sixty more Sisters during the next five years. He embarks in a few days to become Director-General in England.

Referring to a person at home who was dying a very prolonged death, Miss Loch remarked: 'I do hope that when my time comes I shall die quite

quickly and not anything like that, but I want to come home first.'

Dec. 2.—Miss Oram whom I like very much, is settled here at last and I am very glad; she has gone on duty to-day. I have a horrid nightmare hanging over my head. The S.M.O. came over a day or two ago to speak about poor Sister ——, who certainly is growing more muddly and confused than she was. Now the doctors are beginning to say they will not work with her or leave their patients with her. It is evidently contemplated to cut short her service instead of letting her complete the five years, which would be a whole year more. I have not spoken to her yet, for I am waiting to have something definite to go upon, but it makes me feel a heartless hypocrite every minute of the day. What will happen goodness knows, but I am quite sure there is a most painful and dreadful time coming, for she has not the least idea. She is an extraordinary woman and does not seem capable of taking in things.

Dec. 10.—I am still in suspense about poor Sister ——, and I believe the S.M.O. has resolved not to take action at present: it is rather mean as it throws the whole onus on me!

LETTER FROM MISS R. A. BETTY TO MISS EMILY LOCH.

Dec. 18.—I am writing to you this mail as I grieve to say that dear Cathy is unable to do so. I was terribly alarmed last Friday (13th) by receiving a wire from one of the Sisters here, asking me to come up as Miss Loch was not well, so I packed up hastily and left that

night, and it was only when I got here that I found out what was happening and then heard that she had a stroke on Friday morning, but am thankful to say that it was only a partial one. She is perfectly all right in every respect, but the left arm and leg are both affected. It is now the sixth day since the seizure took place, and there have been no signs or symptoms of any recurrence; in fact she shows daily signs of improving, as she can move much more easily than she could, and the doctor is perfectly satisfied that she is going on as well as we can expect, and considers it all most satisfactory. Still we feel and know that her recovery must be a very gradual one and a work of time. She is wonderfully bright and cheerful and quite in hopes that she may soon be all right. Everything is being done to make her feel things as little as possible, for I fear it is a trial to her to be so dependent on us to do things for her. I am with her during the day and Miss Oram, whom she likes so much, is with her during the night. I am making arrangements for a capable senior Sister to come and manage while Cathy is ill, as unfortunately the one who is here and ought to do what is necessary is utterly useless, and has been the cause of a great deal of worry and trouble for some time. Cathy has asked me to write to you, which I should have done in any case; in fact I did think of sending you a cable, but thought it would only alarm you dreadfully and not be satisfactory, and as everything is going on so quietly I felt it was better to send the news by letter. I cannot tell you how grieved and sorrowful I feel at having to write all this to you, but I am truly thankful to be able to say that she is as well as she is.

Dec. 25.—Miss Betty again wrote :—

I know you will be terribly anxious to hear how dear Cathy is going on, and I am glad to be able to say that she is steadily improving. I have got the promise of an exceedingly nice nurse, who is very anxious to come and look after her while I am away at Meerut, so I feel sure that everything will be perfectly satisfactory and comfortable for her. I am sorry I cannot enclose a line from Cathy, but we came to the conclusion it would be better to put it off until next mail.

1902

Jan. 1.—Miss Loch wrote :—

I am ever so much better and hope to write to you properly next week.

Jan. 2.—From Miss Betty :—

I am glad to say that Cathy seems every day to be a little better and can certainly move her arm and leg more than she did a week ago. Every day since I left Miss Oram has sent me such excellent accounts that I have ceased to feel anxious.

Jan. 7.—From Miss Loch :—

I got your dear beloved telegram last evening. You cannot think how thankful I have been that I hammered and scrambled to get Oram here. My doctor, who is a very nice man, is quite convinced that stroke came as it were by accident and is quite certain it will never return again.

Jan. 15.—I am much better and stronger than this time last week, but it seems very slow. My left hand

is distinctly better, but I cannot move my leg yet nor sit up unless held.

Jan. 20.—I have been compunctious ever since last week, because I was rather doleful, and there is no good in making you doleful too, and you cannot see how much better I look and am. Dr. Goodwin says I must not move before six weeks or so; to-day I am permitted to sit in an arm-chair for the first time; in myself I am very well.

Jan. 22.—Miss Betty wrote:—

When I returned here, I found such a wonderful improvement had taken place in Cathy since I left her and I was so rejoiced. She has been up this evening for the first time and sat awhile by the fire and did not feel in the least giddy or tired, so we hope that soon we shall be able to take her for a drive. I feel dreadfully sad at the thought of her going away and do not know a bit how I am going to live without her; but I must not think of myself, but of how terribly sad it is for her.

Miss Loch wrote again:—

Jan. 28.—Betty went last night. I am certainly getting stronger, and I sat up in bed this morning for the first time without any help or pulling up, and I went to breakfast in my dressing-gown.

I have never known till quite lately, and then only by chance, that it was not Dr. Taylor at all, as I always thought, who sent Sister —— up here. It seems that when a Sister is tried by medical court-martial and condemned, she has the right to appeal to a court composed of three combatant officers, and these being probably friends are nearly sure to reverse everything that the others settled, and that was what happened

then. Sister —— is doing hospital work regularly and nothing definite has happened yet. I have sent in all my papers about her case; they were a good deal written before I was taken ill, but I sent them in after.

Feb. 5.—It is definitely settled that Oram and I are to sail in the *Persia* on March 8th. Another piece of news is that my leg has improved immensely this last week, and I can now lift it off the bed and also bend and straighten the knee, which is a vast change; but I have to think and intend for some seconds before the movement comes. I decided after many consultations not to wait for the chance of a passage by troopship, and it was practically hopeless to think of passage for Oram too, and Dr. Goodwin would not hear of my depending on anyone else for help who had not been with me before, though I did get a very nice letter from Sister Ruddock offering to look after me on the voyage. But even if there had been a chance to get Oram taken with me in the transport, I do not think it would have done, either, to have chanced it. I know more than one person actually ill herself and much more hard up than I am, who has been refused passage or is still faintly hoping for one, so I feel it would be horrid mean even to try to get sort of high official interest to obtain the two berths. You have no idea in England what heart-breaking things one sees and hears of out here; people dying literally for lack of a few pounds to carry them home.

Feb. 11.—I have now been out driving twice and enjoyed it very much. My leg is getting much better and I quite think that I shall be able to walk on it a little before very long. There are large drafts of men starting from here for South Africa, and among

them four of our orderlies; they have just been up to say good-bye. They are nice dear boys and we are all very fond of them, and I am sorry they are going. We have supplied them with stores of tobacco for the voyage and some other little presents. They promise to write to tell us how they get on, and I hope they will; they are quite like friends, so hearty and cordial. Matters have progressed considerably with regard to poor old Sister —— in the last week. Now it is discovered that she is suffering from an internal tumour, which accounts for a good deal, so she may be invalided instead of being dismissed.

Feb. 18.—I do not know in the least what I want to do about coming out again! There are so many things that pull all ways. But there is no good in even thinking about it now, for after all it may very likely be decided for me without any choice in the matter. Sister —— has thrown off all restraint since the result of the recent inquiry into her conduct was told her, and now she makes disturbances, wanders about at night and exposes herself to chills.

Feb. 25.—I am quite sure that when I arrive you will think me altogether a humbug, I am so fit and well looking; indeed I feel quite well in myself, and I expect to be able in a few more weeks to walk quite well again. My dearest dear, I am so grateful to you and Alice for thinking of all the nice things and arrangements you can make for me when I come; it will be just lovely to be with you both again. I have been having very nice drives in the evenings lately. Sister —— has gone utterly to pieces in the last week and is now dying; we do not expect her to live through to-day. It is all dreadfully

sad, and all the more so as everyone feels it is the best thing that can happen to her. If ever there was a woman who has absolutely killed herself it is Sister ——; first by the years of self-dosing, and then by her folly in the last fortnight by exposing herself to night cold several times after shutting herself up in bed. This was partly, I think, because she was not in a condition always to know what she was doing, and partly because she always declared herself bad and was determined to make it true, poor poor woman! Also I expect the mental shock was very great on learning of her probable removal from the Service. We have found two very nice nurses to look after her and were fortunate in getting them.

March 14.—*SS. Persia.*—Poor Sister —— died before we left Pindi, and she was buried next day. She was given a military funeral; the regiment in barracks did everything, band, &c., and the Dragoons provided the firing party, by their own request. We have had a very good journey so far. It was not really hot in the train, but it was hot and steamy in Bombay, and the Indian Ocean was detestable, but now that we are nearing Suez it is becoming tolerable.

March 17.—Here we are in the Mediterranean and quite nice and cold; such a thankful blessing to have got to the end of the heat. I am still rather a useless person, and think I should feel rather frightened to have no one within reach at night, till I could walk across the room by myself. I am so longing to be more independent again, as it is dreadfully trying to be so helpless, to have to ask for everything and not be able to jump up and fetch it.

1903

Miss Betty wrote (June, 1905):—

No one can realize the sadness and gloom which we all felt in the Service when Miss Loch finally broke down and had to go home and leave us. She bore it all, but it was with one confident hope of returning to us and the Service which she had so much at heart, but it was hoping against hope. Six months after she had reached England, she said, 'I was at the India Office to-day and they were more than nice and cordial to me, but alas! there is not very much hope. They say it is out of the question that they could recommend me to return to India at present! They offered to give me, if I so wished, a year's extension of leave. I am almost cheerful about it. It is much better than cutting connexion with the Service at once. Bad as things are I am so thankful that I can still belong to you all and can write to you and the others as still a member of our dear old Service.' During this time of waiting and hoping and with nothing to do, she was glad to find she might still be occupied in helping on the work of the Service, and said, 'I am formally offered to sit on a Board, consisting of two ladies only, at the India Office four times a year, for choosing candidates for India. . . . This offer is without prejudice to my return to India at the end of my present leave should the Medical Board then report me fit for duty. . . . I accept the nomination, as it does not require me to give up all thoughts of India, which I do not want to decide until after I have been to Tangier. Any complete change makes me hopeful of

some good coming to me, and if I come back quite as lame as I now am I shall give in.'

Towards the end of March Miss Loch embarked for Gibraltar and Tangier; at the former place she was hospitably and so kindly received by the Governor, Field-Marshal Sir George White, and Lady White that her gratitude was very warmly expressed in letters home; at the latter she stayed at the British Legation, but found the weather of the Morocco coast tiring, there being the tearing constant wind, called the Levanter, and hot sun, and 'one never knows whether one is too hot or too cold.' At both places, however, she indulged in sight-seeing to the fullest extent she had strength for. The three weeks of sea air and change do not appear to have caused any improvement in health, and before the end of the year she wrote to her friend Miss Betty:—

The die is cast! I had to go to the India Office to the Medical Board and it is settled. They were all very nice and kind; however, it is all over and done and nothing makes any difference. It has come so suddenly at the last that I sit most of the time quite a blank. But even if the India Office would have let me have more time, I do not think it would have been any good, and it would be wrong to deceive myself and others any longer. It is horrid to arrive home decrepit, and it is the one thing that from the beginning I hoped to avoid. Oh! it is very sad, and I have nothing now to do except remember and think over the past delights and glories. I cannot imagine any kind of nursing work that would

appeal to me after our life in India and our work there.

Again she wrote:—

I do not think I have the strength or the courage to come out to you in India; I fear that is a dream of joy I have hugged for two years and more, but it will never come off. All the time I have been thinking, 'Oh yes! I am going to do it'—but now, now I have subsided into—that it will be very much simpler and calmer to wait till you come home before I see you.

Miss Loch's membership of the Ladies' Board at the India Office dated from the 25th of February, 1903, and respecting it her sister Emily writes:—

Cathy was immensely pleased and gratified at being asked to fill this post, and I think in a way it prolonged her life; for it quite broke her heart when she had to resign her own work and the Service, and this appointment gave her a little hold on the former life and interest, and was really the only interest she had the last year of her life. It seemed as if she had no wish to live or to try to get better. She and her colleague Miss Herbert met four or five times at the India Office and did a great deal of work there, interviewing and selecting. Cathy had all the papers sent to her at home by the Secretary, though the meetings only took place every three months. There should have been a meeting the day before she died (July 1, 1904), and she would not give up the hope of being at it till the week before. She said quite in despair, 'If I cannot go I shall resign, and then I shall die, as I shall have nothing more left to live for'; but though she was so terribly ill I do

not think even then she thought the end was so near, for she spoke of thinking she would get better, and yet sometimes she said things in letters to some of her Indian friends which seemed almost as if she felt it.

The physician under whose care Miss Loch was during the last few weeks of her life writes that she had been suffering for probably two years, and that he believed the primary cause of the illness which proved fatal was excessive mental strain acting on a constitution enfeebled by long residence in India. He thought that her great dislike to do anything but lead a very active existence had led her to postpone for too long the taking of proper medical advice, and that when he first saw her the disease was very far advanced. Every condition got gradually worse; cerebral embolism occurred, causing unconsciousness and paralysis, which in a few hours terminated in death on the 1st of July, 1904.

Thus was ended a noble life; a life of work, hard, beneficent, well and devotedly done; far reaching in present and future advantage to the welfare of the British soldier in hospital in India, and gratefully remembered.

The many friends to whom Miss Loch had endeared herself, deeply feel and lament their loss. To her sisters, left in abiding sorrow by her too early death, some comfort has been given by numerous letters expressive of earnest sympathy.

The Countess Roberts wrote:—

It is a great personal sorrow to me to realize that her self-sacrificing life is at an end. . . . There are few people I had a greater admiration for, and none could know better than myself how much good she did. . . . She was a great example to the Nursing Profession.

From Surgeon-General Sir William Taylor, K.C.B., Director-General, Army Medical Service :—

I have known Miss C. G. Loch ever since she first came to India and was very intimately associated with her in her work. The longer I knew her and the more I learnt of her work the more I esteemed and respected her. Her retirement from the I.A.N.S. was an irreparable loss not only to the Service but to the Army in India.

From Sister I. A. M. Lloyd, Ranikhet, India :—

We all out here were truly shocked and grieved at the sad news of the loss we all had sustained in the death of our dear Miss Loch, whom we one and all, I think, loved and revered. It will always be to me personally one of my proudest memories that for three years I was one of Miss Loch's own Sisters in the Punjab Command.

From Mrs. Gertrude Maher :—

I was indeed very fond of Miss C. G. Loch. I lived with her at Pindi for over ten months, and I do not think anyone could get to know her and not to love her. She was such a perfect lady, a real gentlewoman.

From Miss Mary Herbert, her colleague at the India Office :—

She has been so splendid, in spite of her delicate health, in throwing herself into the work she had under-

taken, and in doing her utmost for the Service in which she was so keenly interested—she truly died in harness, an end much to be desired.

From Mrs. Helen A. Glancy :—

As Sister Mills I worked under Miss Loch, I am proud to say, for many years, and I am sure I as well as all the other Sisters who worked under her will agree in saying, that we one and all not only respected her but loved her very dearly. She was so just to all and yet most kind.

From Miss I. E. Jones, late of the I.A.N.S. :—

I spent so happy a time with Miss Loch at Rawal Pindi that I feel I must pay a last tribute of love and respect to her memory. 'Bart's' is proud to have counted her a Sister. She was so free from envy, hatred and malice, so broad-minded, so just and ready with truest sympathy for those who sought her aid and counsel in all sincerity. Doing things quietly and modestly, all were not aware of the great thought and care and worry she bestowed on matters concerning the Indian Nursing Service. I shall never forget her.

From Sister M. E. Barker, Dalhousie, India :—

Though I had been separated from dear Miss Loch for the last two years she was daily in my thoughts, so I am sure it will be understood what a perpetual loss her death is to me. . . . I did love her so much. . . . The last letter I received from her came on the day, July 5th, she was laid to rest. She was a brave soldier with a large heart and brain, and both were always at work for the good of others. And when one thinks of the

few years since our dear Chief came out to India and started the work of nursing the soldiers, and then at the present state of our Service, the results of our dear Chief's efforts are really wonderful and far beyond what the most sanguine might have hoped for.

Miss R. A. Betty, her most intimate friend, writes:—

She was so absorbed in thinking for others and in giving unbounded love and sympathy to those who erred, even when she felt she could not save them from themselves. She was always young in heart, and no one was more able to identify herself in the interests of others, or so happy as she in making them her own, and so she won the love of all. Broad in all her views and sympathies with life, her judgements were never narrowed and she had the greatest respect for the opinions, religious or otherwise, of others. As she said, 'she felt herself that God, if He is as we believe Him, accepts the best out of each, and that there is not a hard and fast line for us all.' With the increase in numbers came also many difficulties in the control of the distant stations, and it was then that her tact and insight into the character and capabilities of those who were given responsible work to do were so needed, and brought out all her sympathies with those who wanted her advice when they were in doubt and trouble. To decide the actual importance of what was really of consequence from a long account of small worries and troubles, from some one she hardly knew, was not an easy task, but her wonderful grasp and sense of the proportions of things and power of balancing the circumstances all round, did much towards smoothing over and setting

the mind of the distressed one at rest, by the help and counsel she would send her.

From Mrs. Watson, formerly Sister Welchman, who was a member of the nursing staff at 'St. Bart's' when Miss Loch was a Ward Sister there, and who was by her recommended to join the Indian Nursing Service then being instituted:—

I was always impressed even then with her powers of organization and with how she was liked and respected by everyone with whom she came in contact. On arrival in India her powers of organization and tact were brought into full play and her task was no sinecure, but fortunately everything possible was done to help her by Surgeon-General Bradshaw and Surgeon-Colonel Walsh. I accompanied Miss Loch on the Black Mountain Expedition (1888) and shall never forget our ride there from Haripur. Through some mistake we had no escort . . . and lost our way, and it was dark before we got to our destination. Then the men in charge of our ponies were terrified of robbers and insisted on our carrying our revolvers ready cocked! I do not think either Miss Loch or I felt happy, but we had to keep it to ourselves or the men would have bolted.

On our return from 'active service' began the work of organizing the Service in out-stations, and it fell to Miss Loch to do it. . . . Notwithstanding obstruction by conservative doctors Miss Loch's tact carried us through a critical period in the history of the I.N.S. . . . I think it was due to that tact and to energy in combating adverse criticism, and in showing the increased comfort to the soldiers rendered possible by our presence,

the life of the I.N.S. was assured. She never spared herself, was always ready with help, advice, or sympathy for any Sister depressed by the strain of hard work in a hot climate or from any other cause; and I cannot help thinking that her last illness was occasioned to a great extent by her absolute disregard of self, in carrying out the duties which she undertook when she accepted the post of first Lady Superintendent of the I.N.S. . . . The Q.A.M.N.S.I, as it now is, stands as a monument to the energy and skill with which she carried out her duties, onerous as they were, even though lightened by the help of several of the Medical Staff.

The last time I saw Miss Loch was at her own home some months before she died. It was with the deepest regret I heard of her sad death. I feel quite sure I am voicing the feeling of all those who came to India with her, or joined subsequently, in saying that we all owe her a debt of gratitude, first for having made the Nursing Service in India a success, and also for her invariable kindness, courtesy, and sympathy for all those who worked under her.

She has left a gap in the world which it will be difficult to fill.

Surgeon-General A. F. Churchill, who was in charge of the Hospital at Rawal Pindi four years from 1888 and had had, therefore, long and intimate official association with Miss C. G. Loch, writing in June, 1905, records that:—

She was a lady of strong will and great self-reliance, and ruled with so much tactful firmness that no Sister ever complained to him she was being treated

unfairly in any way. Owing to her judicious management there was wonderfully little friction in the carrying on of the nursing work in the hospital, and she obtained from the soldier orderlies prompt obedience in a way which would have been quite impossible for a weak or hesitating person. Her share of common sense he saw to be good, and she being generally right her decisions were respected by the Sisters, to whom she was always a warm friend, taking their part and standing up for them, so that they worked together in harmony. He is convinced that the early success of the nursing system as introduced by Miss Loch was greatly contributed to by her earnest and discreet conduct of affairs, at a time calling for considerable powers of organization and prompt decision of character.

APPENDIX

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APPENDIX

Hospital Orderlies.

From Letter dated Dec. 14, 1892, from Miss C. G. Loch to Miss R. A. Betty.

I have been studying my paper a good bit with the help of your letter and I like your suggestions very much and shall certainly adopt them. The only thing in which I don't quite agree with you is in the idea that the only right and reliable plan is to have out from home an Army hospital corps. I quite agree with you that it is a good plan to aim high in proposing what one thinks right, but I am not so sure that that would be the panacea for all ills even it were possible. There are two points to be considered, it seems to me. First, whether it would be possible; I am not now referring to expense, though that would be tremendous—just think what an army of them would be required—for my point was the nursing of all Army hospitals in India, not only the few in which there are Sisters. I fear that if Government began seriously to contemplate this, it would on the contrary give impetus to the idea of enlisting a hospital orderly corps of Eurasians in this country. But putting the question of expense on one side, we will suppose that Government is willing, where are the men to come from? There are no great training schools of male nurses at home from which they might be drawn; they would be obliged to enlist large bodies of men on purpose, but then of course they would be absolutely untrained, and the

risk of bringing them out untrained would be too great as they might not suit. I suppose you will say they might be amalgamated with the orderly corps at home, but if they did I fear it might be a step towards amalgamating us also with Netley! however, that is by the way. I am not very clear how the orderlies at home get their training. I believe they are put through a regular course of lectures and perhaps examinations, but that is nothing by itself. I suppose they can only get their practical training as nurses do, by being turned into the hospitals to work; but do you think it would be possible in the military hospitals at home for them to train such floods of probationers as would be required for the Indian service; and it would take years to do it gradually. Then another thing: unless they sent out a sufficient quantity we should be worse off than before, because it would probably put a stop to regimental orderlies being drawn as well, and there would be no one to fall back upon in times of extra strain; and finally, do you think we should be satisfied when we have got them? I have gathered from Sister Browne and also from others who have worked at Netley that the trained orderlies are often most disagreeable to work with. They think they know a great deal and they resent interference by the Sisters and are often most obstinate and self-opinionated. Sister Browne told me that she far preferred to work with regimental orderlies, as she did at Malta, to the regular men, for they were willing to learn from her. Of course I dare say she saw only the best side of the question; being quietly resident just in one place probably she could keep them and train them. But I can't help thinking that the best would be a recognized system of

regimental orderlies who would feel they owed the greater part, if not all their training to us, and who would be regularly appointed to hospital work, and not be at everybody's beck and call as they are at present. It would be a far more elastic system with regard to numbers and might be equally stable if their position as hospital orderlies were a recognized one. Then there is one more thing: according to my plan, if a man were to prove quite unsatisfactory he could be got rid of and another supplied in his place; whereas if they came out from home on purpose they would be as difficult to get rid of as an objectionable Nursing Sister! In fact I do not feel drawn towards the larger scheme, even if there were some prospect of its being seriously entertained. But I should very much like to hear from you what you think of these difficulties and if you have thought them out at all and could suggest any means of surmounting them.

Royal British Nurses' Association.

From The Nursing Record, July 27, 1893.

A Dinner to celebrate the grant of a Royal Charter to the Association was held on Monday, July 17, at the Whitehall Rooms, Metropole Hotel, London, when a large and eminently representative gathering took place. The Chair was taken by Sir William Savory, Bt., F.R.S.

Sir James Crichton-Browne proposed the toast of the Army and Navy and the Reserve Forces. He said: . . . In proposing the health of these Services it is impossible

to think of them save in association with the other Service made up of the handmaidens of humanity who aid and succour the soldiers in those dark hours after the heat and flush of the battle are over (applause), or that other Service in itself an army, constantly combating the implacable enemy disease; an army with its well-drilled battalions in our hospitals and with its sentries in many a sad and silent city. . . .

. . . Ladies and gentlemen, I have to couple another name with this toast; and I venture to think that in the long annals of public dinners in this country, there has never been an occasion before, upon which a lady has been called upon to return thanks for the Army and Navy and Reserve Forces (applause). I am going to submit to you not the name of a fanatical queen of strife, not of an Amazon, but of a Nurse, a Nurse militant and a Nurse ministrant (applause), who has done admirable work and has indelibly associated her name with the Indian Army. Miss Loch (applause), after that thorough, wide, and complete training which we insist upon and shall always I hope insist upon, acted I believe as Ward Sister in St. Bartholomew's Hospital (hear, hear); she was then, I believe, selected by the Government of India to organize the new Nursing system in that great dependency, and I think I shall be borne out by those who know her career, when I say that there she has done admirable work (applause). She has passed through, I believe, the perils and disasters of frontier warfare in the last five years; she has earned the Royal Red Cross, and I think that she is still ready and willing to further with admirable work the cause of nursing in India. . . . I propose to you the toast,

coupled with the names of Sir Joseph Fayrer and Miss Loch.

Sir Joseph Fayrer in reply said: . . . I think, Sir, as you have said, the circumstances attending the proposal of this toast to-night are as interesting as they are peculiar. It is probably the first time—certainly if not the first, one of the first—upon which the gentler sex has been called upon, in union with the sterner sex, to return thanks for the Services (applause). I am sure I hope that I feel sufficiently honoured in having my name coupled in this way. I can only regret, Sir, that you have not found it expedient to devolve this duty upon a member of what is called the combatant department of the Services, because such a one would have been able to do full justice to the Services of which you have spoken so highly, and he would no doubt have been able to speak from experience and from knowledge of all that the services generally owe to these ladies the Sisters and Nurses, who have done so much for them of late (applause). There must be, I suppose, some persons present to-night who remember as I remember the days when there were no nursing establishments connected with the Services, and they must feel as I feel, what great benefits they have conferred (applause). For we, the medical officers of the Service, can I think appreciate as well as anybody, what has been done by these ladies who have joined the Service (hear, hear). When we think, as we must—or at least all who remember the former days—of how suffering is now assuaged and of how the comfort of the soldier and sailor is secured; when we think also of what aid and support and encouragement it gives to medical officers themselves, who are

responsible for the welfare of the sick, to know how much is done by these ladies to secure the carrying out of their instructions and in contributing to the welfare and well-being of those under their charge—when we think of these things, I say that the addition of these ladies to the Service is a subject for much congratulation (applause).

Miss Loch (who was cordially received) said: Sir William Savory, Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you very sincerely in the name of all my colleagues in the Navy and Army Nursing Services, both in England and in India, for the hearty manner in which you have just responded to the toast proposed by Sir James Crichton-Browne, and I thank him and Sir Joseph Fayrer for the kind and encouraging words in which they have spoken of our work. I am proud of belonging to a branch of the profession which is dedicated to the service of our soldiers, men who are ready to lay down their lives for their country, and who are frequently called on to do so even in times of peace from the effects of trying climate and of deadly fevers. In England, in the Mediterranean stations, and also in Egypt, Nursing Sisters have worked for many years in the military hospitals, and the nursing in these hospitals has advanced (as in the civil hospitals of the present day) to a high pitch of perfection. I trust that we may be able to say the same of India in course of time, and I must here mention most gratefully the cordial support and co-operation that the Nursing Sisters have always received from the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, and from a large number of the medical profession in the Army. It is only five years since about twelve Nurses were sent out to India to work in some

of the military stations there for the first time. Our numbers are now increased to fifty-two for all India and Burmah, but even this increase is a mere drop in the ocean, for the country is so vast that although Nursing Sisters are placed in a few only of the largest stations, they are scattered in twos and threes and even singly at immense distances apart. It is obvious that this must involve great personal responsibility, and it is of the utmost importance that every Nursing Sister should have received the most thorough training possible. But I feel that the greatest safeguard in this respect has now been afforded by the Royal British Nurses' Association, which has been so nobly successful in maintaining its views as to the necessity for a very high standard of excellence. On every individual Nursing Sister in India rests the responsibility of achieving conspicuous success —or failure—for the Nursing cause, for in widespread districts the whole scheme is judged by the conduct of the one or two Nurses who are known there. Therefore, not only knowledge but also earnestness of purpose and a sincere love of work are needed, for there are many difficulties to contend with. Not one of the least of these difficulties is caused by the fact that there are no trained hospital orderlies in India. Men are drawn at random from the ranks when required for orderly duty, and they are constantly changed and recalled for various drills or for musketry practice, so that it often happens that supposing there is a severe outbreak of fever, there may be forty or fifty dangerous cases of enteric in the wards and the Nursing Sister may not have one soul she can rely on. Possibly the apothecary on duty is the only man in the hospital who has ever

seen a case of fever before, for the native ward-servants are not worth considering from a nursing point of view. I very earnestly hope that the next step that the Government will take in the nursing question, may be some scheme by which hospital orderlies may be obtained on a more regular and established footing, for I fully believe that so small a number of Nursing Sisters can only become of real and general use in India, if the stations where they are employed are used as training centres, which may produce soldier nurses capable of tending their sick comrades, either in time of peace or on active service. In conclusion, let me express my pleasure and gratification at having been asked to return thanks on this important occasion. I feel it is an honour rendered to my branch of our profession (applause).

Our Indian Letter: A Military Hospital in the Hot Weather.

From The Nursing Record, Oct. 7, 1893.

By the end of September we are just beginning to breathe again in the plains of the Punjab. The burning, fiery, intense heat is nearly over; the rains are also past, together with the muggy damp heat which accompanies them. The days are still hot, it is true, and the sun is still too cruel a tyrant to be willingly faced, but the nights begin to be almost cool and pleasant, and at any rate afford one a blessed relief from the gasping condition in which one has existed for the last five or six months.

Nowadays, that travelling is so easy, it has become a recognized thing that every one who can get away should spend the summer in the hills. Most of the English troops are sent into camp on the lovely forest-covered slopes of the lower Himālayas, and from several stations the Nursing Sisters are also sent up with them, and continue their work from April to October in a pleasant climate, seven or eight thousand feet above the oven-like plains. On the other hand, in some of the larger stations, such as Rawal Pindi, Meerut, Lucknow, and others, a considerable number of troops are left all through the year, and there is often a great deal of sickness during the hot months, and plenty of work in hospital.

Imagine a long narrow one-storied building surrounded by deep verandahs, which forms one wing of the hospital. Outside there are blinding glare and pitiless scorching heat; inside darkness and (comparative) coolness. Every door and window is kept strictly closed from sunrise to sunset; the doors are never opened except when the hot wind blows, and then the doorways are filled up with closely fitting thick mats of cuscus grass, called 'tatties', which are kept wet by troops of little boys perpetually throwing water over them, and the very rapid evaporation transforms the oven-like blast into a cool damp air as it blows through and pervades the place with a pungent sweet smell. In spite of all precautions, however, it is difficult to keep the temperature of the ward much below 100°, and I have known it 104° for days together.

A small punkah hangs over every bed; these punkahs are attached to a large heavy frame which swings from

the rafters, and this is pulled sleepily to and fro, day and night, by a half-naked coolie who squats on his haunches in the very middle of the floor. The medical officers arrive in hospital by six in the morning. They are accompanied in their tour of the wards by an apothecary, who enters all orders and prescriptions in his book, and by a number of native ward-servants; some of these are ready to run messages; while one carries pen and ink, a 'bihishti' (water-carrier) has a basin, towel and soap; while one 'sweeper' carries a bowl in which to put any soiled dressings there may be, and perhaps another dances attendance with spittoons for inspection. These sweepers are men of the very lowest caste, for no other native will touch a broom or lift any soiled thing or he would lose his caste.

In the wards which are specially placed under the Nursing Sisters' charge and which contain all the most serious cases, the Sisters of course give their report of each patient, and receive the doctor's orders, with the exception of the prescriptions which go into the apothecary's book. As soon as the visit is over there is a perfect fly round; in fact the whole morning is generally an exceedingly busy time. When we have the luck to have good orderlies who have served long enough in hospital to know their work, matters go pretty easily, for they sometimes make splendid nurses; but alas! the orderlies are frequently changed and new men who know nothing at all, and who often care less, generally seem to be sent into the wards just when the patients are most ill and the work heaviest.

'Why, where is Orderly So-and-so?' one asks on being confronted, perhaps, by a gawky recruit one has

never seen before. 'He's gone back to his regiment, Sister', or 'to musketry', or perhaps 'he's gone sick'. Whatever the answer there is no appeal against it; nothing left but to explain to the new man what he has to do, then to go and show him how to do it, then to go and see that it is done, and probably in the end to go and do it oneself. However, everyone in charge of a ward is more or less used to this experience. As soon as the morning's work is put fairly straight, it is time to fly off to breakfast at our own quarters. This means either a drive in a bullock-cart kept for the purpose, or when the quarters are very near, a run of two or three hundred yards at least through the broiling, blinding sunshine. Anyhow one arrives exhausted and parched with thirst. It must be understood that 'chota hazri' (small breakfast) in India represents an early lunch.

On returning to hospital one finds the place settled down for the day. The medical officers are gone; the subordinate medical officers, as the apothecaries are called, are gone off to their quarters also. All the native ward-servants have disappeared; those supposed to be 'on duty' have taken care to conceal themselves for fear any work should be required of them, and are probably gambling and smoking hubble-bubbles in some safe corner whence they know by experience they cannot be dislodged without much shouting, searching, and waste of precious time. No sound is heard in the darkened wards but the monotonous swing of the heavy punkahs, and the splash, trickle, trickle of the water as it is thrown over the tatties. If there are no very serious cases a state of somnolence seems to steal over everything for the greater part of the day, broken only

by the dinner hour, when the black cooks come running in, followed by two or three assistants bearing trays of food; or by the inevitable hour when the afternoon ward-sweeping, washing patients and general work begin again, and later on by the doctors' evening visits. Often however there is much enteric fever, especially among the young soldiers newly come out to the country; then it is a constant run of work the whole time, attending first to one and then to another patient without a moment's cessation. Cold-spongings, ice-packs, repeated every two or three hours—and generally needed for half a dozen at once—changing draw-sheets, feeding patients, and stirring up the orderlies, whose idea of feeding a semi-unconscious patient but too often is to place the cup beside him, and to say afterwards when reproached for neglect, 'Well, he didn't seem to care about it, Sister.' One needs to be everywhere at once.

As soon as the sun sets, a great number of patients may be carried in their beds out of doors. Sometimes indeed they are left out the whole night to sleep under the stars, and this is a great relief, as the buildings, which have become thoroughly baked through by the heat of the sun, seem to give out the heat in their turn at night, and feel hot and suffocating even with all the doors and windows wide open.

The intense heat is a tremendous factor in the heavy death-rate that occurs among fever patients at this time of year, apart from the actual cases of 'heat apoplexy', which are not of infrequent occurrence. Sometimes, about the beginning of the rainy season, a storm may be brewing, and it may continue to threaten every day for a week before it finally breaks, the atmosphere becoming

daily more charged and oppressive, and one watches one's patients anxiously asking the question, 'Can they live till the storm comes?' At the long last the storm does burst, generally brought up by a sudden furious wind and dust-storm, thick brown clouds of sand blown off the deserts, choking and blinding. Even indoors, though everything is closely shut up, the sand filters in thickly; it grits between one's teeth and covers everything up with a uniform yellow-brown layer; beds, floors, tables, all present the same dull sand colour. The dust-storm may or may not be followed by thunder and rain, but it is certainly accompanied by a very marked drop in the temperature, and after half an hour or an hour of purgatory every door is thrown open to the cooler air, everyone draws a breath of relief, the sick men revive and take a turn for the better, and a general clean-up begins all round. Alas! by the next day it may be nearly as hot as ever, but the temporary relief does a world of good.

By the end of September, however, the cold season is drawing near. Soon the punkahs will all be put out of sight and forgotten; no more will they whisk off our caps and try our patience by an occasional rap on the head when one is incautious enough to forget them. Roaring wood-fires will fill up the wide open fireplaces at each end of the ward during December and January, and the place will be transformed; and with the prospect of these good times coming I will close my account of hot weather in an Indian Hospital.

CATHARINE G. LOCH, R.R.C.

September, 1893.

From The Nursing Record and Hospital World, dated Nov. 18, 1893.

In another column will be found, and read with pleasure and instruction, a short paper by Miss Catharine G. Loch, R.R.C., Senior Lady Superintendent of the Indian Army Service, a lady who has worked in its ranks since the inauguration of the Service in 1888, and gained for herself universal respect and confidence, by the admirable tact, discretion and efficiency with which she has performed her duties, and whose opinions will be received with the greatest respect.

THE INDIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE: CANDIDATES.

It is a great drawback to the Indian Nursing Service that newly appointed members should have so little opportunity of learning beforehand some details of the nature of the life they will have to lead, and of the work they will be expected to perform. In some cases this has led to much disappointment and discontent, some Nurses discovering it all to be very different from their expectations, and finding themselves obliged to put up with annoyances, and to cope with difficulties they had never anticipated. I feel therefore that a few words addressed to those who may be thinking of taking service in India will not be out of place.

On reaching Bombay the Nursing Sisters receive

their orders, and learn their destinations for the first time. It is difficult to give a clear, general idea of the work, because though all military hospitals in India are subject to the same regulations and the same general organization, still the actual government of each hospital depends entirely on the medical officer in charge of the station, and their opinions and ideas on the subject of nursing and of what Nurses can or ought to be expected to do, vary very greatly: so the Nurse's work is consequently much more advantageously organized in some places than in others.

Then again, the work has to be differently arranged according to the number of Nursing Sisters employed in each place. In the larger stations, as many as four live and work together; in other stations there are only three, in some not more than two.

In most places there are often healthy months when there is little serious sickness, and then the work may be described, from a professional point of view, as distinctly 'dull'. On the other hand, especially at certain seasons of the year, there will be severe outbreaks of fever, when the Nurses are often severely taxed. It will be obvious that so small a staff of Nurses in each place, with little or no trained assistance, cannot possibly take efficient charge of a very large number of beds. The usual practice is to place only one or two wards at a time under the Sisters' care and to place all the more serious cases which require real nursing in these wards. The Sisters generally take their hours off and on duty by turns, so that constant supervision may be exercised both by day and by night. It is only when there are too few Nurses to do the work

thoroughly that regular night duty is impossible, and it is always disheartening when this is the case. The orderlies require a great deal of teaching, and new ones, naturally, are frequently most untrustworthy. It is therefore impossible that the patients should receive the attention they require unless one of the Nurses is always on duty, each in her turn. But I frankly acknowledge that this is a great trial to the Nurses. They can never have the satisfaction of feeling that any one case or any portion of the ward is their own especial pride and care; and it requires a great deal of mutual forbearance and self-denial to work by turns with other Nurses, each taking up the work where the other left it off, and carrying it on as far as possible on the same lines; and yet this is absolutely necessary, for if each Sister thinks, in turn, her own way the best (upsets the arrangements of her predecessor or reverses her directions) the orderlies instead of learning their work, only get confused and put out, and take to disregarding all the directions given to them as only 'Sisters' fads'. Of course there is always a Superintendent who shares in the work and who can be referred to. She it is who is held responsible for the good nursing of the sick, for the management of the wards, and for the discipline and good conduct of the household generally; and often she has no easy time of it, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the smallness of her household, and the fact that they all, whether two or three or four in number, have to live together without any of the outward and visible signs of routine and discipline which make authority easier among larger numbers. Unless each and every Nursing Sister makes up her mind to work for the general welfare, and to

stand loyally by her colleagues, the little household cannot be a happy one.

Then there are other elements in the military hospitals to which English Nurses have to learn to accustom themselves. There are the apothecaries or subordinate medical officers; these are in charge of the whole hospital at all times when the doctors themselves are not actually present. In general the Nursing Sister and the apothecaries have worked together harmoniously; but it is a relationship in work which requires some mutual forbearance to avoid occasions of dispute. Next, it is a very different matter working with orderlies to working with Nurses and Probationers; orderlies have many good points, and a brand-new orderly is perhaps scarcely such a lost being in a ward as a brand-new Probationer, but on the other hand, they are much slower at taking in a real intelligent grasp of their work. They change frequently, and sometimes it happens that the men supplied are neither efficient nor even steady. Then last but not least, is the trial of the native ward-servants. It may be an advantage to be relieved of all scrubbing and cleaning with one's own hands; but rather, oh far rather! would I often do it myself than expend all my time, strength and temper in searching for servants who disappear purposely when most wanted.

I fear that intending Nursing Sisters for India may feel somewhat depressed at the picture I have drawn, but I have purposely brought troubles and worries to the front. The other side of the picture is, that the work is in many ways exceedingly interesting, and every individual Nurse who earnestly cares for her profession may feel that she is one of a small band

of pioneers in a new sphere, where skilled nursing has hitherto been extraordinarily unknown; that she is watched with interest, both by the public at large and by the Government she is serving; and that the success and encouragement given to trained nursing in India may be immensely forwarded by her individual efforts, which will actually help to bring a real improvement in the nursing of the military hospitals generally a step nearer realization; while in the meantime many a young soldier, exiled far from home and friends, will owe his life directly to her skill and care. Surely these are objects worth striving for, and for which it is well worth while to bear any discouragements and worries that may arise in the course of daily work.

In India, also, people are exceedingly kind and hospitable. It is easy to make new friends, both professionally and socially; the life may be a pleasant one, and it affords many enjoyments which are not within the reach of hospital nurses in England. But this brings forward another and very important question which should be most seriously considered.

The Nursing Sisters are generally invited to most of the gaiety that goes on in their station, but it is impossible to lead such a life and to nurse properly at the same time. Government itself has more than once sounded a note of warning on this point, and the very people even who issue the invitations will often be among those who are ready to jeer at the Nurses for thinking more of their pleasures than of their patients. I do not hold that a Nurse should be debarred by reason of her profession from all amusements appropriate to her friends and to her own rank of life; but it is very

certain that if the station gaieties are indulged in to more than a very limited and moderate extent, the Nurses lose in consideration among those whose opinion is worth winning, and they must actually weaken their own interest in their work.

Also, the independent position in which they are placed is in itself the very strongest reason which should induce them to exercise special self-restraint and caution; for a household of young unmarried women, living in a strange land, without relations or friends to answer for them, cannot safely indulge in many amusements which may be harmless enough for the married ladies in the place, or even for girls who are living in the protection of their own homes.

Nurses cannot realize this too soon, for from the day of their sailing from Portsmouth in one of Her Majesty's troopships, they will be under the notice of the community among whom they will live and be employed; for the first time in their lives, perhaps, they will find themselves entirely free from control, and exposed to the close companionship of board-ship life; everyone being equally and necessarily idle for the time being. I suppose there never was a long voyage yet which did not contain its own small history of squabbles, flirtations and gossip, which is carried on landing to all parts of India; and many a thoughtless delinquent, ere now, has found that her 'goings on' during the voyage have been freely and uncharitably discussed in her future station, before she has even had time to get up country herself.

The fact is, that life on board ship and life in a military station is such a totally new experience to

many, that I feel bound to say in warning: Do not let yourselves be carried away by the newness and strangeness of your surroundings, but keep your profession always in view; remember at all times the nobleness of its aims and the seriousness of the work you have undertaken to perform.

CATHARINE G. LOCH.

A Tour of Official Inspection.

From The Nursing Record, May 18, 1895.

It is the duty of each Lady Superintendent of the Indian Nursing Service to make a tour of inspection once a year, and to visit the stations under her charge. I will give a short account of my journey last cold weather, and of the five stations which are included in this Circle.

I started from Rawal Pindi by the night train, and in about twelve hours reached Mian Mir in time for breakfast. The Sisters at Mian Mir live in a pretty bungalow with a very good garden full of orange trees and bananas, about three-quarters of a mile from the hospital, and they go to and fro in a bullock tānga (covered cart) supplied by the Commissariat for the purpose of minimizing the inconvenience of living at a distance from their work. Mian Mir itself is very flat and not at all a pretty place. The day I spent there happened to be pouring wet, rain coming down in steady torrents, making everything gloomy and miserable. One noticed this all the more as the wards in all these Indian hospitals are dark, being built with a view to

the hot weather. They all consist of a long broad ward in the centre, flanked on each side by enclosed verandahs which themselves form long and very narrow wards, and outside these again are ordinary verandahs; by this means the centre ward is protected from the sun and is much cooler. The partition wall between the centre ward and the side ones is at Mian Mir, and in many other hospitals, pierced by a succession of high open archways, with just space between each for the width of one bed and bedside table. Naturally this makes the wards cold and draughty in the cold weather, so the archways are closed by heavy padded 'chicks' or hangings, and then the light can only come in through a row of small windows or ventilators very high up near the roof.

However, a good deal has been done, at any rate in the Sisters' wards, to render them pretty and comfortable. Chiefly from hospital funds, and partly by the Sisters' own exertions, matting has been laid down the centre of the stone floors, pictures have been hung, screens and small tables and a few comfortable chairs have been procured; there are generally flowers on the tables, and in nearly every station the Sisters have started a book cupboard for the use of their own special patients, and have collected by hook and by crook a very good supply of light literature to pass away weary hours.

Mian Mir as a station has a bad name, as malarial fever is very prevalent, and nearly every regiment leaves the place with a large proportion of its men seriously debilitated from the effects of it. In spite of this, however, the amount of severe illness is not large. There was a sharp outbreak of enteric, lasting a few weeks, at

the beginning of last hot weather, but they are usually free from that scourge, and the time the Sisters get most work is just while the large cavalry camp is held at Muridki during every cold weather, and which generally supplies them with some severe cases of pneumonia and rheumatism. The Sisters stationed at Mian Mir have one great advantage in that they are among the very few who escape the hot weather in the plains, for they are sent for six months every year to Dalhousie, a station in the hills.

From Mian Mir I travelled straight through to Quetta in Baluchistan, a journey of forty-eight hours, the first twenty-four carrying me down into a warmer climate, which indeed for several months in the year boasts of being the hottest part of India, but in January, Sukkur on the Indus has a lovely balmy summer air and a landscape of irrigated corn land, jungle, and palm trees. From here one branches off northwards, and the last part of the journey is through about the most ghastly stretch of country that one could conceive. Totally devoid of vegetation and apparently of life of any kind, the country gives the effect of having been overturned only yesterday by stupendous earthquakes, and the bare yellow earth, jagged peaks, and huge but shapeless rocks are desolate to a degree. The railway (the Harnai) is wonderfully engineered, and passes through a rift through the very centre of a colossal rocky mountain cracked from top to bottom. One emerges from tunnels to find oneself on a spidery causeway spanning the cleft at a giddy height, and in another moment one is plunged afresh into tunnel and darkness again on the other side. But the greatest obstacles to the railway are the valleys

full of mud, hundreds of feet in depth, once liquid no doubt, but now, though dry, forming a most slippery and unstable foundation. As the train climbs higher and higher the cold becomes intense, and for several months parts of the line are generally covered by deep snow.

Quetta itself is situated on a wide bare plain surrounded by rocky hills, and the winters are bitterly cold, with intense frost at nights and often snow; but though the nights are habitually more piercing than those of an English winter, the sun mostly shines out gloriously and revives one by day.

The houses as well as the hospital are very different from those in India. They are rather more like English houses, inside at any rate, for they have no punkahs, and instead they have real windows, and grates in the fireplaces, and they burn coal instead of wood, and very bad coal it is too!

The hospital consists of a number of separate blocks, one of which is in charge of the Sisters, and it is only a hundred yards or so from the little house where they live. There are usually only three Sisters stationed at Quetta, as the average of work there is not heavy, though a tiresome and somewhat obstinate form of malaria is pretty common, and of course they do not altogether escape occasional enteric fever and other ills. More than once too, since Sisters have been established there, they have had the nursing of officers who had had the misfortune to be 'Ghazied' in the vicinity, that is, attacked by one of the Ghazis or Musalman fanatics of the country, who believe that they gain heaven for themselves by murdering an infidel—mercifully, however, such outrages are now rare.

After spending two days in Quetta, I returned along the same route, passed Mian Mir again, and about nine hours' journey beyond I reached Umballa, a large and pleasant station with a staff of four Nursing Sisters including the Deputy Superintendent, who live in large and very handsome quarters within the hospital compound, so their work is conveniently within reach.

It was attempted at first to give the Umballa Sisters work in the hills during the hot months, but as they could not well be spared from the station, only two of them were sent at a time to Dagshai; but this did not allow a sufficient staff to work either hospital satisfactorily and almost entirely prevented their getting any leave, so it has been discontinued.

From Umballa I went to Peshawar on the Afghan frontier—a lovely station during the cold weather, surrounded by blue and snowy mountains and a perfect garden of flowers. The violets grow knee-deep and the roses in cartloads, and in the spring the orchards are a mass of pink bloom, and the climate is bracing and delightful. Alas! that the hot months are a fiery furnace and the autumn is intensely unhealthy. Owing to a good water supply it scarcely deserves now its old title of 'The White Man's Grave', but in some years the autumn still brings outbreaks of what is known by the name of 'Peshawar fever', a peculiarly fatal and malignant type of fever with excessive temperature, delirium, and then intense collapse, often resembling cholera, and generally accompanied by violent melaena.

Hitherto the Sisters at Peshawar have spent part of every hot weather at Cherat, a tiny hill station near,

where, though the place itself is healthy enough, they have generally had plenty of work to do. They were lodged in tents as there are few houses, but the piece of ground where their camp was placed has now been built on and turned into the hospital for soldiers' wives and children, and it is now doubtful if they will be sent there again.

After more than a fortnight's absence, more than half of which I had spent in the train, I returned to Rawal Pindi, where I found the Sisters had had a very stiff time of it in my absence, with much sickness in hospital, chiefly severe pneumonia. Rawal Pindi is the largest military station in India, and there is generally a good deal of steady work here all the year round owing to the size of the garrison. We also get more than our fair share of officer patients, as this place is a regular thoroughfare to a considerable number of small stations on the extreme frontier, and it is also the starting-point for Kashmir, where so many from all parts of India go to spend their summer leave, and many who are sick and sorry get sent here or dropped in passing. We greatly need a larger and more convenient Officers' Ward, but the general wards are large and airy and our quarters are conveniently near at hand—only a few minutes' walking distance from the hospital.

We do not get the chance of going to the hills for work during the hot weather, for though the majority of the troops are sent up, the Horse Artillery, Cavalry, and half a British Infantry Regiment always remain, and there is never any lack of work to be done, for during the hot months there is always a sprinkling, and some years more than a sprinkling, of bad remittent and

enteric fevers; therefore the Nursing Sisters cannot be spared.

But we generally arrange to have our leave by turns in the summer so as to escape some of it, and we are lucky in that (though quite hot enough!) the hot weather here is neither so long nor quite so severe as in many other stations.

C. G. LOCH,
Lady Supt. I.N.S.

THE INDIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE: by Miss Catharine G. Loch, R.R.C.

(Being a paper read at the Nursing Conference, London, June 4, 1896.)

From The Nursing Record, Sept. 12, 1896.

The Nursing Service for British Soldiers in India has now been in existence for about eight years. The great need of skilled nursing in that country had been strongly urged by Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces in India, and by others who were deeply interested in the welfare of sick officers and soldiers; and in the beginning of the year 1888 the Secretary of State for India sanctioned the establishment, and about twelve Nurses were sent out to India.

At first the scheme was looked on more or less as an experiment, but after two years it was considered sufficiently successful to justify its extension, and during the cold weather of 1890–1 eighteen new Sisters were sent out, and the year following they were increased to a total strength of fifty-two.

These Nursing Sisters are divided amongst the principal military stations of India and Burmah. There are from two to four Sisters together in each station, one of whom holds the position of Deputy Superintendent. There is also a Lady Superintendent at the head-quarters' station of each of the four military commands into which the army in India is now divided, and she has authority over all the subordinate stations within the command where she is placed, and she makes an official inspecting tour every year to visit the stations under her charge, and must report officially to the Principal Medical Officer on the conditions of the work found in them, and on the capabilities and conduct of each Deputy Superintendent and Nursing Sister. Besides this she keeps a regular correspondence with the Deputy Superintendents, who are expected to consult her on all important matters and to send her regular monthly reports.

Before commencing to describe the work required of military nurses in India, I must try to give some idea of the organization of the hospitals into which they are introduced, for the arrangements are in many ways different from what they have been accustomed to at home.

First, there is a medical officer of senior rank in administrative and medical charge of the hospital, who is ultimately responsible for and in authority over everything. Next, the medical officers in direct charge of the patients. These visit their wards always once and frequently twice a day. The regular 'doctors' visiting hours' commence at 6.30 or 7 a.m. in the hot weather, and at 9 a.m. in the cold weather, and they can

be sent for should any case of emergency arise betweenwhiles.

There is also a class of subordinate medical officers called Assistant-Surgeons who hold the rank of warrant officers. These assistant-surgeons receive four years' college and hospital training before entering the Service; they do not treat the patients except under the orders of the medical officer; but they do all the dispensing, they are responsible for the maintenance of order in the wards and during the absence of the medical officers they are in medical charge, that is to say, they must prescribe on their own responsibility should any emergency arise.

When Nursing Sisters are non-existent it is also their duty to superintend the nursing of the patients, and in very special cases they no doubt partly undertake it themselves. But generally speaking, no actual nursing is done by them: they are too few in number in proportion to the number of beds in hospital to undertake anything more than a general superintendence, even if they had not a great deal of office work and many other things to do.

Then, there is a regular Hospital Corps of native ward-servants of various grades. They do the cleaning and ward work, but are absolutely useless from a nursing point of view. They are nearly all a very low class of men and poorly paid, and they never do more work than they are absolutely obliged. The soldiers do not like them and would often bully them if they dared—that is, if it were not forbidden under severe penalties—and the ward boys retaliate by being as idle and provoking as in their turn they dare to be, even sometimes by

hiding themselves and keeping out of the way altogether as soon as the doctors' hours are over.

In addition to all these there are the soldier orderlies. Up to two years ago, soldier orderlies were only supposed to be obtained for the nursing of their comrades when there were very specially bad cases in hospital. They were men drawn at random from the ranks, knowing nothing naturally of the duties required of them and totally ignorant of the most rudimentary principles of nursing. They were not even always trustworthy men, for often men would volunteer for hospital work merely to escape parades and field days, and except in regiments where the officers took a special interest in the personal welfare of their sick men, those chosen out and sent to act as sick orderlies were often only those unlucky characters who did little credit to the smartness of their company.

Still, though the above remarks form a picture of what might, and occasionally did happen formerly, it must not be understood to be meant in depreciation of the majority of soldier orderlies themselves. I have a high opinion of them and of the good work they have done and are doing. Soldiers are very good to their comrades and will generally nurse them with devoted care and attention; they only need to be taught how to do it.

Since just two years ago, an immense step in advance has been made by the Government by the framing of certain regulations organizing a regular system of training for men to be employed in hospital work.

At the present time there are two sets of classes held every year in every station, in connexion with and in

addition to the ordinary stretcher drill. A medical officer gives twelve lectures on First Aid and Elementary Nursing to as many men as volunteer for the course and apply for Nursing Certificates. After passing this course satisfactorily the applicants are sent into the wards where Sisters are employed, for practical teaching. Should they happen to be quartered in a small station where there are no Nursing Sisters, they will be temporarily transferred to a larger one where they can obtain the requisite teaching, and after one or two months, generally two, of daily attendance in the Sisters' wards they are given a certificate, which entitles them to extra pay of four annas a day while employed in hospital work. And the orderlies required for nursing may be retained in hospital without any interruption from any drills or military training (with the one exception of musketry practice), for any time not exceeding twelve months.

This is a great gain, for for the first time the hospital orderly has a real official existence, and the extra pay not only gives them an incentive to learn and do their best, but also attracts a good class of steady men who are worth having and worth teaching. With few exceptions the men are eminently teachable. In many cases they take a very keen and intelligent interest in their work, and almost invariably they are anxious to learn, willing, obliging and pleasant to work with.

The danger to the system lies chiefly in the fact that to so many people a 'certificated orderly' conveys the idea of a 'trained orderly', which he certainly is not to begin with. For twelve lectures and two months'

attendance in wards for a few hours daily can convey only a glimmering of what is really meant by 'training' —especially when from ten to twenty men are doing probationer at once. This period must also be a sore trial to the Sisters in charge, and an anxiety lest it may prove a sore trial to the patients also; consequently much real and practical gain of knowledge and of methodical habits can scarcely begin till the so-called training is over, and a certain number, chosen as far as possible by selection, are retained and employed as the regular Nurse Orderlies. However, the other certificated men who have returned to their regimental duties, form a useful fund to draw from as required, for they are sure to be men anxious for hospital work when it can be obtained; they possess already some idea of what it is like, and are probably prepared to do their work conscientiously.

It was expected at first that the Sisters would merely superintend the nursing of serious cases. But the assistant-surgeons had always superintended and that was not enough. We soon saw that it was necessary to work with the men. The orderlies required practical teaching of every detail—how to make beds without dragging their patients out and in again, how to wash and dress them properly, how to feed them carefully and regularly, &c., and more important still, it was necessary to infuse a spirit of work into them by force of example, and to get them to take a real interest and pride in what they were doing. I think there is no doubt but that this has generally been successful.

Difficulties.

It will now be worth while to describe some of the difficulties to be encountered, and to try to give some idea of what Nurses entering the Service may have to expect.

Naturally there are disappointments as well as successes, for it is still a conparatively new work in a new country. The Sisters who came out first realized that there was a great work to be done in India, and that they were the pioneers of a new departure, and the knowledge of this held them together and strengthened them, and those who come out year by year to join our ranks must endeavour to keep it before their eyes also.

Our chief object has been to show that we were in serious earnest. The Sisters have worked very hard indeed, and their work has been generally recognized and appreciated, and I must not omit to mention most gratefully the very efficient help and support that we have received from very many of the medical men under whom we have been placed.

But let no Nurses in England imagine that in the military Nursing Service in India they will find all the regularity and perfection of a London hospital; if they do they will be disappointed with their work, which is full of unexpected restrictions. When the first Sisters arrived they had to make a place for themselves, a niche as it were, in an already existing and working organization; they had to work with medical officers, many of whom had never worked with Lady Nurses before, and who often did not know what Nurses should be expected to do or are capable of doing.

Then the assistant-surgeons, or apothecaries as they were called at that time, had certainly never worked with Nurses. They were inclined to look on the Sisters with very jealous eyes, and the difficulty in connexion with them lay chiefly in the impossibility of defining exactly where sub-medical charge ends and where nursing charge and responsibility should begin. It was often most difficult to organize the work smoothly and satisfactorily, and even when the Sisters had succeeded in doing so, it often happened that both the doctors and apothecaries would be transferred to other stations; new ones came, and every question was raised again from the beginning. That these particular difficulties have now almost disappeared is proof that the Sisters' work is becoming generally known and thoroughly recognized. But other trials remain. Nurses must not expect to find themselves Sisters of wards, each one mistress of her own ward. On the contrary, they must be prepared to find that there is no part of the work that they can call exclusively their own. In each of the hospitals where Nursing Sisters are employed, one or more wards are given over into their especial charge, also an Officers' ward, or small rooms for the reception of sick officers. Owing to the lack of a constant supply of trained and intelligent assistance the Nurses must take their work by turns in the same wards, so that one of them may be always on duty; and it is absolutely essential that they should subordinate their work to one another, they must all carry it on the same lines, else the work will be without method and the orderlies, instead of learning, will be only confused and puzzled. This in itself is a difficulty, especially when the Nurses

have been trained in different hospitals, and it is especially a trial to those who have held responsible or independent posts in England. It requires a great deal of mutual tact and good feeling to carry it through successfully, for one discontented or unruly member can destroy the peace and happiness of a whole household.

Absolute and loyal obedience to their Superintendent is a point insisted on in the Service. But in a small household of three or perhaps four women living together, the strict routine and obvious discipline of a hospital naturally do not exist. Hence the position of Deputy Superintendent is by no means an easy one to fill; but she is held responsible for everything that takes place in the household, and for the good nursing in the wards, and unless she has authority and unless the Sisters under her charge render her ready and loyal obedience, differences of opinion and disputes will arise and trouble will certainly ensue.

It is impossible to give any idea of the amount of work to be done, for it is very irregular. In some of the larger stations there is nearly always a steady average, but there are frequently lulls, and in small places often long lulls with little to do, and the work will be very dull indeed. But all places, even the most healthy, are liable to severe occasional outbreaks of fever or pneumonia.

Climate.

Then of course the climate is a serious trial to be reckoned with. There are two or three stations from where, for various causes, the Sisters are sent up with the majority of the troops to a hill station every hot weather, and though this entails some discomforts and

a good deal of additional expense in various ways, it is certainly a great privilege. But most Sisters have to remain in the plains all the year round, except when they can get away on leave, and though comparatively few troops are left in the plains, there is generally plenty of work to be done there in the summer, when in spite of doors closed by wet tatties and other appliances for excluding the heat, the temperature of the ward is seldom below 100° and often much higher. The treatment of fever cases then largely consists of incessant spongings, ice-packs and douchings, and this of course involves an immense amount of labour.

Nursing in a hill station sometimes means a transfer to the Station Hospital in one of the summer resorts, where the conditions of work (except for the cool climate) are carried on precisely the same as in the plains. In some cases it has involved both living in and nursing the patients in temporary huts or in tents. Here matters are necessarily more rough and ready and the cold and damp during the monsoon rains are often a great trial. I think no one who has not experienced it can imagine the intense damp of these times. One's boots grow fresh crops of mushrooms every day. Salt placed on the table vanishes into a little puddle before one's eyes, and everything not made of wool always feels wet through. It is impossible to use sheets on the beds for that reason, and one often has to splash courageously through waterfalls and deep mud to reach one's patients! Still it does not always rain even in the monsoon, and to live on a hill-top surrounded by forest, with glorious views of blue peaks all round and snowy mountains beyond, is a joy which compensates

for much; and then as soon as the rains begin to break the climate is lovely, there are days of sunshine almost perfect, and the nights, especially moonlight nights, spent on night duty, have a fascination all their own. On the whole it is a very healthy life, and year by year Government is building more barracks and permanent hospital huts to replace the tents in all hill stations.

Diseases.

There is comparatively little surgical work in the hospitals. The diseases one has mostly to contend with are enteric or remittent fevers, pneumonia, rheumatism, dysentery and liver abscess, and in the hot weather heat apoplexy. All these diseases are generally influenced by the presence of malaria, which besides causing independent attacks of fever, frequently interferes in the course of other illnesses and appears to modify more or less their typical characters.

Cholera nowadays is mercifully a comparatively rare visitant. Still, few years pass without an outbreak in some part of India. There has generally been considerable opposition from the doctors to the members of the Nursing Service being employed among cholera cases. I grant that with such limited numbers they cannot do very much; for the moment cholera appears in any garrison the troops are at once separated and sent out into camp, hence the cholera cases become scattered in various camps pitched on purpose for them. Also, during an unhealthy season the Nursing Sisters are probably fully occupied by the nursing of the ordinary cases, which are sure to be numerous, and consequently they cannot be spared at all. It is only on one or two

occasions that permission has been obtained and Nursing Sisters have been given charge of the nursing in cholera wards.

Besides the different kinds of work I have already described, there is one possibility which I feel sure nearly every Nurse has more or less in her mind when she takes service in the army. I refer to active service. But how few ever get a chance of this!

Active Service.

Since we first came out in 1888 there have been three frontier expeditions, in connexion with which Nursing Sisters were employed. The first was an expedition to the Black Mountain in the Hazara district in October, 1888. Five Nursing Sisters were sent, and were divided between Oghi and Darband, the two advanced base camps, each containing a Field Hospital. For this service they received the Indian Frontier Medal with the Hazara clasp.

In 1892 there was another punitive expedition sent against the same tribes, and two Sisters were sent again to Darband on the Indus. This time, however, there were no wounded, for there was no fighting at all; but instead there was a considerable amount of sickness among the men—both cholera and enteric fever.

In 1895 there was the relief expedition to Chitral, which was by far the most important military undertaking of the three. On this occasion Nursing Sisters were only employed at the Base Hospital, which was established first at Peshawar, and as the hot weather increased it was transferred to Cherat, a small hill station

to which the inhabitants of Peshawar are accustomed to migrate every summer. Two extra Sisters were sent up to reinforce the usual Peshawar staff, so there were six of them in charge of the nursing, and hard work they had, especially during the last month or two; for at the end of the campaign sick and wounded, both officers and men, arrived in large batches, generally much exhausted and travel-worn, and when they were distributed among the various hospital huts and tents it required considerable organization and management to attend on them all.

Nevertheless it was a great disappointment felt throughout the Service that no Nurses were sent further afield. I do not for a moment propose that Nurses should be allowed to accompany troops pushing forward through a difficult country like Chitral—that would be impossible, and is out of the question. But I do think that after the first advance had been made, when the line of communications is thoroughly established, that Nurses might be sent to some of the fixed camps on the road, where large numbers of sick and wounded become congregated, and where they all had to pass through on their weary way to the rear, a journey involving many days and even weeks of marching.

The employment of Nursing Sisters at one or two camps on the line of communications would not involve any serious danger to themselves or much trouble or expense to the authorities. They could easily ride all marches that are practicable for transport and baggage, and the amount of extra transport required for them should be very small. Their baggage would be strictly limited to a certain defined quantity, and a very little

experience of camp life suffices to teach one what to take and how to manage.

Before I close this paper I must also say a few words on the social life of Nurses in India. They have many pleasures within their reach which are not obtainable by Hospital Nurses in England, and they have on the whole more hours off duty and longer leave in the year than they would get at home. They are often made much of, and they can enjoy a good deal of very pleasant society. Also every Sister can afford if she likes to buy and keep a horse for her own especial use—a luxury which would be unheard of at home. But the fact that they are young women, living without any protection from relations or friends, renders their position in some ways a difficult one. Instead of being more independent, they have practically less *safe* liberty of action than many a girl living in her father's house might safely enjoy. Nurses out here are far more prominent in the eyes of the community than Nurses in England. Everyone criticizes them; and should one of them, perhaps from mere thoughtlessness, 'get talked about,' as the saying is, there is no one to stand up for her or to vouch for her in any way. Sometimes they are extravagantly admired for the work they do, but a large number of people are always to be found who are only too ready to find fault.

It is a great mistake for girls to join the Indian Nursing Service for the sake of the excitement of change, or in hope of more liberty and pleasure than they can meet with in English hospital life. If they do, they will find that there are long stretches of wearisome work to be endured, that the climate is a

trial, and the world is severely censorious; and that it is a world where everyone knows all the neighbours' doings and their sayings too, almost before they are uttered.

What is wanted are gentlewomen in every sense of the word. In the social sense first of all, for something more than a hard-working Nurse is required to be able to maintain her position in working with and nursing the British soldier, and those who have not an unquestionable social position are not suited either for the work or the society into which they are admitted when they join the Service: they will be out of their element, and it will be hard both on themselves and on their colleagues.

Secondly, we require gentlewomen who are devoted first and foremost to their work—who care for nursing for its own sake and for their patients' sakes, and who are content to live quietly and unostentatiously, without parading their independence or craving for gaiety and excitement. Such women will gain the confidence and respect of the medical officers and of society generally. They will find much to enjoy both in their work and in the life in India, and they will gain honour for our profession by helping to prove that the Government was right in believing that it was through the agency of women that the nursing in our Indian military hospitals could best be raised to a higher and more efficient level.

Let those who come out put their shoulder to the wheel in an earnest spirit, and remember that their individual work and their individual conduct out here have direct and immense influence either to forward or to retard the cause of nursing in a country where till very recently it was practically unknown.

A Discussion followed, in which Mrs. Bedford Fenwick took part, and said that as Matron of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, when the India Office decided to appoint Army Sisters for pioneer work in India, it fell to her to recommend seven Sisters, and she had been in communication with some of these ladies from time to time ever since. It appeared to her that the Army Medical Service had recognized the need of Army Nursing Reform, which was being pushed forward more actively in India than at home. Since 1888 great strides had been made in the Indian Army Nursing Service, which was not organized there on the same lines as at home. In India, where domestic and social conditions differed so much from those in this country, a very different system of organization was needed. The audience would have gathered from the paper that reform in the nursing and transport of sick soldiers was necessary, and that there was urgent need for an increase of Nursing Sisters and a lengthened period of instruction for hospital orderlies. She thought the new Commander-in-Chief of the army —who was said to hold progressive views on the care of the sick and wounded soldiers—should be approached by the Medical Officers and Superintendent Sisters, who were in a much better position than anyone else to suggest reform and improvement. Added to which the suggestion would come better from them than through public or newspaper sources. Reform should come from within rather than from without in all systems, as such reforms were effected better through expressed needs than from contentious agitation on the part of the public; and she thought most probably this would be the means by which Army Nursing Reform would be effected.

REMINISCENCE OF THE STATION HOSPITAL, RAWAL PINDI, 1889. By W. S. Eardley-Howard, Major, Indian Army.

In 1889 I was very ill with enteric fever at Jhilam, and in spite of the best medical advice there, it was considered advisable to ask me to make my will, and to transfer me to the Rawal Pindi Hospital.

I cannot remember exactly what happened to me during the first few days after arrival there, but I have a lively recollection of what I call 'the starvation stage', and if my jaws had been strong enough I would have eaten my blankets with a relish. Miss Loch was the Lady Superintendent of the hospital at Rawal Pindi, and we all knew her as 'Lady Loch'. She and the other Nursing Sisters worked sometimes under very difficult conditions and knew how to make the best of everything. They certainly had to *do* everything, for though orderlies were 'told off' to assist, they with few exceptions selected their hour at the sick bed as an appropriate one to sleep off their intoxicants. It is gratifying to note that this state of affairs has completely changed.

At the time I was in hospital Indru was my bearer (native valet), and obedient, so I used to tell him what I wanted. One morning as usual, one of the Nursing Sisters came to take my temperature and she happened to be Miss Loch. My box was at the opposite side of the ward, so I suggested that it might be placed near my bed. Miss Loch, seeing that I was cheerful and doing well, remained for a short chat, and during the course of our conversation casually mentioned that I would be put on more solid diet in a day or two. Miss Loch had

a way of winning one's confidence, so after she had gone I looked at my box and felt a little bit of a sneak. She seemed to be on duty that morning, as a few minutes later she came down the ward in my direction, so I attracted her attention and as she approached my bed I asked her to get me out a clean shirt. In two minutes Miss Loch had everything out of the box on the floor, and as I took a peep before shamming sleep, I caught sight of a bunch of bananas, a tin of ox-tongue, a pound of native sweets and a loaf of bread, and Miss Loch examining each in turn with an expression of the utmost sternness. At my stage of the illness, to partake of any one of these things would have meant serious complications, if not death. I have narrated this incident because it illustrates how strictly necessary is the supervision that has since come to be practised in the hospitals in India. No doubt many valuable lives have been lost by the willingness of native domestic servants to do anything they are told without thought as to the evil results which may accrue.

One of the strong characteristics about Miss Loch was that one felt all right when she was near. Her actions towards her patients were guarded, but always courteous, and she knew how to win by tact where others failed in spite of every effort of persuasion.

The introduction of Lady Nurses into Military Hospitals in India has done more good than is realized in England. The continual presence of these ladies in the wards has raised the tone and morale of the staff; and the check which soldiers now have to exercise on their conduct during their temporary stay in hospital does, I am sure, benefit them for the remainder of their lives.

Thanks to these Lady Nurses, many a last message reaches the aged mother or the wife, sweetheart, brother or sister in England that otherwise would never have been uttered, but for the presence of a woman at the dying soldier's bedside. It must also be a relief to those at home to know that their son's last moments in a distant land are brightened by the tender influence and Christian sympathy of good women, and that they go to their long rest better, more contrite, and happier from the contact.

RAWAL PINDI,
September, 1905.

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